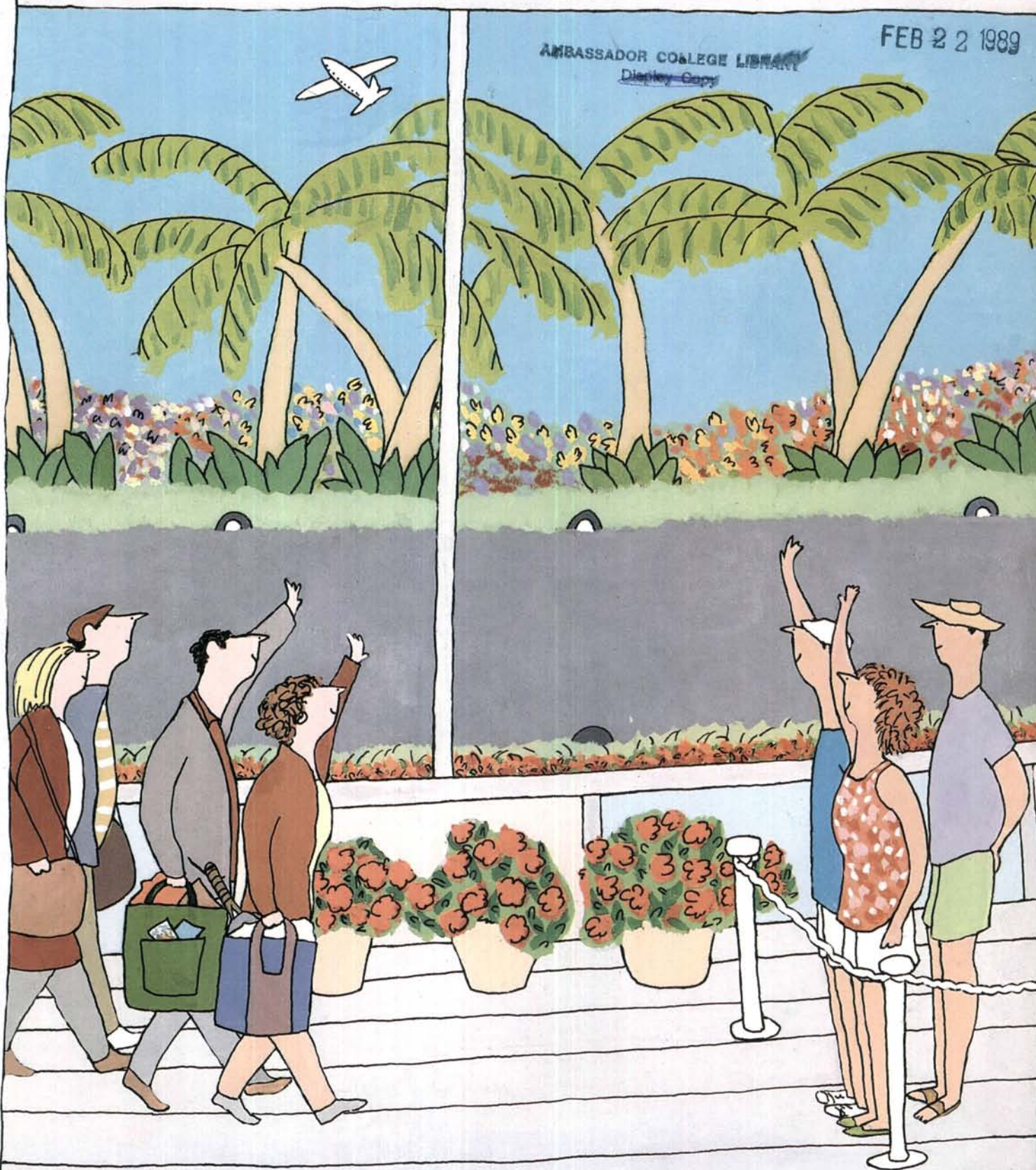


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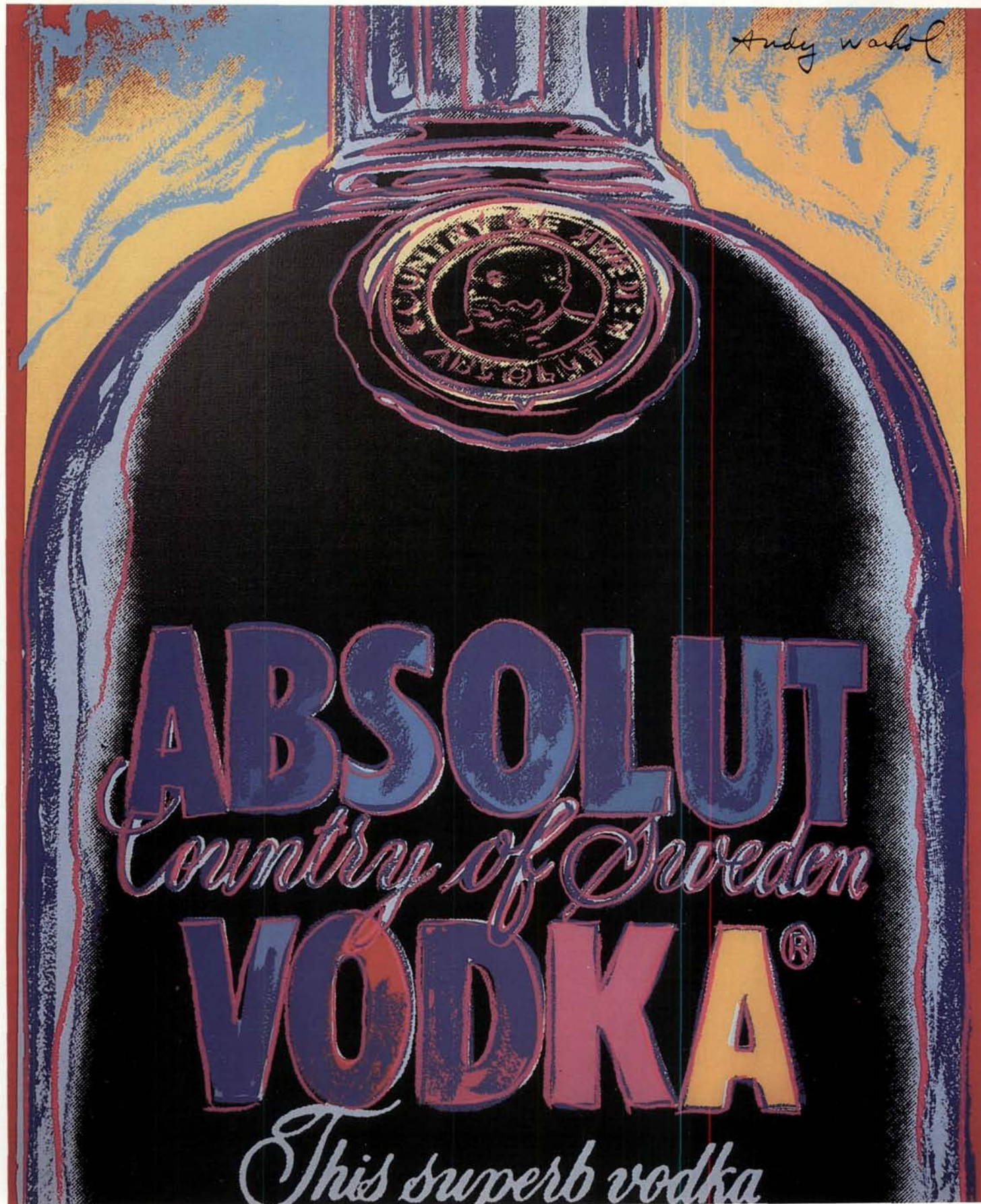
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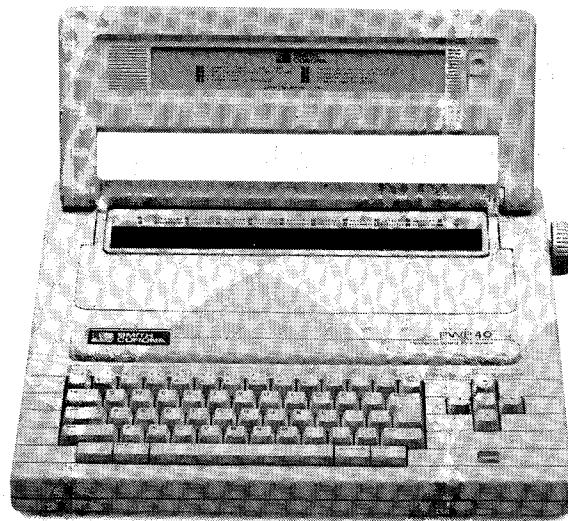
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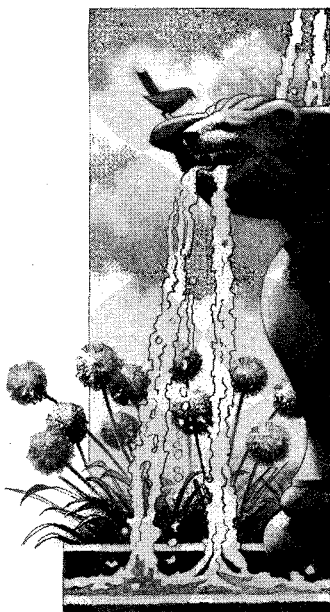
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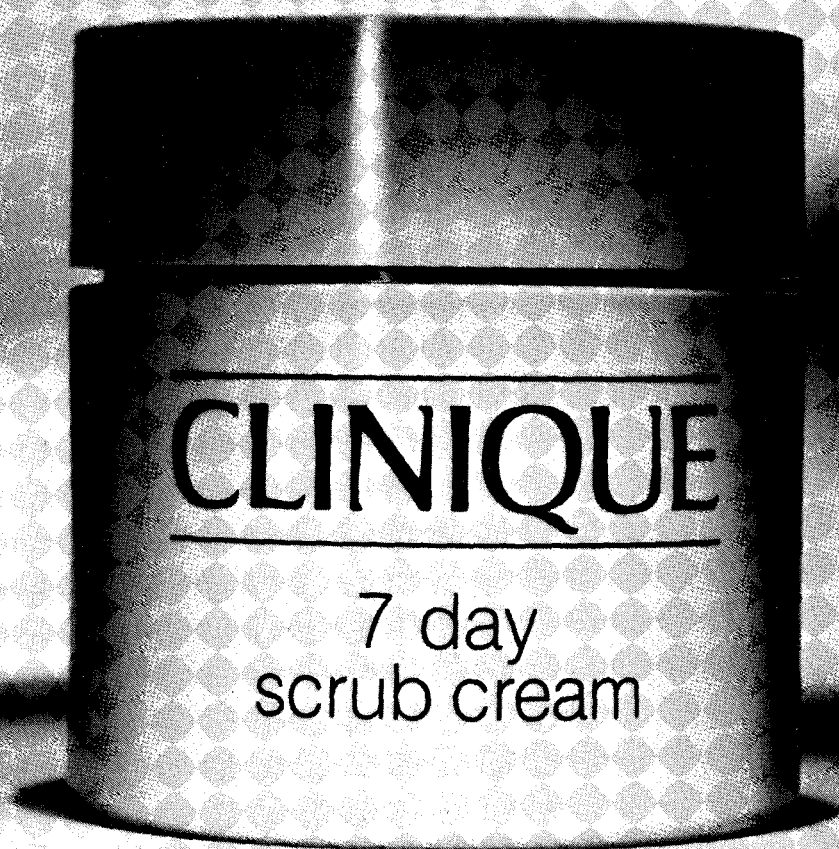
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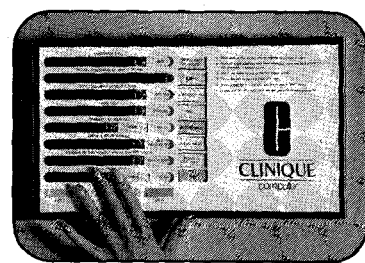
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THIS week, the New York Shakespeare Festival opens "Love's Labor's Lost," the seventh offering in Joe Papp's ongoing Shakespeare Marathon. We never quite understood the excitement that this project generated. Producing Shakespeare (all of Shakespeare, presumably) was what the New York Shakespeare Festival was supposed to have been doing all along. The logic of Papp's declaration of intent was a little like that of a student who, having cut class all year, holds a press conference to announce that from here on in the teacher is going to find him regularly in attendance.

The marathon has had its ups and downs. Meanwhile, though, in a town usually held hostage by Papp, Shakespeare-wise, we suddenly find ourselves inundated with news of productions from alternative sources. The Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre's "Measure for Measure" (which features the well-known drag artist Ethyl Eichelberger in one of his rare performances as a man) is already in previews, and the Pearl Theatre Company has opened a production of "All's Well That Ends Well" this week, while a group with the delightful name the New Rude Mechanicals will be presenting "Henry V." And the National Theatre of Great Britain will be opening a "Macbeth" on March 14th (for those who suffered through the Christopher Plummer-Glenda Jackson production last season). The Theatre for a New Audience is offering a chance to see yet another British staging of "Macbeth"—by the Royal Shakespeare Company's Nicholas Mahon. Joseph Ziegler, who plays the title role in the T.F.N.A. production, is a veteran of Canada's Shaw and Stratford Festivals. We caught his Posthumus and his Autolycus at Stratford a few seasons back, and he is no slouch.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for the schedule and ticket availability.)

GUS AND AL—A comedy by Albert Innaurato about a character named Al, who travels back in time and befriends the composer Gustav Mahler. Seen here last spring in a workshop production. Previews through Feb. 26. Opens Feb. 27 at 8. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

HIZZONER!—Tony Lo Bianco is the only actor in a play by Paul Shyre about Fiorello LaGuardia, Mayor of New York from 1934-45. Previews Feb. 21-22. Opens Feb. 23 at 6:45. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY—A retrospective of Robbins' non-ballet choreography. Expect excerpts from "Fiddler on the Roof," "West Side Story," and "High Button Shoes," to name a few. Previews through Feb. 25. Opens Feb. 26 at 6:15. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LEND ME A TENOR—A comedy by Ken Ludwig, an American playwright, which was recently done in London. With Victor Garber, Philip



Tony Lo Bianco as "Hizzoner!"

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Bosco, Ron Holgate, Tovah Feldshuh, and Jane Connell; directed by Jerry Zaks. In previews. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST—Shakespeare's comedy, set in the nineteen-thirties. William Converse-Roberts, Richard Libertini, Christine Dunford, Mark Moses, and Roma Downey are in the cast; Gerald Freedman is the director. Preview Feb. 21. Opens Feb. 22 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

MANHATTAN CLASS COMPANY—Presenting a festival of one-act plays. Program A: "Red Sheets," by Erik Ehn; "Bikini Snow," by Anna Theresa Cascio; and "The Lost Colony," by Wendy MacLeod. Previews through Feb. 27. Opens Feb. 28 at 8. Program B: "Prelude & Liebestod," by Terrence McNally; "Dakota's Belly, Wyoming," by Erin Cressida Wilson; and "Catfish Loves Anna," by Constance Ray. In previews. (Nat Horne, 440 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE—A dark comedy by the Bard, this one with Len Cariou, Kate Burton, Ethyl Eichelberger, and Jack Weston. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE—A West End comedy written and directed by, and starring, Ray Cooney. Previews begin Feb. 22. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370.)

TOGETHER AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME—Jo Sullivan and her daughter Emily Loesser in a revue of show tunes, including some by Miss Loesser's father, Frank. Previews through Feb. 26. Opens Feb. 27 at 8. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW—Charles Keating, Carole Shelley, and Joseph Maher in Joe Orton's 1969 play. Directed by John Tillingier, who staged the 1986 revival of "Loot." In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 55th-7907.)

NEW THIS SEASON

All's Well That Ends Well—The Pearl Theatre Company's production of Shakespeare's com-

edy. (Pearl Theatre, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

BLACK AND BLUE—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/89; under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway, 246-0102.)

BORN YESTERDAY—Madeline Kahn's performance as Billie Dawn (the role that made Judy Holiday famous) is the only good thing about this revival of Garson Kanin's 1946 political fable. Ed Asner is entirely inadequate as the scrap-metal tycoon who makes the mistake of hiring a *New Republic* writer to educate his mistress. So, unfortunately, is Daniel Hugh Kelly, who plays the journalist. (2/13/89) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

BRILLIANT TRACES—Joan Cusack and Kevin Anderson are most winning in this new play by Cindy Lou Johnson, an offbeat romantic comedy that uses comic surrealism to call comic surrealism itself into question and say something about reality. (2/20/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Closes March 5.)

CAFE CROWN—A revival of the late Hy Kraft's mash note to the Café Royal, a onetime Meca for Yiddish actors, writers, and intellectuals on the Lower East Side. The play, first produced in 1942, is filled with jokes, most of which pay off. Eli Wallach, as a former star, Anne Jackson, as his wife, and Bob Dishy, as a busy, bossy waiter, play the leading roles in this fine production, directed by Martin Charnin. Santo Loquasto designed the gorgeous setting. Seen recently at the Public, the show has moved to Broadway. (11/14/88) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

CANTORIAL—Anthony Fusco, Lesly Kahn, and Woody Romoff in a play by Ira Levin, the author of "Deathtrap." (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

THE COCKTAIL HOUR—A dramatist returns to his native city in upstate New York to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their

permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more convincing or engaging. The play is as sensitive as it is funny, and the actors do it full justice, under Jack O'Brien's direction. Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis are fine, too. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

DALTON'S BACK—This one, by Keith Curran, is about a schoolteacher who can't engage happily in any human activity except back-tickling (the apostrophe in the title is possessive), because his mother gave him mixed signals when he was a child. Give it a wide berth. (2/20/89) (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes March 5.)

EASTERN STANDARD—An imitation comedy that is as tedious as it is trendy. (11/14/88) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Lanford Wilson's 1980 play **FIFTH OF JULY** is the latest in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Closes Feb. 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MAMA—A black comedy by Roberto Cossa, an Argentine playwright. Performances are in English Wednesdays through Fridays; in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Feb. 26.)

A HATFUL OF RAIN—A revival of Michael V. Gazzo's 1955 play. (Actors' Space, 250 W. 54th St., 10th floor. 757-5900. Closes March 12.)

HENRY V—Shakespeare's play, presented by the New Rude Mechanicals. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. Closes March 5. For reservations, call 971-5630.)

HOTEL MARTINIQUE—A music-theatre piece by Kevin Malony that was inspired by Jonathan Kozol's 1988 article on the homeless. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318. Closes Feb. 26.)

I COULD GO ON LIP-SYNCHING!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

IN A PIG'S VALISE—A musical with words (book and lyrics) by Eric Overmyer and a score by August Darnell. With Nathan Lane and Ada Maris; directed and choreographed by Graciela Daniele. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo'Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **GONDOLIERS**. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

MACBETH—An in-the-round production of Shakespeare's play, directed by Nicholas Mahon. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. Closes March 11. For information about tickets, call 228-6621.)

MANHATTAN PUNCH LINE—The final performances of a festival of one-act comedies. Evening A: "Wonderful Party!" by Howard Korder; "The Gettysburg Sound Bite," by Ted Tally; "One Monday," by Matt Cutugno; "Seven Menus," by David Ives; and "Sex Lives of Superheroes," by Stephen Gregg. ... Evening B: "The News from St. Petersburg," by Rich Orloff; "Requiem for a Heavyweight," by Mark O'Donnell; "Seeing Someone," by Laurence Klavan; "Pillow Talk," by Peter Tolan; and "Good Honest Food," by Bill Bozzone. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Feb. 26.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—"We" is the umbrella title for a pair of plays by Charles Fuller—"Sally" and "Prince"—about recently freed slaves during the Civil War, some of them at loose ends and others in the Union Army. The plays are non-vintage Fuller, but they're interesting all the same. The acting is of the N.E.C.'s usual high quality. Douglas Turner Ward directed. The plays will be done in rotating repertory. (1/9/89) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Closes Feb. 26.)

NEW YORK THEATRE WORKSHOP—American productions of two contemporary German plays: **MERCEDES**, by Thomas Brasch, which closes Feb. 26, and **THE NEST**, by Franz Xaver Kroetz, which opens officially on Feb. 26 and closes March 5. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200.)

THE NIGHT HANK WILLIAMS DIED—Larry L. King, whose "Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" was a hit some years ago, has again written a good, strong play with music, much smaller in scope. A touching comedy that slowly darkens, it provides a lot of fun before its sad conclusion. The setting is a saloon in an obscure town in Texas in 1952, and the story is about a young songwriter who earns his living in a local gas station and dreams of escaping, ideally to Nashville. The performance, under Christopher Ashley's direction, is satisfying and more, and so are Mr. King's songs. (2/20/89) (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes Feb. 26.)

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY—The Hartford Stage Company's production of a comedy by Jerry Sterner about a Wall Street takeover artist who tries to acquire a small family business. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

OUR TOWN—Spalding Gray's monotonous and cynical performance as the Stage Manager almost blights this revival of Thornton Wilder's masterpiece, but there is good work by Roberta Maxwell, Peter Maloney, Frances Conroy, and Eric Stoltz. (12/19/88) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PLAY BALL—Ron Nakahara in a new comedy by R. A. Shiomi. A production of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. Closes Feb. 25. For information about tickets, call 245-2660.)

RUMORS—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has ever written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Ron Leibman, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SHIRLEY VALENTINE—A comedy by Willy Russell. Pauline Collins has the title, and only, role.

CATHEDRAL TOWN



"It seems a misty architectural shape taking up into itself like individual building stones the skyscrapers, tenements, thoroughfares, and people; and with the mass of them erecting a tower higher than any of them, even the highest, toward the sky," wrote the critic Paul Rosenfeld in 1924 of the immense edifice that is New York. In our time, one of the great workers on the scaffold was Ruben Gibson, head carver of the Stonyard Institute, the program set up in 1984 to train masons at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Gibson, who died of AIDS last year at the age of thirty-nine, held the Ruskinian belief that architecture can be a spiritual quest. Photographs of the grotesques, lions, African masks, and other figures Gibson carved for the cathedral are currently on view in the north aisle. They are a moving confirmation of his belief.

(She also played it in London.) Simon Callow is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

SONGS OF PARADISE—A musical based on the works of the Yiddish poet Itzik Manger. In Yiddish and English; with a book by Miriam Hoffman and Rena Berkowicz Borow, and music by Rosalie Gerut. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

SUENOS—A joint production by Mabou Mines and Intar of a work that celebrates the spirit of Latin America through poetry, music, and dance. Directed by Ruth Maleczech, with an original score by Herschel Garfein. In Spanish and English. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Closes March 5.)

THE TAFFETAS—Four talented young women, impersonating a group of singing sisters, perform hits from the fifties. The show, conceived by Rick Lewis as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents yet another trip down memory lane. Still, for what it is, it's very well done. With Jody Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Speros. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292.)

A TALE OF TWO CITIES—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

WITHOUT APOLOGIES—A play by Thom Thomas, with Kurt Knudson, Carrie Nye, and Pauline Flanagan. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Closes Feb. 26.)

LONG RUNS

ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, Bill McCutcheon, and Howard McGillin, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) ... **CATS**: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes of John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) ... **DRIVING MISS DAISY**: Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: The longest-running long run. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) ... **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE**: Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. With Bill Smitrovich and Caroline Aaron. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) ... **INTO THE WOODS**: This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) ... **M. BUTTERFLY**: David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) ... **ME AND MY GIRL**: An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) ... **LES MISERABLES**: The real stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) ... **NUNSENSE**: A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) ... **OIL CITY SYMPHONY**: Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfit, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.) ... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**: The much belated Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THEATRE—Cont'd

fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **SARAFINA!** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)... **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

DANCE

NO one at New York City Ballet knows for certain when the company last performed Balanchine's "Minkus Pas de Trois"—perhaps twenty years ago. But it comes back on closing night (Feb. 26 at 7), in the fifth annual benefit for the Dancer's Emergency Fund. Set to an excerpt from the score for Petipa's 1881 "Paquita," and apparently referring to its choreography, this ebullient little showpiece is warmly remembered by dancers. (In 1948, Balanchine made "Pas de Trois Classique," using the same music, for the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas.) The original 1951 N.Y.C.B. cast was Nora Kaye, Maria Tallchief, and André Eglevsky, all stars with strong feet and impressive stage faces. Melissa Hayden, from a later cast, spoke in Nancy Reynolds' invaluable "Repertory in Review" of the "Cecchetti-type choreography," of the "small jumps and runs," and of the distinctions between the female variations, one "very quick" and one with "many more balances beginning with big beats." Hayden also described one impossible women's step, "a kind of sissonne in penché, very deep, coming up to pointe in attitude." No one, she added, had ever fully achieved it outside the practice room. That's something to look for.

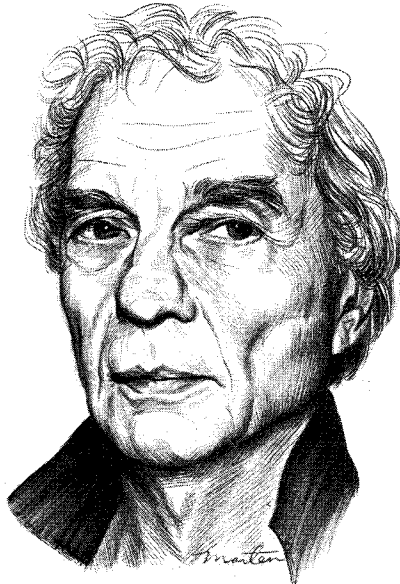
The pas de trois is being restaged by Sean Lavery, who also organized the program, which consists largely of excerpts from Balanchine ballets of the thirties through the early seventies. Lavery has paid public tribute to the Dancer's Emergency Fund for its help in the course of his own recovery—still in progress—from a spinal operation in 1987. For this performance, a small tax-deductible contribution to the fund has been tacked on to the ticket price.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Final performances of the winter season. Feb. 21 at 8: "Orpheus," "Tea-Rose," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Space."... Feb. 22 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Apollo," and "Space."... Feb. 23 at 8: "Divertimento from 'Le Baiser de la Fée,'" "The Chairman Dances," "Tea-Rose," and "Behind the China Dogs."... Feb. 24 at 8: "Serenade," "Beethoven Romance," "Mozart Serenade," and "Space."... Feb. 25 at 2: "A Midsummer Night's Dream."... Feb. 25 at 8: "Apollo," "Tea-Rose," "Sonatas and Interludes," and "Serenade."... Feb. 26 at 1: "Divertimento from 'Le Baiser de la Fée,'" "Beethoven

Romance," "Mozart Serenade," and "Western Symphony."... Feb. 26 at 7: The Dancer's Emergency Fund benefit. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through March 12. Feb. 28 at 7:30: The New York premiere of "Five Stone Wind" in which Mr. Cunningham will appear (the piece was seen here last summer as a work in progress), and "RainForest."... March 1 at 8: "Points in Space," "Fabrications," and the New York premiere of "Cargo X." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

FELD BALLET—Feb. 21 at 8: "Harbinger," "Kore," "Over the Pavement," and "Love Song Waltzes."... Feb. 22 at 8: "Aurora I," "Medium:Rare," "Asia," and "Love Song Waltzes."... Feb. 23 at 8: "Aurora II," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up."... Feb. 24 at 8: "Harbinger," "Kore," "Over the Pavement," and "Love Song Waltzes."... Feb.



Merce Cunningham

25 at 8: "Aurora II," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up."... Feb. 26 at 2: "Petipa Notwithstanding," "Shadow's Breath," "Cortège Parisien," and "Embraced Waltzes."... Feb. 26 at 7:30: "Aurora I," "Aurora II," and "Intermezzo No. 1."... Feb. 28 at 8: "Asia," "Kore," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up."... March 1 at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Theatre," "Echo," and "Love Song Waltzes." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through March 12.)... **NOTE:** A talk by Eliot Feld will follow the performance on Feb. 24.

DONETSK BALLET—A Soviet company, and guest artists in six performances. Feb. 22 at 7; Feb. 25 at 2 and 8; and Feb. 26 at 3: "Paquita," "Gopak," "Walpurgis Night," and other works... Feb. 23-24 at 8: "Giselle" and the grand pas de deux from "Don Quixote." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

CHARLES MOULTON—Known for his precision ball-passing choreography and his electrified tap shoes, Moulton has choreographed and directed "Dangerous Glee Club," a new dance-music-theatre work. Co-conceived by Steve Elson, who wrote the score. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9. Through March 4.)

"IN LIVING COLOR"—A new work choreographed by Dianne McIntyre and performed by a company of dancers. Music by trumpeter Olu Dara and his band. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Feb. 23-24 at 8, and Feb. 25 at 3 and 8. Through March 5.)

PAM QUINN AND MICHAEL O'CONNOR—In "Dance Therapy," a program of new and repertory works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Feb. 23-25 at 8, and Feb. 26 at 3.)

"POETS AND DANCERS IN PERFORMANCE"—Four poet-dancer couples will conjoin their arts: Anne Waldman and Lisa Kraus, Ishmael Reed and Carla Blank, Dennis Cooper and Ishmael

Houston-Jones, and Kenward Elmslie and Almon Grimsted. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Feb. 24-26 at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 674-8112.)

BRYAN HAYES AND DANCERS—Presenting "Crossing Slowly from Left to Right," an hour-long work by Hayes for eleven performers. Set to music by Morton Feldman, Jon Gibson, and Béla Bartók, with Tibetan chanting thrown in. (Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St., 11th floor. Feb. 24-27 at 9. For reservations, call 228-4655.)

PILAR RIOJA—Performances of classical Spanish dance, including, of course, flamenco. (Repertorio Español. Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Feb. 25 at 8, and Feb. 26 at 3 and 7.)

CO-DANCE CO.—Nancy Duncan's contemporary dance group, in new works by Melanie Lien and David Dorfman. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Feb. 25-26 at 8. Through March 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

AT Tramps, a defunct blues and rock club a couple blocks east of Union Square, you would sometimes see a black cat wandering the premises, looking for a good place to lie down. The cat generally turned up early in the evening, before the first set began, and staked out a spot on one of the "banquettes" (raggedy things patched up with duct tape). It moved when one of the waitresses (Irish girls with brogues and not-yet-hardened-by-New-York faces) shooed it away to make room for a customer. It claimed a spot under a table, or it drifted toward the bar, where men watched a Rangers or Knicks game on TV and growled about one thing or another. It usually didn't permit its head to be tickled. It was ornery and fiddle-footed and proud. It didn't give you the impression that it would accept the position of house mascot. It had its own agenda, and being left alone seemed to be high on the list. Some time after Tramps had shut down, we found ourself at the Eagle Tavern, an Irish pub way out on West 14th Street. At the bar there were men deep in thought or studying the TV (a horse race from the Meadowlands or somewhere), and in the back room there was a string band led by a long-haired fiddler and a plaid-flannel-shirt kind of crowd and a cat (a calico) prowling around. And we thought that this room—a long hike from many of the sweller parts of Manhattan (but not inconvenient to newly sprung-up chic-persons-only spas)—might be a good place to sit down and rest.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MARGARET WHITING**, a no-business-like-show-business kind of gal, casts her voice to the four corners of the Oak Room at nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Thursdays and at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Fridays and Saturdays. She's a cheerful, expansive, life-affirming singer, and you should be prepared to be uplifted. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **YMA SUMAC**, the Pe-

ALDO FALLAI



GIORGIO ARMANI

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

- ruvian thrush with the big lungs and the grande-dame manner, performs at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays.
- BLUE NOTE**, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A long, narrow, bemirrored room with a piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and jazz people of various magnitudes on the dais. **HERBIE HANCOCK**, who played a Mozart piano concerto with the Chicago Symphony when he was eleven, is now a forty-eight-year-old pop star who sometimes takes a break from his electronic-funk projects and his movie-score projects to play a little spidery modern jazz. He'll be here through Feb. 25, with bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** and drummer **AL FOSTER**. **FRED HERSCH**, a young pianist who shares an alma mater (Grinnell) with Hancock, brings in a group on Feb. 27. Music from nine. Dining.
- BOTTOM LINE**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club, which, unlike many other such places, has (in addition to rock) tables, chairs (four hundred or so), good French fries, country music, folk music, music of a dubious nature, and miscellaneous theatrical entertainments. A multitude of Irish and Scottish folk musicians—native and transplanted fiddlers, pipers, flutists, and bodhran players—gather here on Feb. 24; **JIMMY WEBB**, who wrote "Galveston" and "By the Time I Get to Phoenix" and other prodigal pop-country songs, performs Feb. 25; **CHERYL (PEPSI) RILEY**, a Brooklyn soul singer with a nice voice and major-record-label backing, holds forth Feb. 28. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.
- BRADLEY'S**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features horn players, Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweat-shirts, Bradley's customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **RON CARTER** will be on duty through Feb. 25; Feb. 26 belongs to a trio led by trumpeter **DANNY MOORE**. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.
- CARLOS I**, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH** directs a quartet Feb. 21-26; **AL GREY**, a big-band veteran who gets laughing sounds and deep wa-was and complete sentences out of his old talking trombone, arrives with a foursome on Feb. 28. Music from nine-thirty.
- CARLYLE HOTEL**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**GEORGE SHEARING**, the London-born pianist with the feathery touch, will be in the pastel confines of the Café Carlyle for three more nights. Shows at ten and midnight Feb. 21-23.
- CAT CLUB**, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts fly, and a limber, nattily dressed gent gets a look on his face that says "Watch my next move, darlin'." Up by the stage, two men who have come stag scatter their feet when the band breaks into "Jumpin' at the Woodside." An octet called the **HARLEM BLUES & JAZZ BAND**—its members include **GEORGE KELLY** (a tenor saxophonist who played with the Savoy Sultans in the forties) and **AL CASEY** (a guitarist who worked with Fats Waller in the thirties and forties)—propels dancers on Feb. 26. Music from eight to midnight.
- EAGLE TAVERN**, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—On Fridays, in the back room of this bar, you can drink from the cup that cheers and listen to bluegrass and old-timey music; on Saturdays, you can drink a tankard of cool stout and listen to traditional Irish music. Special Consensus, a Chicago bluegrass group, has the floor Feb. 24; John Murphy, who plays the bellows-blown Irish pipes known as the uilleann pipes, holds forth Feb. 25. Music from nine.
- FAT TUESDAY'S**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A low-ceilinged, belowstairs jazz

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room, its walls decorated with alternating bands of mirror and red plush, which will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people, who may want to remove their top hats before entering. **STANLEY TURRANTINE**, a tenor saxophonist who has gone from playing rhythm and blues with Lowell Fulson and Ray Charles to making lulling pop-funk records, leads a combo Feb. 21-26. Alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS**, a hard-blowing Charlie Parker follower, brings in his quintet on Feb. 28. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese cooking and American jazz—can be found in this handsome room, from which is visible (it has a greenhouse roof) some expensive Gotham real estate as well as a few untenanted patches of sky. **NIELS LAN DOKY**, a young part-Danish, part-Vietnamese pianist with a busy, rococo style, will be here with his brother, bassist Christian Minh Doky, Feb. 21-26. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and seven on Sundays.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A cramped Yankee version of a Texas bar. It's draped with flags and banners, and plastered with signs and stickers ("Don't Mess with Texas," "Western Swing Ain't Dead, It's Asleep at the Wheel," "Waitress Station Only: Do Not Stand Here"), and its denizens include guys who like to wave their long-neck Coronas around and say things like "Woo-wee" and "I need an I.V. to rock and roll right now." R. & R. vet and sometime screen actor **LEVON HELM** has the floor Feb. 24-25; **VASSAR CLEMENTS** plays his souped-up country fiddle on March 1. Music after nine. Dining.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale road-

SEND NO FLOWERS



Sixteen tall Washingtonia robusta palm trees rise from the marble floor of the Winter Garden at the World Financial Center, in Battery Park city, stately reminders that architects, in thinking about columns, have found inspiration in the shapes of trees. On February 21st, the entire Winter Garden will burst into bloom, with four hundred potted white tulips, forty-five young palm trees, and a variety of herbs, tropicals, perennials, and evergreens, all at different stages of growth. Created by students from the Yale Schools of Architecture, Art, and Forestry, led by Diana Balmori, a landscape architect, and Paul Bott, a florist, the installation is designed to remind us that plants are forms of life as well as handsome ornaments to buildings. An additional W. robusta, currently at what is delicately termed "the end of its life cycle," is featured in the display. The team has titled the work "This Is Not the Flower Show," perhaps so visitors will not be shocked to find a dead sixty-foot palm tree lying on the ground. By the end of the show, on March 5th, even many of the tulips are expected to be pushing up tulips.

house; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. Jack Casady, the old Jefferson Airplane-Hot Tuna guy, leads a rock band Feb. 23-24; **TERRANCE SIMIEN & THE MALLETT PLAYBOYS** play some Louisiana two-steps on Feb. 28. Music after nine. Dining.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)

—This great ballroom-in-the-sky, after being shut for a couple of years, has been restored to its stately and beautiful Art Deco self. (The original chandelier, hung from a peach-and-pale-blue ceiling, is back, and the dance floor, a replica of the old one, is revolving once more—at its nineteen-thirties half a mile an hour.) The non-stop music is by the Rainbow Room Orchestra, a streamlined society band featuring a graceful, velvet-toned trumpeter named Joe Cabot, and by Mauricio Smith and Friends, a rocketing Latin band. Music from seven-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, from eight Fridays and Saturdays, and from six Sundays. Dining. Closed Mondays. . . . **RAINBOW & STARS** (632-5000): A new, glossy, multilevel maroon-and-silver cabaret, seating about ninety, and located on the north side of the sixty-fifth floor, in what used to be the cocktail lounge. The performers, working in a shallow well in the center of the room, do unwitting battle with the bejewelled backdrop of Central Park, Lenox Avenue, the G. W. Bridge, and points north. **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** may not outshine her surroundings, but she more than holds her own when she sings "Manhattan" and "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?" She's an exemplary popular singer; she swings without seeming to try and makes her feelings clear without shouting. She'll be here for five more nights (Feb. 21-25). The **MC GUIRE SISTERS** were up here the other night—they looked girlish as all getout, as if they'd been transported straight from the fifties—to see Rosemary Clooney; they take over her spot starting Feb. 28. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. The schedule: Feb. 21, **MANNY OQUENDO's** salsa band; Feb. 22, **MARIO BAUA's** Latin-jazz orchestra, plus **YONO TORO**; Feb. 23, the Latin ensembles of **DANIEL PONCÉ** and **MARIO RIVERA**; Feb. 24, **TABOU COMBO**, a Haitian band; and Feb. 27-28, **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

SPO-DEE-O-DEE, 565 W. 23rd St., at Eleventh Ave. (206-1990)—A curious mixture of swank and down-home. (The name comes from the 1949 Stick McGhee song "Drinkin' Wine, Spo-dee-o-dee," which was Atlantic Records' first hit.) The food is barbecued ribs and such, the music is mostly R. & B., and the furnishings include ballroom-size chandeliers, king-size sofas, and green velvet drapes sprinkled with stardust. **BIG TWIST & THE MELLOW FELLOWS**, a Chicago R. & B. outfit fronted by a jumbo-sized singer with an affable baritone, holds forth Feb. 23-25.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled boîte, crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **PETER ERSKINE**, who has drummed for the loud Maynard Ferguson and the louder Weather Report, leads a septet Feb. 21-26; **JIM HALL**, a guitarist who usually comes in on tiptoe and departs the same way and in between fills the air with soft, beautiful sounds, will be around with a quartet starting Feb. 28. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, **JOHN CEPHAS** and **PHIL WIGGINS**, a country-blues duo from the Washington, D.C., area, perform Feb. 24-25 at nine and eleven-thirty. . . . One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, pianist **WALTER NORRIS** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** are on duty nightly, except Mondays, from ten. Norris, who played with Ornette Coleman in the fifties and with Mingus in the seventies and now lives in Berlin, is always worth hearing.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This house of worship opened on Feb. 26, 1934, in a Charles Street basement that was equipped with a twenty-five-dollar upright piano, a four-burner gas

stove, and plank-and-barrel furniture. Its opening-night entertainers—or non-entertainers, as the proprietor, a Columbia Law School dropout named Max Gordon, explained to a judge, who wanted to know why he was operating without an entertainment license—were poets. A year later, Mr. Gordon moved his business to another basement, and here he and it have remained ever since. **MAX ROACH** will be here Feb. 21-26, tapping out a fifty-fifth-anniversary salute to the owner and leading a quartet. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **JANE JARVIS**, who spent many years accompanying the Mets on the Shea Stadium organ, concentrates nowadays on the piano; she's here every night but Feb. 28, with **MILT HINTON**, a seventy-nine-year-old bassist whom Cab Calloway, his employer from 1936 to 1951, nicknamed Thump. Sundays are in the hands of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**. Music from eight weeknights and from seven on Sundays.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

AFTER ten o'clock, the dining room at the Canal Bar feels like a table for a hundred and twenty-five. There is, however, one way to stand out in the trendiest crowd in town—eat alone. All around you are the young and the forever young, joyously eating off each other's plates and pouring champagne on a first-come, first-served basis, but give them a minute. They'll notice. People will walk up to your table as warily as they would a cage in the zoo.

Only children and misanthropes can successfully avoid the attention. Despite our open novel—perhaps because of it—a blonde in hoop earrings, black dress, and red jacket walks up to the table. "Wouldn't you like to sit with us? We're celebrating. I don't remember why, but whenever we come here we're celebrating." A brunette in hoop earrings, black dress, and red jacket leans across the table to whisper, "I've never seen anyone in here alone. Did, like, the separation agreement just come through?" Young men, proud of newfound sensitivity and ability to bond, feel it's their duty to obliterate solitude. Pulling up a chair, the brunette's beau asks, "What do you like? We'll find you someone. No problem."

Making an unobtrusive exit is not possible: this is a watched door. "Come back next week," the blonde cries from her table. "We'll all be here." If you enjoy places like the Canal Bar but don't want to be conspicuous, there's a solution. Take a very quiet date.

IN A CATEGORY OF THEIR OWN, PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

KIMBERLY FLYNN—In "The Passion of Ursula," Flynn is a faith healer who sings, dances, and travels with a three-piece band. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Feb. 23-25 at 10. Through March 5.)

P.S. 122—Feb. 22 at 8: Frank Maya ranting about, among other things, the people who scare him. First on that list is Angie Dickinson. . . . Feb. 23-26 at 9:30: Carmelita Tropicana, Uzi Parnes, Merian Soto, and others in "Candela y Azucar." Through March 5. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

THE esoteric Swedish artist Hilma af Klint (1862-1944) lived two lives. In her early, extrovert phase, which lasted until about the turn of the century, she became fairly well known for her traditional portraits and landscapes. During the rest of her long life, she was a clairvoyant and mystic, a disciple of Mme. Blavatsky, and a follower of Annie Besant and Rudolf Steiner. As a "spiritist," she produced a large body of fervently non-objective work. Many of these paintings predate the breakthroughs into absolute abstraction of Mondrian and Kandinsky, of the Constructivists and Suprematists, and many—obscure though they are—exceed the work of these masters in sheer charismatic purism. They offer a vision of a world that is mysterious, incandescent, and unknowably good. The "Secret Pictures" of Hilma af Klint belong to the collection of the Stiftelsen Hilma af Klints Verk, in Stockholm. They are on view at P.S. 1, Long Island City, until March 12th, and this could very well be a once-in-a-lifetime chance to see them.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—All the Ingres works in the collection (ten paintings, twenty-two drawings, and seven prints) have been put on view together. The Met's holdings tend to reflect this great neoclassical artist's most conservative side. Exceptions include the portrait of the "Princesse de Broglie" (1851) and one small sheet of reclining male nudes. Through March 19. . . . ¶ Siene Renaissance paintings and manuscript illuminations. Through March 19. . . . ¶ Photographs from William Henry Fox Talbot's "Pencil of Nature." (See Photography, below.) Through April 9. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute is exhibiting eighty-five outfits from the Victorian era. Through April 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of architectural design by Emilio Ambasz and Steven Holl—two shows, actually, by two of today's more compelling talents. Ambasz, who was a curator in the museum's architecture-and-design department in the seventies, uses nature as a central architectural element, often burying his buildings and using the earth or a glass-enclosed waterfall as a wall or a structural element. The results are usually majestic and bizarre. Holl, somewhat more traditional, has a strong commitment to architectural crafts, and his interiors are filled with etched glass, stucco, and stainless-steel and oxidized-copper surfaces. Through April 4. . . . ¶ The Andy Warhol retrospective. (A listing of the films in the exhibition can be found under Film Libraries, below.) A complementary show of Warhol work is at Ronald Feldman Fine Arts, 31 Mercer St. . . . ¶ Walker Evans' works. (See Photography.) Through April 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—German figure painting of the past three decades is surveyed in a top-to-bottom (of the museum) show that includes inverted figures by Baselitz, calligraphic figures by Penck,

and spectral figures by Christa Näher. Works by forty-one artists are on display. Through April 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Before Yoko Ono became known as the woman who broke up the Beatles, she contributed to the Fluxus art movement in the sixties. A selection of her sculptures is on display, with new bronze casts beside the originals. Ono's works were conceived for



Hilma af Klint

audience participation, but that would be aberrant behavior here. "Cleaning Piece," for example—a small Plexiglas cube with a cloth beside it—is now in its own case. Concurrently, films and videos by Ono are on view on the second floor. (See Film Libraries, below, for schedule.) Through April 16. . . . ¶ For all his inventiveness and creativity, Frederick Kiesler has remained relatively obscure since his death in 1965. This eye-opening retrospective is a chance to reexamine his work, including a reconstruction of the much reproduced Surrealist room in Peggy Guggenheim's Art of This Century gallery. Through April 16. A complementary show is at Jason McCoy, 19 E. 71st St. . . . ¶ A show of American folk art from the center in Williamsburg, Virginia, that is named for Abby Aldrich Rockefeller. The landmark collection, started in the twenties, identified and brought to public attention such painters (all represented here) as Ammi Phillips, Erastus Salisbury Field, and John Brewster, Jr. Also, carvings, furniture, textiles, and pottery. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sculptures, drawings, and maquettes by four American post-minimalists: Joel Fisher, Mel Kendrick, Robert Lobe, and John Newman. Forty-six objects altogether are on display. Starts Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—Finland's greatest natural resource—wood—is also a major source of inspiration for its artists, as this show from Helsinki's Museum of Applied Arts points out. Through April 23. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit examining the ways in which artists have found inspiration in the golem legend. Through April 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century drawings

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

from Haarlem's Teyler Museum focusses attention on the contrasting purposes of Northern and Southern European draftsmanship. Through April 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Celebrating George" examines New Yorkers' changing affections for President Washington. The show ranges from costumes worn to the Inaugural Ball here in 1789 to the September, 1988, cover of *Money*, which depicts Washington holding investment-performance graphs. Starts Feb. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—A retrospective of paintings by the appropriationist/social critic Robert Colescott. Starts Feb. 24. The Phyllis Kind gallery, 136 Greene St., has a complementary show. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Twenty-three collage paintings by Benny Andrews, dating from the fifties through the seventies, selected by Donald Kuspit. Andrews is a powerfully expressive, formally resourceful artist, who is both well established and often overlooked. His work makes us think of Alberto Giacometti, George Grosz, Ben Shahn, George Bellows, Marc Chagall, and R. B. Kitaj without ever seeming derivative. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—As some of the works in this show of collages indicate, Cornell was capable of slipping into ordinariness when he strayed from the enclosed, protected world of his magical boxes. Best are collages that use simple framing devices, like grids and arches, and different kinds of containers, like teapots and a bell jar. Through Feb. 28. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

JASPER JOHNS—Of the images for which Johns is primarily known, the maps remain the most elusive. The dealer Larry Gagosian has opened his new, luxe space dramatically with this immaculate historical view of all but one of Johns' map paintings. Through March 25. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

FREDERICK KIESLER (1890-1965)—If the retrospective at the Whitney has simply whetted your appetite, here are some bold charcoal drawings for interior lighting, surface treatments, and space divisions in *Endless House*. Through Feb. 25. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

LE CORBUSIER (1887-1965)—This unusual exhibition of works on paper spans forty years, and reminds us that the exemplary modern architect was a rather wonderful modern artist as well. He could draw as voluptuously as Léger and as subtly as Klee. Through Feb. 25. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

JOAN MIRÓ (1893-1983)—A pleasant, informal assortment of drawings, paintings, sculptures, and ceramics by this master of austere whimsy. Through March 25. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

THEODORE ROSZAK (1907-81) / **CLARENCE H. CARTER**—Roszak, who was best known as a sculptor, did not have a light touch. These sixty-odd paintings and drawings from the thirties show the influence of Cubism and Futurism. They are richly colored, densely composed, and terribly static. / Carter's paintings seem both straightforwardly wholesome and perversely surreal—his later work suggests an American Magritte. This interesting show addresses his early years. Through Feb. 25. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

FRANK STELLA—These painted reliefs, part of the "Waves" series, are marvels of stylized vitality, with each piece seeming to burst out of its tondo-shaped frame and strike a pose. Andy Warhol's printer tones are a possible influence on Stella's colors, which are looking more modulated and acid than before. Through March 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Also, new prints at Castelli Graphics, 578 Broadway, until Feb. 25.)

"THE PERSISTENCE OF PAINTING"—The second in a series of four exhibitions on abstraction. Much of it looks good, especially the surfaces of Nancy Haynes, the compositional simplicity of Harvey Quaytman, and the organic richness of Bill Jensen. Through March 10. (Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Opens at 1; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

RONALD BLADEN (1918-88)—Before he made his significant contribution to postwar sculpture, Bladen was an accomplished, if somewhat derivative, painter. These, his last paintings, date from the late fifties, and look much like the work of Al Held, his good friend and, at the time, his studio-mate. Bladen's appealing departure here is fistfuls of crusty paint. Through March 12. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

JANET FISH—New paintings. Bright, ingenious, and extremely accomplished traditional still-lives, outdoor scenes, and portraits of children. Through Feb. 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—A strong, fresh-looking show of recent paintings by the master of neo-rococo splatter. Lots of green, lots of white, and three tondos. Through Feb. 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

RED GROOMS—These watercolors were made by the artist during his travels, and while most seem like little more than conventional vacation illustrations, a few have his dynamic bombardment of color, with every inch active and craving attention. Through March 8. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JERRY KEARNS—Paintings with movie- and record-biz titles, such as "To Have and Have Not" and "Earth Angel." Easy, obvious political sentiment in the form of slick, Pop-ish art. Through March 4. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Motherwell, who made a major contribution to the art of the fifties, has suffered from a tendency to repeat himself endlessly in his paintings. While the same could be said of his drawings, which are the subject of this show, they have a grace of line, a calligraphic delicacy, and a power of form which connoisseurs of drawing will appreciate. Through March 4. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

HERMANN NITSCH—From the land that brought you Freud come large paint- and blood-splattered canvases, ritual tables, and liturgical vestments—the remnants of performances directed by this leading practitioner of body art, in which sheep were sacrificially disemboweled. The effect is surprisingly satisfying. Through March 11. (Luhning Augustine, 41 E. 57th St.)

SEAN SCULLY—Of all the painters following in the painterly tradition of Jasper Johns, Scully is one who does it extremely well. Even those who have lost faith in abstraction may find it

hard not to enjoy some moments before these accomplished flaglike paintings. Through Feb. 25. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

NIELE TORONI—This significant European painter's work is relatively unknown here, and in reproduction it appears deceptively guileless and self-indulgent. His simple method of dabbing paint at regular intervals, on walls, canvas, and paper, is responsive to the Goodman gallery's architecture, and in person has a subtle power and odd beauty. Through March 4. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

SIDNEY JANIS 40TH ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION—An exquisite installation of works by Mondrian, Léger, Giacometti, and Arp pays tribute to the master art dealer Sidney Janis, who exhibited each of them in decades past. Through March 11. (110 W. 57th St.)

SHORT LIST—**LEONARD BASKIN**, Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 25); **MAX BECKMANN**, Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 25); **BEN BERNIS**, Schmidt-Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 25); **ISABEL BISHOP**, Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. (through March 31); and **Cole**, 200 W. 57th St. (through March 4); **LARRY BROWN**, Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 18); **ROBERT CRONIN**, Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 4); **ROBERT KUSHNER**, Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., open Mondays (through March 11); **ROBERT LOBE**, Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. and 80 Greene St. (through March 4); **MATTA**, Herstand, 24 W. 57th St., open Mondays (through March 25); **LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR**, Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 8); **ANTONI TÁPES**, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 18) and 112 Greene St. (through March 11).

GALLERIES—SoHo

RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER—A major show of sculptures and reliefs—made of Formica, acrylic, Celotex, and rubberized hair—by this spectacular craftsman. Eating out is the leitmotiv here, as art imitates life-size banquets. Some settings—"Two Half Dinners," for instance—are seen from an aerial perspective. Others suggest only food for thought. Artschwager's is a peculiar vision, and this is one of his best shows ever. Through Feb. 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

LOUISA CHASE—Gouges in smudged white paint, which reveal black beneath, and artfully balanced red, yellow, and blue rectangles reside on the same canvas—an odd cohabitation that works. Through March 11. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

ROBERT COLESCOTT—Figurative paintings that confront racial stereotypes. Through March 9. (Kind, 136 Greene St. A retrospective will be at The New Museum starting Feb. 24.)

CARROLL DUNHAM—Works on rag board and paper. The influence of Twombly becomes discernible in the scribbled-on white backgrounds of Dunham's big new paintings. Each has for its central subject a big, gloopy, vaguely elephantine shape in a magical shade of pink, yellow, orange, or purple. The drawings are similar, but smaller and less goofy. Through Feb. 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

GLORIA FRIEDMANN—A burnt-wood icon, animal skins spotted with pinesap, a bone embedded in a stretched bullhide—these minimal sculptures display an uncommon sensitivity to materials and are elegant to the point of suffocation. Through March 4. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

KRISTIN JONES AND ANDREW GINZEL—A technically impeccable mixed-medium installation titled "Ecclesia," composed of three separate pieces. Each evokes the occult or the alchemical; two offer very fetching optical illusions. This talented pair is in some danger of becoming a sophisticated magic act for kids. Through March 4. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

THOMAS KOVACHEVICH—Large, somewhat whimsical curved-wood veneers scattered about the Cadot gallery's walls and floor look like shavings from a Claes Oldenburg pencil—but, alas, without the pencil. Through Feb. 28. (470 Broome St.)

JANNIS KOUNELLIS AND MARIO MERZ—These two major figures of the Arte Povera movement are shown to best advantage here—especially Kounellis, who is represented by a fine early painting on paper (from 1961) and two of his more recent wall sculptures (from the eigh-



Yoko Ono

ties). Makes one hungry for more. Through Feb. 25. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

DAVID LYNCH—Dark-gray oily-looking oil paintings with wicked little figures and cutout letters that spell things like "Can Billy come out to play." Also, small, beautiful gray watercolors with sadistic-looking scratched surfaces. This is all very aesthetic and hip-suburban, suggestive of movie classics such as "The Bad Seed" or the artist's own "Blue Velvet." Through Feb. 25. (Castelli, 578 Broadway.)

PATTY MARTORI—Pat Hearn's new, unheated gallery finally looks good, with this display of what resembles Victorian-era scientific equipment and leftovers from Miss Havisham's yard sale. A pair of tall, opulent mirrors, coated with chemicals that cloud them, and an operating-room divan edged with finely combed human hair are notable. Through Feb. 25. (39 Wooster St.)

ANN MESSNER—Domestic mischief fills the air in these accomplished sculptures; some of them—a metal ironing board propped against the wall, a television tube sheathed in lead—have a quiet wackiness. Through March 4. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

ELLA BERGMANN-MICHEL (1896-1971) AND ROBERT MICHEL (1897-1983)—A handsome show of works on paper, mostly from the twenties, by a husband and wife who always worked and exhibited together. Her style is sketchier and more expressive, his more cerebral and architectural, but both achieved a fusion of Dada and Constructivist styles. Through Feb. 25. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

STEVE MILLER—There's something both repulsive and compelling about these computer-assisted, electronic-age Rorschach paintings. Like television screens, they come complete with lines of static. Through March 4. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St.)

ROBERT MORGAN—Recent modular paintings, photographs of altered art-book reproductions, and conceptual word pieces make up "The Icon and the Text," the artist's first solo show since 1977. It all seems frightfully rational but fails to make much sense. Through March 1. (Nerlino, 96 Greene St.)

A. R. PENCK—Look past the O.K. bronze totems at the bravura paintings they shield. By combining primal or primitivistic emblems with modern narrative images, this central figure in German painting deftly rides the precarious edge between the expressive and the symbolic. Through Feb. 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

JEFF PERONE—These junky decorative ceramics resembling wacky teapots were made by an incisive art critic, and contain all the tricks of the once-dominant pattern painting yet none of its hard-earned lessons. Through Feb. 25. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

DAVID RABINOWITZ—The windows, door, and walls of Barbara Flynn's new European-style gallery were designed to accommodate the sculpture on view. The result is a tall, beautiful, volumetric, minimal echo chamber with five large minimal sets of concentric rings carved directly into the plaster walls by the veteran minimalist David Rabinowitch. Through April 29. (Flynn, 113 Crosby St.)

MAURA SHEEHAN—Over the years, Sheehan has quietly presented some of New York's more provocative installation works. Her newest, called "Surface-Tension," consists of two volleyball nets forming an X, with a large white sphere on the floor at the point of intersection. A concealed tape recording emits a not unpleasant high-pitched ring. The tension between art history and urban experience which has always been Sheehan's strength is, unfortunately, lacking here. Through Feb. 25. (Facchetti, 476 Broadway.)

ROBERT STACKHOUSE—Walking between the two parts of this evocative slat sculpture is pleasant enough, but the real pleasures here are huge watercolors of cobras and Viking ships, which add dimension to the sculpture. Through March 4. (Dolan Maxwell, 154 Wooster St.)

MARIANNE STIKAS—Ribbons of paint, most of them in a regal red, that might have been applied with a squeegee. Some of them look tasty enough to lick—but not to eat. Through March 4. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

CY TWOMBLY—Twelve paintings, one drawing, and two painted wood sculptures, all from 1951 and 1953, some from the collection of Robert Rauschenberg. This is restrained, assured work for a young artist, but then composition has always been Twombly's cardinal



Philippe Halsman and Marilyn Monroe, from Halsman's "Jump Book"

sign. The paint used is house paint, and the sculptures are especially guileless. Through March 18. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

EMILIO VEDOVA—The first solo exhibition in New York for this important Italian artist (who turns seventy this year) includes paintings from 1982 to 1988. Most are very large and tondo-shaped. Several are freestanding and painted on both sides in the artist's usual expressionistic grisaille. Vedova likes his work to be theatre. Through March 4. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

ANDY WARHOL (1930-87)—Sculptures, along with some photographs of Warhol taken by Christopher Makos. Through March 18. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

DAVID WOJNAROWICZ—This poignant attempt by a young artist to come to grips with AIDS transcends the sensationalistic documentation that characterizes most AIDS-inspired art. While the paintings and the photographs are the most powerful politically ("I'm carrying this rage like a blood filled egg," he prints over one painting), the small sculptures seem the most self-reliant as art. Through March 4. (P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: From Arschwager's two-part crosshatch canvas to Guber's two-part tenement door and Borofsky's stripe painting that looks suspiciously like the Italian flag, this smart show of split and divided images has an air of rational mischief. Through Feb. 25. ... **STUX**, 155 Spring St.: "Pre-Pop Post-Appropriation"—All ideas, large and small, become neutralized in this attempt to link some of today's "hot" cool artists with some of yesterday's. Through March 4. ... **THORP**, 103 Prince St.: "Epiphanies"—Despite some unevenness and a predilection for the precious, this mixture of works by underexhibited artists old and new, from the thirties to today, includes some pleasant rediscoveries, including Walter Murch's factual and penetrating portrait of a machine and Joseph Stella's flowers in a hand-shaped vase. Through Feb. 25.

SHORT LIST—**HANS BREDER**, Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St. (through March 1); **ROBERT GARRATT**, Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway (through Feb. 25); **MARY GRIGORIADIS**, A.I.R., 63 Crosby St. (through March 11); **JANE HAMMOND**, Exit Art, 578 Broadway (through March 25); **MARILYN LERNER**, Good, 532 Broadway (through March 7); **MICHAEL LOEW**, Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through March 11); **VINCENT LONGO**, Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St. (through March 11); **DENNIS OPPENHEIM**, Plumb, 81 Greene St. (through March 11); **BLINKY PALERMO**, Newburg, 580 Broadway (through March 15); **CLIFFTON PEACOCK**, Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through March

7); **MICHELANGELO PISTOLETTO**, Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through March 4); **JEFF PULLEN**, Dorsky, 578 Broadway (through March 4); **JOSEPH RAFFAEL**, Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through March 22); **LUCIA SALEMMI**, Teller, 568 Broadway (through March 4); **MARGO SAWYER**, Toll, 146 Greene St. (through March 18); **ERNEST T. BROWN**, 560 Broadway (through March 9).

OTHER GALLERIES

P.S. 1—The "Secret Pictures" of Hilma af Klint, on loan from Stockholm. ... ¶ Also, "Theatergarden Bestiarium," a confused and pretentious exhibition of scale models and installations by thirteen European and American artists on the theme, possibly, of the ways art could be exhibited in the future. Through March 12. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM**, 17 White St.: "Prisoners of Image, 1800-1988" is a hodgepodge of vintage racist broadsides and recent art works, in various mediums, on the themes of ethnic and gender stereotypes. Martha Rosler's videotape "The Strange Case of Baby M" is outstanding. ... ¶ Also, a vague but theatrical "sculptural environment" by Ritsuko Taho. Through March 4. ... **BURGIN**, 270 Lafayette St.: "Seeing Is Believing," a pleasant small exhibit, showing the irreverent side of conceptual art. It includes Bruce Nauman's photographs of himself making faces; his early videotapes, with William Allan, providing a lesson in carp fishing; and some of Ed Ruscha's great book works, unfortunately encased in glass, like relics. Through March 15. ... **80 WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST GALLERIES**, New York University: The annual small-works exhibition, juried by Allan Frumkin. Through March 3. (Open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

SHORT LIST—**C.S.H. JHABVALA**, Humphrey, 37 E. 7th St., opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays (through March 5); **QUATTARA**, Baghoomian, 611 Broadway (through March 11).

PHOTOGRAPHY

If you're feeling jumpy this week, don't worry—you're not alone. At Elliott Erwitt's retrospective, we noticed what appears to be a mini-theme popping up at photography venues. Charmed by Erwitt's nutty scene of a terrier bouncing straight up into the air, we started to wonder at the number of other pictures on view around town in which people, dogs, and cats don't have their feet on the ground.

On the twenty-eighth floor of the Time & Life Building, one can find some of Philippe Halsman's memorable photographs of famous people jumping. For example, you can see Richard Nixon in this tricky position, or the Duke and Duchess of Windsor holding hands as they take the leap. Down in SoHo, the anti-gravity motif has less of Halsman's Mary Poppins look. In a show of contemporary Belgian photography, at Marcuse Pfeifer, there's at least one figure hanging upside down. Nearby, at Lieberman & Saul, Brian Oglesbee's gimmicky tableaux include floating figures, as well as apples suspended in refutation of Newton. The Erwitt exhibition, uptown at the International Center of Photography, offers lots of life's highs and lows, including a couple of photographs of people standing on park benches—and that airborne terrier. Erwitt's explanation of the dog's aerobics is simple: "I bark at dogs. ... I barked. He jumped."



"Schubertiade"

WALKER EVANS (1903-75)—Looking at Evans' work is always a pleasure. However, this exhibition feels like an extra pleasure—a homecoming. It includes most of the images in "American Photographs," the 1938 MOMA Evans publication that has now been reissued by the museum. Evans' "Torn Movie Poster" and his photographs of signs resonate with the work of his downstairs neighbor at the museum, Andy Warhol. (Museum of Modern Art.)

JOSEF KOUDELKA—Nothing Koudelka does should be sneezed at. But although his photographs have an intelligence and a way of catching and creating moods, they're lifeless. People and views come off as still-lives. Here are his signature Gypsies, as well as more recent pictures—panoramas—which appear burdened by an ambition to be heavyweights. Through March 4. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

KATHRYN MARX—A lot of visuals and no vision makes for a hollow experience. That emptiness characterizes Marx's arrangements of strips of Kodak color photographs, mostly showing fragments of people and of architecture. It all looks like weak David Hockney. Through Feb. 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

LEWIS STEIN—A simple idea—that light is photogenic—goes quite far in these photographs of a wide variety of electric chandeliers. They're like switched-on Man Rays. Through Feb. 25. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

WILLIAM HENRY FOX TALBOT (1800-77)—Full of the excitement of a new invention, this exhibition of Talbot's "Pencil of Nature"—the first book ever to include photographs—is the place to go to celebrate the beginning of photography. Talbot's sense of the medium's impact on art, and more generally on how the camera affects the way we see the world, turns out to have been on the button. Through April 9. (Metropolitan Museum.)

"WOMEN/MEN"—There are many terrific pictures here, including a treat for Weegee fans, but this exhibition, with its teasing title, forces them into what often feels like a false framework. A Kertész that is more about snow falling on a sculpture than about that photographer's attitude toward women is just one example of how little the title has to do with what's on the walls. Through March 31. (Seagram Building, fourth floor, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

SHORT LIST—**ROBERT ADAMS**, Burden, 20 E. 23rd St., opens at noon (through March 18); **ILSE BING**, Alliance-Française, 22 E. 60th St.; (through March 4); **MANUEL ALVAREZ BRAVO**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway, opens at noon on Saturdays (through April 1); **ELLEN BROOKS**, Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through March 15); **LEE FRIEDLANDER**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through April 8); **ADAM FÜSS**, Audiello, 142 Greene St. (through March 11); **BRIAN OGLESBEE**, Lieberman & Saul, 155

Spring St., opens at noon on Saturdays (through March 4).

MUSIC

THE Town Hall (on 43rd St., just west of Sixth Avenue) used to be a place where the most important sort of music-making went on. (Lotte Lehmann's farewell recital and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's local début, for instance, took place there.) It isn't anymore, and it probably won't be again until someone puts up a series of artists with very big names to draw back a public accustomed to hearing classical music farther uptown. This might not be regrettable if not for the fact that the hall is a better place to hear most kinds of concerts than any of its uptown counterparts (excepting for the very largest orchestral programs—the pre-renovation Carnegie).

About fifteen hundred people can sit in the Town Hall and all feel close to the stage; the acoustics are excellent; the look is right. In the past few seasons, there has been an increased effort to schedule musical events of some distinction. Most are still lightly attended. But the curious (or nostalgic, or budget-minded) will find the hall lit more often than dark in the coming days: on the 21st, there is a mixed program including the inimitable American song duo of William Bolcom and Joan Morris; on the 22nd, a violinist from the Juilliard Quartet playing Bartók, Bach, a new work, and novelties; on the 25th, John Zorn, a downtown composer and saxophonist, with his ensemble; and on the 27th an all-Beethoven program from the Raphael Trio. Just before that last, on the 26th, a pianist who has been playing in Town Hall as long as it has been there returns: Mieczyslaw Horszowski, born in 1892, colleague of Casals, teacher of the great and famous, now something of a cult figure (and a rediscovered recording artist), whose concerts attract the knowing.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St., 840-2824. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**SALOME**, the new production. With Eva Marton, Helga Dernesch, Richard Cassilly, Neil Rosenshein, and Bernd Weikl; conducted by Marek Janowski. (Feb. 20 at 8, a nonsubscription performance; Feb. 25 at 8:30; and March 1 at 8.)... **BLUE-BEARD'S CASTLE**, with Jessye Norman and Michael Devlin; and **ERWANTUNG**, with Jessye Norman. Both conducted by Richard Woi-tach. (Feb. 21 at 8.)... **DOMENEO**, with Carol Vaness, Marvis Martin, Frederica von Stade, and Siegfried Jerusalem; David Stivender. (Feb. 22 at 8, and Feb. 25 at 1:30.)... With Marvis Martin, Carol Vaness, Susan Quittmeyer, and Timothy Jenkins; David Stivender. (Feb. 28 at 8.)... **DON CARLO**, with Margaret Price, Maria Luisa Nave, Ermanno Mauro, and Brian Schexnayder; Thomas Fulton. (Feb. 23 at 7.)... **LA BOHEME**, the first production this season. With Fiamma Izzo D'Amico, Carol Neblett, Plácido Domingo, and Paolo Coni; Nello Santi. (Feb. 24 and Feb. 27 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur conducting. Feb. 22-24 at 8: With Claudio Arrau, piano... ♪ Feb. 25 at 8, and Feb. 28 at 7:30: With Elisabeth Leonskaja, piano, in a Mozart-Liszt-Brahms program.

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall, Herbert von Karajan conducting. Feb. 25 and Feb. 28 at 8: Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony and works by Johann and Josef Strauss... ♪ Feb. 26 at 8: Bruckner's Eighth Symphony.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Maurizio Pollini, piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall, March 1-2 at 8.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Leon Bates, piano. (Carnegie Hall, Feb. 24 at 8.)

PRAGUE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—A conductorless group, with Jeremy Menuhin, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Feb. 26 at 3.)

PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI—Richard Kapp conducting, with William Bolcom, piano, and Joan Morris, mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall, Feb. 21 at 8.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Conducted, in turn, by Robert Kemsley and Yuri Krasnapolsky. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Feb. 23 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Lyndon Woodside directing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and his Mass in C. (Carnegie Hall, Feb. 23 at 8.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS—David Randolph directing works by Bernstein, Vaughan Williams, and others. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Feb. 26 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

PRO ARTE CHORALE—Bart Folse directing a concert performance of Gluck's "Telamacco," with Julianne Baird, Carmen Pelton, and Karen Smith Emerson, sopranos; David Gordon, tenor; and other vocalists. Also with La Stravaganza Classical Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall, Feb. 26 at 3.)

RECITALS

"SCHUBERTIAD"—At the 92nd Street Y. This year's installment ends with songs composed in August, 1815. Stay tuned for September, 1815, in Year Three. Feb. 21 at 8: John Aler, tenor; Hermann Prey and William Sharp, baritones; Claude Frank, piano; and others... ♪ Feb. 22 at 8: Barbara Ann Peters, soprano; Mr. Aler; Bruno Weil conducting the New York Chamber Symphony; and others... ♪ Feb. 23 at 8: Judith Blegen, soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; Leonard Hokanson, piano; the New World String Quartet; and others... ♪ Feb. 25 at 8: Ms. Blegen; Mr. Sharp; Bruno Weil conducting the New York Chamber Symphony and the Y Chorale; and others... ♪ Feb. 26 at 3: Lucy Shelton, soprano; Mr. Prey; Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Amy Kaiser directing the Concert Chorale of New York; and others.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EUGENE ISTOMIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 22 at 8.)

JOEL SMIRNOFF—Violin. (Town Hall. Feb. 22 at 8.)

JOHN GRAHAM—Viola, in a program of contemporary works. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Feb. 23 at 8.)

JERRY HADLEY—Tenor. (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 24 at 8.)

GALIMIR STRING QUARTET—Playing works by Haydn, Dvořák, and Beethoven. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Feb. 24 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

KEN NODA—Piano, in a program of music by Mozart, Schubert, and Mussorgsky. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Feb. 25 at 8.)

GRANDE BANDE—Frederick Renz conducting works by Mozart and J. C. Bach. With Julianne Baird, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 25 at 8.)

MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI—Piano. (Town Hall. Feb. 26 at 2.)

FOR THE LOVE OF MUSIC—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 26 at 2.)

MAURIZIO POLLINI—Piano, performing four works by Liszt and one by Schubert. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 26 at 3.)

RADU LUPU—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 26 at 7:30.)

ALBERT LOTTO—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 26 at 8.)

PINCHAS ZUKERMAN and MARC NEIKRUG—Violin and viola, in an all-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 27 at 8.)

RAPHAEL TRIO—The third of four concerts devoted to the Beethoven piano trios. (Town Hall. Feb. 27 at 8.)

VERDEHR TRIO—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 27 at 8.)

HAROLD JONES—Flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 28 at 8.)

SHANGHAI STRING QUARTET—Playing works by Haydn, Debussy, Bartók, and Webern. (92nd Street Y. March 1 at 8.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—With Lucy Shelton, soprano, in a program of music influenced by Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." The Schoenberg work, in an English translation by Andrew Porter, will be performed. (Alice Tully Hall. March 1 at 8.)

JAZZ / ROCK / POP / PERSONAL APPEARANCES

SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK—A benefit performance by an all-woman a cappella sextet. The group's recent live album contains a sung version of the beatitudes and a song with lyrics based on an article by a fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies. The latter traces the evolutionary journey of a polyester-and-cotton blouse from Salvadoran cotton fields and Venezuelan oil fields, through Haitian sweatshops, to a Sears department store. The title of the song is "Are My Hands

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Clean?" (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Feb. 21 at 7.)

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS—Two young men from Lincoln, Massachusetts, who didn't get out of the house enough. Their jittery, wickedly funny records feature phoned-in guitar solos, a smattering of accordion music, and song titles like "Purple Toupee" and "Nightgown of the Sullen Moon." Onstage, the accordionist, John Linnell, bobs his head while the guitarist, John Flansburgh, hops around as if someone were giving him electric shocks. To some, they will sound a little like XTC; to others, David Byrne stuck on a skip. For a taste, call their Dial-a-Song: 1-718 387-6962. (Puck Building Ballroom, 295 Lafayette St., at E. Houston St. Feb. 24 at 9. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

JOHN ZORN—One of the cleverest of avant-garde composers, he'll be bringing his genre-bending improvisational ensemble to a frenzy as he conducts his new compositions. His pieces are a blend of sound effects, narration, and quick bursts of improvised music. The players include Zorn, on saxophone; Wayne Horvitz, on keyboards; and Bill Frisell, who plays his guitar slowly and sweetly. At its worst, Zorn's music is like channel spinning—all sound bites, snippets of recognizable music, and static—but when his improvisations have a strong theme the results can be glorious. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Feb. 25 at 8.)

METALLICA—In all of metal music, there is no one who turns a crowd of young boys into merciless thrashers the way this killer California band does. These speed metallists (breakneck guitar chords and ten-minute crescendos) make fast and angry music about everything from hating your parents to nuclear holocaust. If you have good seats for this show, you'd better bring your crash helmet. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. March 1 at 7:30.)

JOAN JETT—Here's a raucous, rocking woman who looks great in leather. Jett has been playing guitar with her band, the Blackhearts, and singing about her "bad reputation" for almost a decade. She punches out more power chords (and wears less makeup) than glam-rockers like Mötley Crüe and Poison, and she can cover a Chuck Berry, Iggy Pop, or Gary Glitter tune faultlessly. Subtlety may not be her strong point, but no one would ever question her rock-and-roll heart. (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. March 1-4 at 8, and March 5 at 7.)

BORAH BERGMAN and TANIA LEÓN—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Feb. 22 at 8.

JONATHAN BUTLER, NAJEE, and ANGELA BOFILL—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Feb. 24 at 8 and midnight.

ERNESTO CAYOUR—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Feb. 24 at 8.

MELVIN TAYLOR—With Dewey Redman, Byard Lancaster, and Stanton Davis. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Feb. 25 at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

RANGERS—This week affords Gretzky-watchers the chance to see the King in person. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Devils, Feb. 20 at 1:30. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Feb. 22 at 7:30. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Feb. 27 at 7:30. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Toronto Maple Leafs, March 1 at 7:30.

ISLANDERS—Featuring David Volek, who defected from Czechoslovakia last July, signed with the Isles a month later, and is now among the top ten rookie scorers in the N.H.L. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Detroit Red Wings, Feb. 21 at 8:05. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Feb. 25 at 7:05. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Hartford Whalers, Feb. 28 at 8:05.

DEVILS—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Feb. 24. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Feb. 26. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Boston Bruins, Feb. 28. (Game time: 7:45.)

KNICKS—Vs. the Houston Rockets, Feb. 21 at 7:30. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, Feb. 23 at 7:30. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Boston Celtics, Feb. 26 at 2.

NETS—Vs. the Los Angeles Clippers, Feb. 23. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Detroit Pistons, Feb. 25. . . .
 ¶ Vs. the Utah Jazz, Feb. 27. (Game time: 7:30.)

METS, YANKEES—All players may voluntarily report for spring training on Feb. 21—the Mets to Port St. Lucie, the Yanks to Fort Lauderdale. All hard-luck fans without airfare to Florida may take a PATH train to Newark, where the public library (1-201 733-7784) is displaying memorabilia from the Negro Baseball Leagues: uniforms, a signed bat, team photographs.

(Home base for the Rangers and the Knicks is Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; for the Islanders, the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 587-9222; and for the Devils and the Nets, the Byrne Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

HORSES—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . .
 ¶ Trotting at Yonkers Raceway; Weeknights at 8. . . .
 At Meadowlands: Nightly at 7:30.

INDOOR TRACK—At Madison Square Garden on Feb. 24 at 6:30, the U.S.A./Mobil Championship Grand Prix Finals. An opportunity to see Said Aouita, Evelyn Ashford, Jackie Joyner-Kersey, Roger Kingdom, and others breaking new tapes and past records.

IN CENTRAL PARK—The Snowflake Four Miler. The race starts at Fifth Ave. and 90th St. at 10 on Feb. 26, with or without flakes, and ends in the same place shortly thereafter.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

PUBLIC ART—This month, with a little help from the Public Art Fund, Marina Gutiérrez has commandeered the Spectacolor Light Board in Times Square and is presenting a pictorial open letter about American involvement in undeclared wars; the thirty-second message runs at twenty-minute intervals. The Fund also sponsored Neil Winokur's photographs, currently in the Long Island Railroad waiting area at Penn Station, of L.I.R.R. conductors, ticket-sellers, and engineers. . . .
 ¶ Alice Aycock, Tim Rollins, and others will put public art in perspective with a panel discussion ("Who is the public?" "What is art?" and more) on Feb. 28 at 8. (School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. No tickets necessary.)

READINGS—Spalding Gray reading from his forthcoming novel, "Impossible Vacation," in a benefit for his old friends the Wooster Group. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. Feb. 27 at 8. For ticket information, call 966-3651.) . . .
 ¶ Stanley Kunitz reading his poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Feb. 27 at 8.) . . .
 ¶ Roger Angell and A. Bartlett Giamatti hosting "The First Pitch of the New Season," a selection of baseball writings read by Stephen Lang, John Rubinstein, Fritz Weaver, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. March 1 at 6:30.) . . .
 ¶ Harold Brodkey reading, talking, and screening the American Playhouse film adaptation of his story "First Love and Other Sorrows." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. March 1 at 8. Free.)

ONGOING—Ten Buddhist monks from Tibet are about to wind up work on "15 Chupas"—an ANCIENT RELIGIOUS RITUAL involving eleven-foot bas-reliefs made out of vegetable fat. Visitors—who may remember last summer's related sand drawing—can catch the finishing touches Feb. 21-23, 10:30 to 5. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.) . . .
 FIRE HELMETS, PARADE HATS, scale models, portraits, and examples of early fire-insurance policies, all from the New York City Fire Museum, are on view in the lobby of the Empire State Building, daily from 8 A.M. until midnight. (350 Fifth Ave., at 34th St.) . . .
 ¶ For children in grades 1 through 5, the Transit Authority is offering a participatory felt-board activity explaining the development of New York's SUBWAY SYSTEM. To get to the exhibit, kids can take the 2, 3, 4, 5, A, F, M, or R train. (New York Transit Museum, on the corner of Boerum Pl. and Schermerhorn St., in Brooklyn. For more information, call 330-3060.)



Joan Jett

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Feb. 21-23: "Palermo or Wolfsburg" (1980; directed by Werner Schroeter; in German and Italian).
Feb. 24: At 7, "The Kingdom of Naples" (1978; Werner Schroeter); and, at 10, "The Charles Bukowski Tapes" (1985; Barbet Schroeder). Twenty-six segments of the fifty-two-part French television documentary will be shown.
Feb. 25: "The Singing Detective" (Jon Amiel), with Michael Gambon. The seven-hour British television series, shown complete at one sitting, with an intermission.
Feb. 26: At 4:30: "Eika Katappa" (1969; Werner Schroeter); at 7, "The Kingdom of Naples"; and, at 10, "The Charles Bukowski Tapes."
Feb. 28-March 1: At 6, "The Day of the Idiots" (1982; Werner Schroeter; in German); at 8, "The Death of Maria Malibran" (1972; Werner Schroeter; in German); and, at 10, "The Charles Bukowski Tapes."
MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Tap" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).
Theatre 3: "Bird" (†).
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Beaches" (†).
BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The 'Burbs" (Joe Dante), with Tom Hanks.
MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Through Feb. 23: "Her Alibi" (Bruce Beresford), with Tom Selleck.
From Feb. 24: "Bert Rigby, You're a Fool" (Carl Reiner), with Robert Lindsay.
LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Cousins" (Joel Schumacher), with Ted Danson and Isabella Rossellini.
Theatre 2: "Mississippi Burning" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rain Man" (†).
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Working Girl" (†).
EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 21: "Who's Harry Crumb?" (Paul Flaherty), with John Candy.

From Feb. 22: "Stand and Deliver" (Ramon Menendez), with Edward James Olmos; and "A Cry in the Dark" (Fred Schepisi), with Meryl Streep and Sam Neill.
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Mighty Quinn" (Carl Schenkel), with Denzel Washington and Robert Townsend.
GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Her Alibi" (Bruce Beresford), with Tom Selleck.
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure" (Stephen Herek), with Keanu Reeves.
MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Fly II" (Chris Walas), with Eric Stoltz.
Theatre 2: "The Fly II."
D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Gleaming the Cube" (Graeme Clifford), with Christian Slater and Steven Bauer.
BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Working Girl" (†).
Theatre 2: "The 'Burbs" (Joe Dante), with Tom Hanks.
CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 28: "Beaches" (†).
From March 1: "New York Stories" (Woody Allen, Francis Coppola, and Martin Scorsese).
Theatre 2: "The Accidental Tourist" (†).
Theatre 3: "Tango Bar" (†).
GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Rachel River" (Sandy Smolan), with Pamela Reed, Craig T. Nelson, and James Olson.
Theatre 2: "Tap" (†).
BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"True Believer" (†).
LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Cousins" (Joel Schumacher), with Ted Danson and Isabella Rossellini.
Theatre 2: "Rain Man" (†).
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).
LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Mississippi Burning" (†).
U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The 'Burbs" (Joe Dante), with Tom Hanks.
LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Tap" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fly II" (Chris Walas), with Eric Stoltz.
86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Three Fugitives" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mighty Quinn" (Carl Schenkel), with Denzel Washington and Robert Townsend.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)
Through Feb. 21: "Zou Zou" (†) and "Princess Tam Tam" (†).
From Feb. 22: "Used Innocence" (1988; directed by James Benning).
BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Outrageous Animation," twenty-two animated films from twelve countries; and "Virgin Machine" (Monika Treut; in German), with Ina Blum.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 23: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin"; Wim Wenders; in German), with Bruno Ganz, Otto Sander, and Solveig Dommartin.
From Feb. 24: "We Think the World of You" (Colin Gregg), with Alan Bates and Gary Oldman.
WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The 'Burbs" (Joe Dante), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: "Working Girl" (†).
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Fly II" (Chris Walas), with Eric Stoltz.
ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "True Believer" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Accidental Tourist" (†).
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair; in Hindi).
Theatre 2: "Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 23: "Three Fugitives" (†). From Feb. 24: "36 Fillette" (Catherine Breillat; in French).
Theatre 4: "Matador" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Antonio Banderas, Assumpta Serna, and Nacho Martínez; and "Law of Desire" (1987; Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Eusebio Poncela, and Antonio Banderas.
23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Working Girl" (†).
Theatre 2: "True Believer" (†).
Theatre 3: "The 'Burbs" (Joe Dante), with Tom Hanks.
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Beaches" (†).
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).
57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Feb. 23: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
From Feb. 24: "Bert Rigby, You're a Fool" (Carl Reiner), with Robert Lindsay.
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Paperhouse" (Bernard Rose), with Charlotte Burke, Ben Cross, and Glenn Headly.
CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through Feb. 21: "We Think the World of You" (Colin Gregg), with Alan Bates and Gary Oldman.
From Feb. 22: "The Luckiest Man in the World" (Frank D. Gilroy), with Philip Bosco.
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Dressmaker" (†).
CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Talk Radio" (Oliver Stone), with Eric Bogosian.
LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Rain Man" (†).
LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 23: "Voices of Sarafina" (Nigel Noble, a documentary. From Feb. 24: "High Hopes" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 23: "36 Fillette" (Catherine Breillat; in French). From Feb. 24: "High Hopes" (†).
CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Working Girl" (†).
LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Tap" (†).
Theatre 2: "Three Fugitives" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mississippi Burning" (†).
Theatre 4: "Cousins" (Joel Schumacher), with Ted Danson and Isabella Rossellini.
Theatre 5: "The Accidental Tourist" (†).
Theatre 6: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).
METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Gleaming the Cube" (Graeme Clifford), with Christian Slater and Steven Bauer.
Theatre 2: "The 'Burbs" (Joe Dante), with Tom Hanks.
OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "True Believer" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fly II" (Chris Walas), with Eric Stoltz.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).
Theatre 2: "Kinjite" (directed by J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.
Theatre 3: "Gleaming the Cube" (Graeme Clifford), with Christian Slater and Steven Bauer.
Theatre 4: "Working Girl" (†).
Theatre 5: "Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure" (Stephen Herek), with Keanu Reeves.
Theatre 6: "Tap" (†).
EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Three Fugitives" (†).
EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Cousins" (Joel Schumacher), with Ted Danson and Isabella Rossellini.

Theatre 3: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
 Theatre 4: "Beaches" (†).
LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
 "The Mighty Quinn" (Carl Schenkel), with Denzel Washington and Robert Townsend.
MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
 "True Believer" (†).
NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
 Theatre 1: "The Fly II" (Chris Walas), with Eric Stoltz.
 Theatre 2: "The 'Burbs" (Joe Dante), with Tom Hanks.
WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
 "Mississippi Burning" (†).
WEST SIDE CINEMA 1 AND 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
 Theatre 1: Through Feb. 23: "Twins" (†). From Feb. 24: "Cameron's Closet" (Armand Mastroianni), with Cotter Smith and Mel Harris.
 Theatre 2: Through Feb. 23: "I'm Gonna Git You Sucka" (Keenen Ivory Wayans), with Wayans, Bernie Casey, and Antonio Fargas. From Feb. 24: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
 Through Feb. 21: "Casablanca" (1942; directed by Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.
 Feb. 22-23: "Go Into Your Dance" (1935; Archie Mayo), with Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler; and "Shine On, Harvest Moon" (1944; David Butler), with Ann Sheridan and Dennis Morgan.
 Feb. 24-25: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea.
 Feb. 26-28: "Dark Victory" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (1939; Sam Wood), with Robert Donat, Greer Garson, and Terry Kilburn.
 From March 1: "Stagecoach" (1939; John Ford), with Claire Trevor, John Wayne, John Carradine, George Bancroft, Thomas Mitchell, and Andy Devine; and "Jesse James" (1939; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly, Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, and Randolph Scott.
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
 Through Feb. 21: "The Fountainhead" (1949; King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "The Razor's Edge" (1946; Edmund Goulding), with Gene Tierney, Tyrone Power, and Anne Baxter.
 Feb. 22-23: "Cat and Mouse" (1978; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Michèle Morgan, Serge Reggiani, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; and "The French Detective" (1979; Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Lino Ventura, Patrick Dewaere, and Victor Lanoux.
 Feb. 24-25: "The Rules of the Game" (†); and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.
 Feb. 26: "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; "Los Olvidados" (†); and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel), with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dalí, and Buñuel.
 Feb. 27-28: "Big" (1988; Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks, Elizabeth Perkins, and Robert Loggia; and "Punchline" (1988; David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.
 From March 1: "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas; and "The Killing" (†).
FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)
 Through Feb. 23: "Zou Zou" (†) and "Princess Tam Tam" (†).
 Feb. 24-26: "Efi Briest" (1974; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Wolfgang Schenck.
 Feb. 27-28: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab; and "The American Soldier" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta.
 From March 1: "Chinese Roulette" (1977;

Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Margit Carstensen; and "Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab, Lilith Ungerer, and Hanna Schygulla.
THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
 Feb. 20: To be announced.
 Feb. 21: "César" (1936; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Raimu, Orane Démaizis, and Charpin; and "Angèle" (1934; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel, Orane Démaizis, and Jean Servais.
 Feb. 22: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Passage to Marseille" (1944; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, and Sydney Greenstreet.
 Feb. 23: "Lord Love a Duck" (1966; George Axelrod), with Tuesday Weld, Roddy McDowall, Lola Albright, and Ruth Gordon; and "Pretty Poison" (1968; Noel Black), with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld.
 Feb. 24-25: "Raising Arizona" (1987; Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter; and "Used Cars" (†).
 Feb. 26: "André Malraux" (1986; Marcel Boudou; and "Espoir" (1938; André Malraux; in French).
 Feb. 27: "Coney Island" (1943; Walter Lang), with Betty Grable, George Montgomery, Cesar Romero, Charles Winninger, and Phil Silvers; and "Doll Face" (1946; Lewis Seiler), with Vivian Blaine, Dennis O'Keefe, Perry Como, and Carmen Miranda.
 Feb. 28: "Ladybug Ladybug" (1963; Frank Perry), with Christopher Howard; and "Five" (1951; Arch Oboler), with William Phipps.
 March 1: "Secret Agent" (†); and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
 Feb. 20: To be announced.
 Feb. 21: "Marked Woman" (1937; Lloyd Bacon), with Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and Eduardo Ciannelli; and "Kid Galahad" (1937; Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson, and Wayne Morris.
 Feb. 22: "Les Misérables" (1935; Richard Boleslavsky), with Charles Laughton and Fredric March; and "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935; Jack Conway), with Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver, and Blanche Yurka.
 Feb. 23: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Paradine Case" (1947; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.
 Feb. 24-25: "The Spiral Staircase" (1948; Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith; and "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.
 Feb. 26: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (†).
 Feb. 27: "L'Avventura" (†); and "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.
 Feb. 28: "This Gun for Hire" (1942; Frank Tuttle), with Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, and Laird Cregar; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.
 March 1: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
THEATRE 1: Feb. 20 at 2: "Love One Another" (1921-22; directed by Carl Theodor Dreyer; live English voice-over). . . . Feb. 20 at 5: "Once Upon a Time" (1922; Dreyer; live English voice-over) and "Bride of Glomdale" (1925-26; Dreyer; live English voice-over), both incomplete prints. . . . Feb. 21 at 3: "Michael" (1924; Dreyer; live English voice-over). . . . Feb. 21 at 6: "The Master of the House" (1925; Dreyer; silent). . . . Feb. 22

at 6:30: "The Chelsea Girls" (1966; Andy Warhol). . . . Feb. 23 at 3: "Vampyr" (1931-32; Dreyer; in German), with Julian West. . . . Feb. 23 at 6: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1927-28; Dreyer; silent). . . . Feb. 24 at 3: "Two People" (1944-45; Dreyer; in Swedish, no subtitles). . . . Feb. 24 at 6: Five short documentaries made by Dreyer, 1942-50, for the Danish government. . . . Feb. 25 at 2: "Ordet" (1954-55; Dreyer; in Danish). . . . Feb. 25 at 5: "Day of Wrath" (1943; Dreyer; in Danish). . . . Feb. 26 at 2: "Gertrud" (1964; Dreyer; in Danish). . . . Feb. 26 at 5: "Michael". . . . Feb. 27 at 3: "The Passion of Joan of Arc". . . . Feb. 27 at 6: "Ordet". . . . Feb. 28 at 3: "The Parson's Widow" (1920; Dreyer; live English voice-over). . . . Feb. 28 at 6: "The President" (1918-19; Dreyer; live English voice-over).
THEATRE 2: Feb. 21 at 3 and 6: "Henry Geldzahler" (1964; Andy Warhol). . . . Feb. 24 at 3 and Feb. 25 at 5: Films nominated for the 1988 Academy Award for Best Animated Short Film and Best Live-Action Short Film. . . . Feb. 24 at 6 and Feb. 25 at 2: Films nominated for the 1988 Academy Award for Best Documentary Short Film. . . . Feb. 27 at 6:30: "Displaced Person" (1981) and "Cooperation of Parts" (1987), both by Daniel Eisenberg, who will be present. . . . Feb. 28 at 3 and 6: "Vinyl" (1965; Warhol), with Ondine, Edie Sedgwick, and Larry Latreille; and "Beauty #2" (1965; Warhol), with Gino Piserchio and Edie Sedgwick, offscreen dialogue by Gerard Malanga and Chuck Wein.
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—At the **RIKLIS THEATRE**: A program of films photographed by Néstor Almendros. Feb. 22 at 2:30: "Kramer vs. Kramer" (1978; Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep. . . . Feb. 23 at 2:30: "Places in the Heart" (1984; Benton), with Sally Field. . . . Feb. 24 at 2:30: "Pauline at the Beach" (1982; Eric Rohmer; in French). . . . Independent and experimental films about New York City. Feb. 24 at 7:30: "Misery Index" (1982), a super-8 film by Nina Fonoroff, who will be present. . . . Feb. 25 at 1: "Still" (1971; Ernie Gehr). . . . Feb. 25 at 3: "Fait Divers" (1989; Lewis Klahr), "Boy Town" (1986; Jeff Preiss), "Wild Kingdom" (1987; Preiss), and "M" (1987; Christoph Janitzko). . . . Feb. 25 at 5: "Walden: Diaries, Notes and Sketches, Part Two" (1965-69), by Jonas Mekas, who will be present. . . . Feb. 26 at noon: A showcase of home movies about New York by museum patrons. . . . March 1 at 2:30: "Still."

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the **JONAS MEKAS THEATRE** or the **MAYA DEREN THEATRE**: Feb. 21 at 6: "October" (1928; Sergei M. Eisenstein; silent). . . . Feb. 21 at 8:30: "Flesh" (1969; Paul Morrissey). . . . Feb. 22 at 6: Short films by Kurt Kren. . . . Feb. 22 at 8: "The Jewish Melody" (1941; Joseph Seiden). . . . Feb. 23 at 6: "So This Is Paris" (1926; Ernst Lubitsch; silent). . . . Feb. 23 at 7:30 and 9: "Black Box" (1978); "G-Man" (1978), and "Letter to Dad" (1979), all by Scott and Beth B. . . . Feb. 23 at 8 and 10: "Flesh". . . . Feb. 24 at 6: "The Fall of the House of Usher" (1928; Jean Epstein; silent). . . . Feb. 24 at 7 and 9: "The Offender" (1979; Scott and Beth B.). . . . Feb. 24 at 8 and 10: "Trash" (1970;



Eric Stoltz as "The Fly II"

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Paul Morrissey)... Feb. 25 at 6: "Flesh." ... Feb. 25 at 7: "Trap Door" (1981; Scott and Beth B.)... Feb. 25 at 8 and 10: "Heat" (1971; Morrissey)... Feb. 25 at 9: "The Offender"... Feb. 26 at 5: "Old and New" (1929; Eisenstein)... Feb. 26 at 7: "Trap Door"... Feb. 28 at 6: "What Price Glory" (1926; Raoul Walsh; silent)... Feb. 28 at 8:30: "Vortex" (1983; Scott and Beth B.).

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Feb. 20 at 8: "Vivre Sa Vie" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina... Feb. 21 at 8: "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame... Feb. 22 at 8: "History Lessons" (1973; Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet; in German)... Feb. 23 at 8: "Gun Crazy" (1950; Joseph H. Lewis), with John Dall and Peggy Cummins... Feb. 24 at 8: Films by Laurie Dunphy, who will be present... Feb. 24

at 10:30: Four short animated films by the Brothers Quay... Feb. 25 at 8: Films by members of The Other View, a group of independent filmmakers in Munich... Feb. 25 at 10:30: Four short animated films by the Brothers Quay... Feb. 26 at 8: Films of the happenings/performance of the Austrian director Otto Muehl... Feb. 27 at 8: "Le Gai Savor" (1969; Godard; in French)... Feb. 28 at 8: "Born to be Bad" (1950; Ray), with Joan Fontaine, Mel Ferrer, and Zachary Scott... March 1 at 8: "The Left-Handed Woman" (1978; Peter Handke; in German).

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Two 1947 film biographies of Sumako Matsui. Feb. 24 at 6:30: "Actress" (Teinosuke Kinugasa), with Isuzu Yamada... Feb. 24 at 8:30: "The Love of Sumako Actress" (Kenji Mizoguchi), with Kinuyo Tanaka.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—The film section of "Yoko Ono: Objects, Films" is showing in the Film/Video Gallery on the second floor. Feb. 21-26: "Two

Virgins" (1968) and "Film No. 5 (Smile)" (1968)... From Feb. 28: "Erection" (1971), "Apotheosis" (1970), and "Fly" (1970). Tuesdays at 1:30, 3:30, and 6:15; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 11:30, 1:30, and 3:30; and Sundays at 12:30, 2:30, and 4:30.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"Twenty Years of Monty Python." Feb. 21 at 12:05, 1:45, 3:30, and 5:30, early work by members of the Python group... Feb. 22-23 at 12:30 and 2:30, Python work done since 1974... Feb. 24 at 12:05, 1:45, 3:30, and 6, two 1973 German television specials on the Pythons... Feb. 25 starting at 12:15, a marathon showing of Chapters 23 through 45 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus."

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—Two documentaries on Asia by German filmmakers. Feb. 24 at 3: "Ten Days in Calcutta" (1984; Reinhard Hauff), featuring Indian filmmaker Mrinal Sen... Feb. 24 at 7: "Tokyo-Ga" (1983; Wim Wenders).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Arlene Croce.)

THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST—It begins with the numb grief of a punctilious Baltimore travel writer, Macon Leary (William Hurt), whose twelve-year-old son was senselessly shot. Macon has become such a depressed loner that his wife (Kathleen Turner) leaves him. The movie, directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the screenplay with Frank Galati, closely follows the 1985 Anne Tyler novel, and it's about Macon's coming to life. A fiercely eager oddball (Geena Davis) who pulls him into her bed turns out to be his salvation. The plot construction is that of a screwball comedy of the thirties: poor working girl has the life force that upper-class prig needs. But people talk a formal, affected English that sounds counterfeit and everyone seems catatonic. With Amy Wright, Ed Begley, Jr., and David Ogden Stiers... P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/23/89.) (Cinema II, Art Greenwich Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

L'AVVENTURA (1959)—A calm hangs over Michelangelo Antonioni's study of adjusted, compromising modern man, afflicted by short memory, thin remorse, the capacity for easy betrayal. Antonioni's space is a vacuum in which people are aimlessly moving. Searchers and lost are all the same: disparate, without goals or joy. This is upper-class neorealism—the poetry of moral and spiritual poverty. There had been nothing like it before, and it isn't fair to blame this movie for all the elegant sleepwalking and desolation that followed. There's something great here—a new mood, a new emotional rhythm—even with all the affectation. Léa Massari is the woman who quarrels with her architect lover (Gabriele Ferzetti) and then disappears from the uninhabited island they're visiting; Monica Vitti is her friend who takes up the search and then takes her place with the architect. In Italian... P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 27.)

BEACHES—This movie about the lifelong friendship between two women of contrasting backgrounds—Bette Midler as CC Bloom, a show-biz-crazy Jewish redhead from New York, and Barbara Hershey as Hillary Whitney, a repressed wealthy WASP from San Francisco—suggests the kind of material that Midler might be using for a takeoff. Instead, it's being played for maudlin soulfulness. After a while, it turns into an all-girl "Love Story," with Hillary becoming ghoulishly pale from heart disease and CC (now a singing star) staying at her side. If you admired Midler in "The Rose" and "Down and Out in Beverly Hills," you may want to bash your head against the wall. With Mayim Bialik, who must have been specially created to be CC at eleven, and John Heard. The director, Garry Marshall, shows no feeling for the material—not even false feeling; the script, by Mary Agnes Donoghue, is from Iris Rainer Dart's novel... P.K. (1/23/89) (Gramercy, Guild, and Embassy)... Cinema I; through Feb. 28.)

BIRD—Clint Eastwood, who directed, gives the

life of the master of jazz improvisation—the bebop alto saxophonist Charlie Parker—the art-film treatment: flashbacks, rain, darkness, and a running time of two hours and forty-one minutes. With the film flashing back and forth, you can't get the hang of Parker's life story, and you don't come out with much understanding of his achievement or what made him a legend—the potent archetype of the self-destructive jazz artist. As Parker, Forest Whitaker trudges off to his gigs like a jazz version of Willy Loman; he's always fouling up—boozing and doping and smashing things. Whitaker gives a richly felt performance, but mostly it's an earnest, lifeless movie. Joel Oliansky wrote the script; the cast includes Diane Venora as Chan Parker and Samuel E. Wright as Dizzy Gillespie... P.K. (10/17/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex.)



The Danish director Carl Theodor Dreyer made only fourteen features in a career that spanned almost fifty years, and three of them—"The Passion of Joan of Arc," "Vampyr," and "Day of Wrath"—are masterpieces. Dreyer's art was rigorous and stubbornly spiritual (he was perhaps the least ingratiating of the great filmmakers), but at his best he achieved moments of severe and uncanny beauty—moments when a state of grace seems almost palpable. To commemorate his centennial, the Museum of Modern Art is mounting a full retrospective, which includes such rarities as the eight silent films he made before "Joan of Arc," and even a selection of the short documentaries that he did for the Danish Film Board in the forties.

There's nothing remotely spiritual about the beauty of Tuesday Weld, who stars in a tasty double bill at the Thalia SoHo this week. Both George Axelrod's "Lord Love a Duck" and Noel Black's "Pretty Poison" are from the late sixties, when the star's teasing all-American unwholesomeness was at its peak. "Pretty Poison," a shapely little thriller with Anthony Perkins, is the better movie, but the erratic satire of "Lord Love a Duck" has more than its share of bad-taste glories—chief among them Weld's wonderfully sly comic performance.

DAUGHTER OF THE LIAISON—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradigmatically beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot... P.K. (1/9/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 68th St. Playhouse, Festival, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

THE DRESSMAKER—The whole cast rises to the occasion—a chance to appear in John McGrath's fine adaptation of the 1973 Beryl Bainbridge novel (published here in 1974 as "The Secret Glass"). Joan Plowright as Nellie, the prudish unmarried dressmaker, and Billie Whitelaw as Margo, the widow with a roving eye who works in a munitions factory, are sisters. The setting is Liverpool in 1944, and the plot centers on what happens when sallow, skinny Rita (Jane Horrocks), the seventeen-year-old niece they have raised, falls in love with Wesley (Tim Ransom), a Yank from Mississippi. This good, inexpensive British movie is about morbid respectability, and the director, Jim O'Brien, makes it possible for the actors to create a maze of claustrophobic subtexts. It's doubtful if either Plowright or Whitelaw has ever before been this scarily effective onscreen; Whitelaw's sky-blue eyes stab you—she seems to have become the nakedest of performers. With Peter Postlethwaite, Pippa Hinchley, and Rosemary Martin... P.K. (12/12/88) (Paris.)

HIGH HOPES—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who likes to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. As the witty nymph Laetitia, Lesley Manville is a cutup, like Andrea Martin or Catherine O'Hara. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary. With Edna Doré as the messenger's forgetful old mum; the cinematography is by Roger Pratt... P.K.



Tuesday Weld

(2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza; starting Feb. 24.)
THE KILLING (1956)—Stanley Kubrick had made two pictures before this one, but this shrewdly worked-out suspense film, which he made at the age of twenty-seven, is the real beginning of his career. Centering on a racetrack robbery, it has fast, incisive cutting; a nervous, edgy style; and furtive little touches of characterization. Sterling Hayden is impressive as the ex-convict who plans the crime (there's a slight melancholy about him). With Elisha Cook, Jr., Marie Windsor, Coleen Gray, and Timothy Carey as the sharpshooter. Adapted by the director, from Lionel White's novel "Clean Break."—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting March 1.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Ziegfeld.)

MISSISSIPPI BURNING—Set in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, it opens with a fictionalized re-creation of the murder of the three civil-rights workers—James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner—but it isn't really about the civil-rights movement. The director, Alan Parker, treats Southerners the way he treated the Turks ten years ago in "Midnight Express." And he twists facts here as he did there, with the same apparent objective: to come up with garish forms of violence. Two F.B.I. men (Gene Hackman

and Willem Dafoe) arrive to find out what happened to the three activists, and a huge manhunt is initiated. The movie hinges on the ploy that the F.B.I. men can't stop the K.K.K. from its terrorism against blacks until they swing over to vigilante tactics. And we're put in the position of applauding the F.B.I.'s dirtiest forms of intimidation. Hackman is superb, and there's impressive work by Frances McDormand, Brad Dourif, Park Overall, Stephen Tobolowsky, and others. But the film is morally repugnant. The script is credited to Chris Gerolmo (Parker says he rewrote it).—P.K. (12/26/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Warner.)

LOS OLVIDADOS (1950; "The Young and the Damned")—Set in Mexico, Luis Buñuel's ruthless—almost surgical—examination of how the poor prey on one another is the most horrifying of all films about juvenile crime. It stands apart from the genre by its pitilessness, its controlled passion. There's no pathos in this film; it's a squalid tragedy that causes the viewer to feel a moral terror. Buñuel, whose early work fascinated Freud, creates scenes that shock one psychologically. Among them here is the mother-meat dream sequence—perhaps the greatest of all dream sequences. In Spanish.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Feb. 26.)

PELLE THE CONQUEROR—An aging, weak-willed Swedish widower (Max von Sydow) and his young son (Pelle Hvenegaard) emigrate to Denmark and find work on a large estate, where they're exploited and abused. The boy, more spirited than his father, ultimately escapes. The movie, written and directed by Bille August from a novel by Martin Andersen Nexø, isn't as dreary as it sounds. August directs with great skill and feeling, and the cinematography, by Jorgen Persson ("Elvira Madigan"), is sensational. The images are never simply beautiful—they always carry a strong emotional and dramatic charge. Yet there's a basic dullness in Nexø's material which August can't transcend. For most of the picture's two and a half hours, we're moved and bored simultaneously. In Danish and Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

PRINCESS TAM TAM (1935)—Few stars of the musical stage have been as purely mythic as Josephine Baker, and few stage stars on the screen live up to their myths, whether true or false, half so well as she. This film, the second of two talkies made at the height of her fame, was shot partly on location in North Africa, and it expresses the French idea of *La Backair* as a beautiful animal. She plays a black Eliza Doolittle, lugging sheep around on her neck until she is discovered by her Henry Higgins (Albert Préjean) and taken to Paris, where she is passed off in society as an Indian princess. Inevitably, "native" music plays, the princess starts throwing her bare legs around and rolling her hips, and her mentor scuttles back to his wife. Though Baker was given white leading men, she was never romantically involved with them. Here, just to make sure we don't think Préjean is playing around with a black woman, he's made a novelist, and the whole princess-in-Paris plot is only a story he's writing. With Robert Arnoux, Germaine Aussey, and Viviane Romance. Directed by Edmond T. Gréville. In French.—A.C. (Film Forum 1; through Feb. 21.... Film Forum 2; through Feb. 23.)

RAIN MAN—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L.A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson, stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people are crying at it. Of course they're crying at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch. With Valeria Golino.—P.K. (2/6/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

THE RULES OF THE GAME (1939)—Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece is a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. The party at the country château is a

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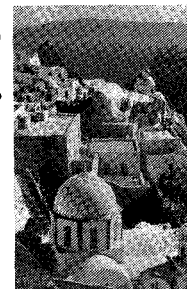
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tragicomic world in motion; ironically, once the whole mechanism is spinning the man who begins at the center of it—the romantic aviator (Roland Toutain)—is flied off. With Marcel Dalio as the Marquis, Julien Carette as the poacher, Gaston Modot as the gamekeeper, Nora Gregor as Christine, and Renoir as Octave. In French.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Feb. 24-25.)

SECRET AGENT (1936)—A not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fixating, partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill-used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks with a Mexican accent and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll, Robert Young, and Lilli Palmer.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; March 1.)

TANGO BAR—A disguised anthology film, in which the managers of a fictitious Buenos Aires cabaret, rivals in love, give nightly seminars in the tango, its history and mystique. The dance episodes, a dismaying miscellany of styles and treatments, include vintage and non-vintage Hollywood clips; Valentino's tango gets mixed up with its rendition in the 1951 movie biography "Valentino," and nobody notices the difference. A Puerto Rican production, directed by Marcos Zurinaga, with Raul Julia as head interlocutor.—A.C. (Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

TAP—A thirties-style semi-musical with a good strong Cagneyish role for Gregory Hines. He plays an ex-con whose true vocation is to carry on the great black tap-dance tradition founded on jazz. That's Hines' vocation in real life, too, only his way of realizing it on the screen—he hooks up with a rock band and a synthesizer, and his taps go boom—is a lot less controversial than it would be in real life. Written and directed by Nick Castle, Jr., the film is the first to tell us about the black tap community in feature-length fiction terms, and those terms finally defeat it. The numbers are staged in old-movie-musical formats, white folks are everywhere, Harlem doesn't exist. But Hines is liberated, and is exciting for the first time on the screen. With Sammy Davis, Jr.; the young dancer Savion Glover; and, playing themselves, Sandman Sims, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, Harold Nicholas, Arthur Duncan, Steve Condos, and Pat Rico.—A.C. (2/6/89; under Dancing.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

THREE FUGITIVES—A crumbly farce by the French writer-director Francis Veber, working in this country. (It's a remake of his "Les Fugitifs.") Nick Nolte plays a veteran armed robber who goes to a bank to open an account and is taken hostage by Martin Short, a terrified twerp of an amateur holdup man. He needs money to keep his six-year-old daughter (Sarah Rowland Doroff) in a special school—she has been mute since her mother died, two years earlier. That's the setup: the three are variously chased, and chase each other. Nolte keeps whamming Short on the head, and the tot ignores her devoted father. He's too small for her. She's smitten by big, blond, blue-eyed Nolte; queasy pedophilic overtones hover in the air. This salute to macho has cinematography by Haskell Wexler; he lighted something that shouldn't have seen the light of day. With Kenneth McMillan, James Earl Jones, and Bruce McGill.—P.K. (2/20/89) (86th Street East Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1... ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 23.)

TRUE BELIEVER—A nifty thriller—fast and tense—about a Manhattan lawyer (James Woods) who was a hero of the counterculture but is now defending drug dealers and getting paid in cash. When he's goaded by his new law associate (Robert Downey, Jr.) into taking on a murder case, his eyes widen at the bare possibility that the man he's defending might be innocent. The movie makes us share the lawyer's energy and charge as he investigates the crime. He doesn't want to sleep; he lives off the excitement of having a cause. It's a pick-me-up of a movie. Nothing great, nothing terribly distinctive, but

the aliveness of the texture can quicken your senses and keep you fascinated. Directed by Joseph Ruben ("Dreamspace," "The Stepfather"), from a script by Wesley Strick. With Yuji Okumoto, Margaret Colin, Kurtwood Smith, Tom Bower, and Miguel Fernandes. (The interiors were shot in San Francisco and Oakland.)—P.K. (2/20/89) (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Movieland.)

TWINS—High Concept at its deadliest. A botched experiment in genetic engineering produces a wildly mismatched set of twins: Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito. They meet for the first time as adults in their thirties; high jinks ensue. It's actually worse than you'd expect. The screenplay is credited to four guys, and can't even claim one good joke per writer. And the direction, by Ivan Reitman, is so inert that you'd swear the movie was a sequel to something. Also with Chloe Webb, Kelly Preston, and, too briefly, Trey Wilson.—T.R. (West Side Cinema; through Feb. 23.)

THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING (1988)—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty.—P.K. (2/8/88) (57th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 23.)

USED CARS (1980)—A classic screwball fantasy—a neglected modern comedy that's like a more restless and visually high-spirited version of the W. C. Fields pictures. (The Fields title "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" sums up the theme.) The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his co-writer and producer, Bob Gale, develop a homegrown surrealism out of earlier American slapstick routines. Set in the world of competing used-car dealers in the booming Southwest, this picture has a wonderful, energetic heartlessness; it's an American tall-tale movie in a

Pop-art form. The premise is that honesty doesn't exist; if you develop a liking for some of the characters, it's not because they're free of avarice but because of their style of avarice. Kurt Russell is the hero—a fast-talking supersalesman who's so rambunctiously, ingeniously crooked that he's a standout—a star in the world of the mendacious. With Jack Warden, Gerrit Graham, Frank McRae, and Deborah Harmon.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 24-25.)

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW (1944)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Lang's technique is so sure and so seductive that the viewer completely identifies with the safe, serene protagonist (Edward G. Robinson), an associate professor of psychology in a New York City college, and shares his shock and fear when he's caught in a trap. The professor is interested in the relation of motive to homicide—an interest that's purely a matter of intellectual curiosity. Then, when his wife and child are out of town, he visits a woman's apartment; her lover comes in and unexpectedly attacks him, and he kills the intruder with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, Dan Duryea is a blackmailer, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. With Bobby (later Robert) Blake.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 26.)

WOMEN ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

WORKING GIRL—Mike Nichols made this yuppie Cinderella romance, with Melanie Griffith as Tess McGill, a poor but enterprising girl from Staten Island who fights off the sleazoid bosses and struggles to break through the educational-background barriers and climb from Wall Street secretary to executive. We're supposed to be cheered by watching Tess become part of the establishment. Griffith is very appealing, and she carries what there is of the picture, but this is the kind of star performance in which the heroine's misty eyes and soft-focus smiles (which suggest blearyness) are supposed to turn our brains to jelly. After a bouncy, promising opening, the staging becomes so broad you can't tell whether satire is intended or just dumb jokes. With Sigourney Weaver, Harrison Ford, Joan Cusack, and Alec Baldwin. The script is credited to Kevin Wade.—P.K. (1/9/89) (34th St. East, Baronet, Waverly, 23rd St. West Triplex, Regency, and Criterion Center.)

Zou Zou (1934)—Starring Josephine Baker. The pseudo-biographical plot casts her as a Creole laundress who becomes a music-hall star. Baker wasn't actually a washerwoman's daughter, as was widely believed, or a Creole, but she did play Offenbach's "La Créole" later that year. She had left America in 1925, a maniacally gifted chorus girl and a clown. In Paris, she became the magnificent Ebony Venus. But Baker never stopped being a clown, and she danced voraciously, eating up space and using every bit of her long, elegant, antic body—and her eyes and her fingers. She also sang, in a voice that Vernon Duke described as "a small but quite exquisite coloratura soprano." Her big number here, "C'est Lui," remained one of her signature songs. Jean Gabin sings, too, though the racial prejudices of the time cast him as her adopted brother rather than as her lover. Marc Allégret directed. In French.—A.C. (Film Forum 1; through Feb. 21... ¶ Film Forum 2; through Feb. 23.)



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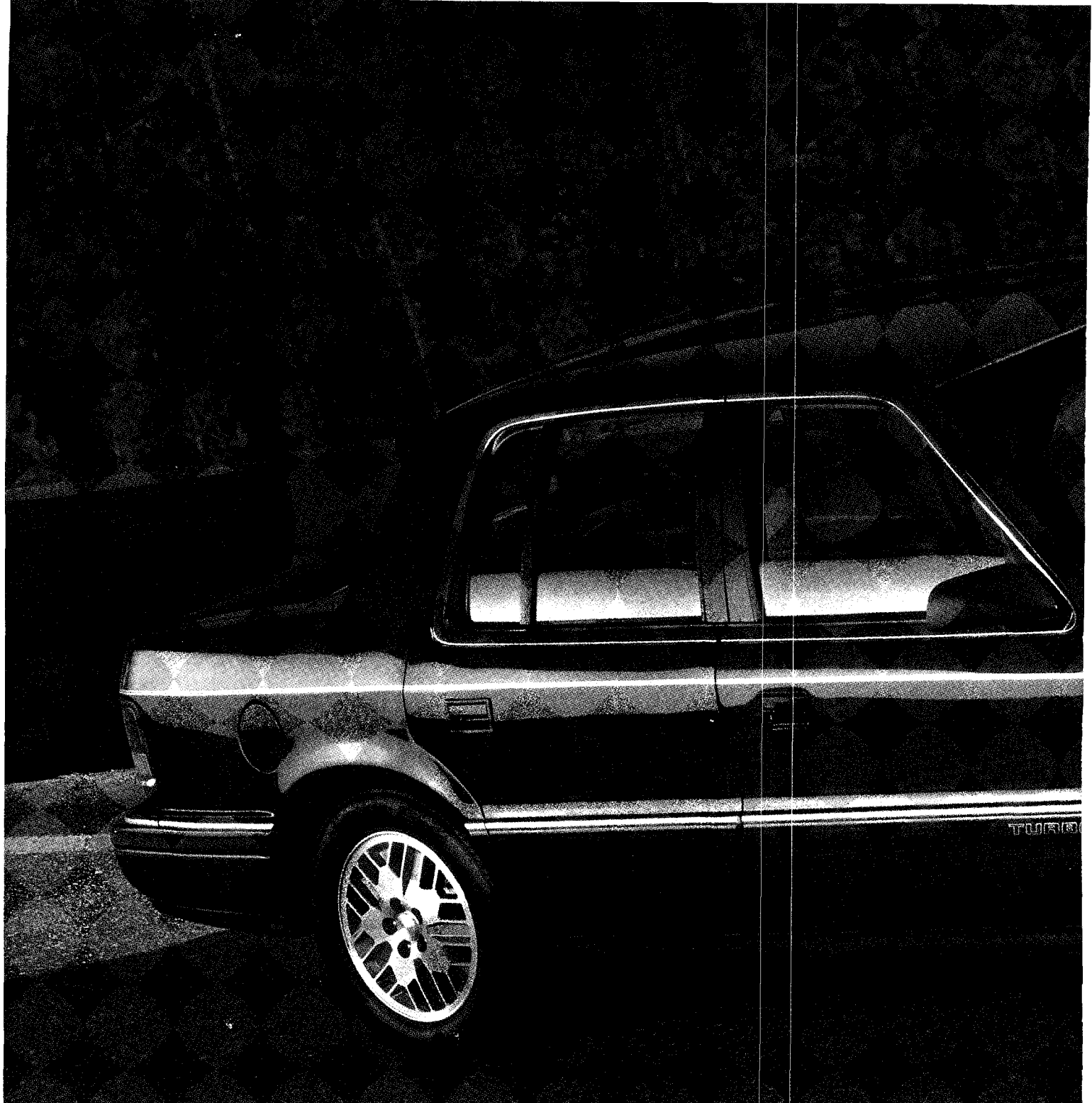


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LETTER from a man we know:

Three hundred demonstrators cheered and drank champagne and waved placards outside the state prison in Starke, Florida, last month when they received word that Ted Bundy, the serial killer, had just been executed. I did not attend the grisly party, but I can't claim that I was a nonparticipant in this particular execution. I had lost track of the legal skirmishings and eliminations that followed Bundy's conviction, in 1980, for the murder of a twelve-year-old girl in Lake City, Florida—one of thirty or more young women Bundy murdered over a period of five years—and when an evening TV news show brought me word of his death, it seemed to close an ugly, bloody book that I had almost been able to forget. But the item about Bundy's execution was accompanied by footage of the prisoner as he had appeared in a televised prison interview taped a few hours before his electrocution, early that morning. The man was dead by now, as we had been told, but there he was, alive again, on the NBC Nightly News and on my home screen, just ahead of the national-weather map and the closing Wall Street averages. The Bundy scenes were brief, but when the news ended Channel 4 urged me to stay tuned for the full interview, coming up next on "Inside Edition," and that's what I did.

Ted Bundy, seen almost entirely in closeup, wore a lapel mike clipped to the neck of a prison-issue faded orange T-shirt—the state color and the model together reminding us of two famous Florida products, or specialties, at one and the same time. The prisoner talked in low, whispery fashion, and his manacled hands remained upright be-

fore him, locked in the Dürer posture of prayer. But I couldn't take my eyes off his face. Imprisonment and the on-rushing means of its conclusion had worn Bundy to wrinkles, to whiteness, to great age and something beyond age. The famous face, which had always conveyed quickness and intelligence and an imperious charm, had gone blank, showing only some flickerings of attention and distraction, and a drained, implacable anxiety. His interviewer, Dr. James Dobson, was a California religious broadcaster, whose special concern, I quickly came to know, has been pornography. His questions to Bundy were polite, and the prisoner did most of the talking. Bundy expressed regret for the suffering he had caused. He said that he had been brought up in a good Christian home. He said that he had been a normal person, but that violence in the media—pornographic violence, in particular—had brought out in him a hatred "that is just, just too terrible." Other criminals, he said, had been similarly driven and maddened by pornography. Bundy paused at times and spoke of other things, but his interlocutor brought him back to his theme. Yes, pornography was the great danger, Bundy said again. Pornography had brought him to this end.

It was not, in truth, a very interesting exchange. As is often the case with television interviews, there were few surprises in it; no voices were raised or

doubts encouraged. After one glance at the setup, you understood its premises and prearrangements; you could have turned off the set at any point and not missed much. Within or just to one side of the strange meeting lay an almost visible air of compliance, a stateliness, that accounted for the presence of this particular visitor on the evening airwaves. Everything that happens must happen on television now, or else it has barely happened at all; without the interview, the execution might not have been quite official. Another understanding, a perceptible concurrence, lay between the host and the celebrity guest, for each was getting exactly what he needed out of their rendezvous. In this case, the manacled killer had his opportunity to sound like a victim and—for a moment, at least—like a useful, even helpful, member of the society that was about to throw him away; and the man across the table (in spectacles and a dark suit and dark tie) was given a rich flow of certified, inside-inside testimony about the deadly dangers of nude centerfolds, X-rated movies, and bottom-rack periodicals. The two were in perfect accord.

Friends of mine to whom I described this scene have dismissed Bundy's role in the show as nothing more than the final, creepy moves of a doomed criminal—a scam, a copped plea. If I don't quite agree with them, it's because I don't believe that Ted Bundy or anyone else understood what made him commit and repeat the crimes he confessed to, which were rape murders of an unimaginable violence and cruelty. I suspect he would have seized thirstily upon any proposal for a talk before the cameras—*Pornography? Yes, why not pornography!*—in the hope not that his words might save his life but that they



would make him part of life, if only at the last instant.

But these are afterthoughts. What kept me watching was not the moral message. Like everyone else, I imagine, I kept the set on because I was looking at a man who was now in his coffin, and whose gaze, when it seemed to rest on mine from out of my TV screen, told me he understood that he would be seen and heard in this horrific fashion. I was part of the show, as were all of us in the television audience, and the show worked. Our complicit knowledge of Ted Bundy's next engagement was pornographic, of course, and a thrilling, prurient interest held us in our chairs.

The moment, like all televised moments, quickly passed. Television, as its critics keep telling us, reduces its contents—dramas, sports events, elections, situation comedies, game shows, the world news—to a cereal blandness, and the most powerful mechanism in that silent grinding is the medium's mammoth forgettery. The show goes on and ends, and then there is another show, and when we reach back and try to hold a picture or a scene or an issue that seemed to seize us, it has already slipped away. "Did you see that—wasn't that *something*?" we say to a friend, but even as we speak we can't quite recall what the something was. This has started to happen with the Ted Bundy show, I have noticed. The dead talk-show guest has almost gone away, and the next condemned-prisoner interview on the tube will upset me less. Something went badly wrong that day, but soon I won't remember what it was.

In the Sun

WE arrived early enough to get a front-row seat for the First Annual Rosetta LeNoire Award of Actors' Equity, presented this year to Rosetta LeNoire herself, a tireless trouper, who got her start in show business dancing in the chorus behind her godfather, Bill (Bojangles) Robinson. Twenty years ago, in response to the late-sixties surge of black separatism, Miss LeNoire founded the AMAS Repertory Theatre. AMAS isn't an acronym; it's Latin for "you love," and over the years the theatre, occupying premises at Fifth Avenue and 104th

Street, has staged dozens of musicals with multiracial casts, many of which have gently and tactfully addressed the subject of race relations. Included in the presentation program were excerpts from the play "Anna Lucasta" (Rosetta LeNoire has appeared in it on the stage and in the screen version), and before the evening began the audience had about it a pleased, expectant air—just like any other theatre audience, we thought, except that we don't usually spot Ed Asner sitting a few rows back.

The actors, playwrights, and friends who came onstage from both wings kept their promises to be brief—a first in our experience. Chuck Patterson, the chairman of the Ethnic Minorities Committee of Actors' Equity, was the master of ceremonies, and he introduced a representative of Manhattan Borough President David Dinkins, who read a document that, after an impressive but not onerous series of "whereas"es, proclaimed this Rosetta LeNoire Day. Then Miss LeNoire, a diminutive, grandmotherly figure in a dark-blue-and-green dress with a floral pattern, appeared in the aisle to a standing ovation, which immediately hid her from view.

The playwright Loftin Mitchell, who wrote AMAS's first big hit, "Bubbling Brown Sugar" (from a concept of Miss LeNoire's), recalled a time when black theatre was mostly confined to Harlem and was "trying to find not a place in the sun but a little *spot* in the sun," and said that "now I see more and more a bubbling over of *all* kinds of human sugar." Jeanne Faulkner, the president of the Harlem Cultural Council, said that she would never forget the day when "a fiery bundle of energy came into our office and identified herself as Rosetta LeNoire." That was when AMAS was just getting off the ground, and Miss LeNoire had come to propose to the council a series of readings based on the poetry of Langston Hughes. "Of course, she

said the cast had to be multiracial," Ms. Faulkner recalled. "We looked at her—but, no, it had to be." The readings were performed in parks and playgrounds all over Harlem that summer, and, Ms. Faulkner said, "everyone stopped—and everyone *listened*."

Frederick O'Neal, the president of the Associated Actors and Artists of America, who was looking terrific in a tan suit and a brown-and-ochre striped tie, talked a bit about the evolution of "Anna Lucasta": it was originally written about a Polish family and became one of the first examples of what is now called "nontraditional casting" when it was performed by black actors. Earle Hyman, another alumnus of "Anna Lucasta," who was off duty from "Driving Miss Daisy" that evening, delivered a graceful tribute, which ended with a twist on the name of Miss LeNoire's theatre: "*Amamus te—we love you.*"

Alan Eisenberg, the executive secretary of Actors' Equity, announced that Colleen Dewhurst, who was to have delivered the president's address, was working in California and had sent her remarks on tape. After a brief pause, the tape rolled, and a low, measured voice boomed eerily through the theatre, addressing Rosetta LeNoire: "You always knew what it meant to be as one—admitting no barriers to stand in your way, and admitting no barriers to stand for anyone else. I think you were always nontraditional before any of us thought of it." The voice added, "Fortunately, under that love and heart has always been strength and steel, and you and I both know, and I have seen, that when push comes to shove, don't fool with Rosie."

Then Rosetta LeNoire took the stage, and said that she felt as if she were onstage for the first time, she was so nervous. She didn't look a bit nervous, though. She told a story that went a long way toward explaining her strength of will: "I was born with rickets, and then the polio came along and I had a touch of that. My legs were broken when I was eighteen months old, and put in braces, and when I was a child I used to stand in front of the window and watch the other children run and play. I used to watch them playing potsy"—Harlem slang for "hopscotch"—"and to this *day* I want to play potsy. But they tell me that all the time I was watching I used to hum,



and shake my little fanny—but with a *rhythm*, you know. And I used to look up at the ceiling and say, 'I'm gonna win.' I always would say, 'I'm gonna win one day.'" She pointed out that love—a subject that the audience had been hearing a lot about—is "a gift of God, completely new every time it happens, and once you have found it, as I have at this moment, the world becomes a very special place," and she went on, "I've never, never seen God, but I know how I feel—it's people like you who make Him so real to me." Everyone rose to cheer, and stayed standing through "Lift Every Voice and Sing." On our way out of the theatre, we stopped to greet Miss LeNoire, and were rewarded with a powerful hug and a kiss.

Not Explainable

ANY day now, Ashrita Furman, of Jamaica, Queens, will set a new world record for speed-squatting. From a standing position he will bend his knees until his thighs are parallel to the floor, then stand upright, then bend his knees again—repeating this motion as frequently as possible for an hour. If, when time's up, Ashrita has done more than a thousand eight hundred and ten repetitions, he will be able to add speed-squatting to his already inspiring list of human-endurance accomplishments recognized by the "Guinness Book of World Records": continuous juggling (3 balls, 6 hours 7 minutes 4 seconds), juggling three balls while bouncing on a pogo stick (1 hour 13.6 seconds); juggling three balls while running a 26.2-mile marathon (3 hours 22 minutes and change); underwater pogo-sticking (in the Amazon River, 3,647 jumps in 3 hours 40 minutes); pogo-stick jumping (11½ miles, partway up and down Mt. Fuji); running while skipping rope (10 miles, 76-plus minutes); long-distance rowing on dry land (New York to Philadelphia); and continuous somersaulting (12.2 miles). His recent successful attempt to break the record for long-distance walking with a full milk bottle balanced on his head (32.9 miles, and not a drop spilled) should soon be ratified by the Guinness people. If it is, speed-squatting will then become Ashrita's eleventh concurrent Guinness World Record for individual performance; he already holds the record



for the most Guinness World Records in diverse categories.

About eighteen years ago, Ashrita discovered spiritual contentment with help from Sri Chinmoy, who started out in Bangladesh but now also lives in Queens. In Bengali, *ashrita* means "protected by God." Before becoming a follower of Sri Chinmoy, Ashrita answered to Keith, the name his parents gave him thirty-four years ago. Describing his pre-Sri Chinmoy incarnation, Ashrita refers to himself as "a real wimp." He is now five feet ten and a hundred and sixty pounds, streamlined and long-muscled, and he has short brown hair and brown eyes and wears silver-rimmed aviator glasses. When Ashrita is not meditating, or training for or breaking world records, he manages Guru Health Foods, in Jamaica.

One day recently, Ashrita overslept—a consequence of his having been awake until 4 A.M., a consequence, in turn, of his having spent seven hours the previous afternoon meditating with Sri Chinmoy, an experience so invigorating that, come bedtime, he felt too full of energy to relax—and therefore showed up fifteen minutes late for a 10 A.M. appointment at the Natural

Physique Centre, a state-of-the-art bodybuilding salon on Fourth Avenue at Eleventh Street, where he was scheduled to rehearse his imminent speed-squatting triumph. When he arrived, Bob Fuchs was waiting behind the front counter, eager to accommodate. Bob's wife, Nicole (The Female Schwarzenegger) Bass, owns the Natural Physique Centre and is herself a walking world record: at six feet two inches and two hundred and twenty pounds, the largest competitive woman bodybuilder on the planet. After Ashrita removed a blue nylon jogging suit—underneath he wore a pair of teal athletic shorts and a gray Mickey Mouse sweatshirt—Bob directed him to a stationary bicycle downstairs, on which he could warm up.

A dozen or so other customers and trainers were on the premises at that hour. Upon Ashrita's return from his warmup, Bob told him, "You need to work where the floor's nice and level. Anyplace you want you got, and nobody interrupts." Then he led Ashrita to a spot opposite a weight-lifting device called, by coincidence, a squat rack. Ashrita had removed his sweatshirt to reveal a nylon singlet inscribed with a quotation from Sri Chinmoy:

"There is only one perfect road, and that road is ahead of you, always ahead of you." He set a bottle of mineral water on the floor, adjusted a stopwatch on his wrist, spread his feet shoulder-width, and, with his elbows bent and his arms extended slightly forward, gorilla fashion, began to squat with piston-like regularity. Bob, meanwhile, reclined on a Nautilus leg-extension machine and provided critical commentary. "Whatever this guy does is not explainable," he said. "My feeling is it's got to be in the mind." Perhaps because squatting appeared to be a not very complicated activity, Bob elaborated some of the ways in which it actually was. "He'll feel this in his quads," he said. "The lower back feels a lot of stress, his buttocks knot up. Don't forget, he's burning up a lot of oxygen. Remember, this makes what a runner does seem like nothin'."

After Ashrita had done a couple of hundred squats, he stopped and drank from his water bottle. A routine became established. Every few minutes, Ashrita would pause—to stretch, drink, catch his breath, and listen to exhortations from Bob, such as "You're way ahead" and "Keep on going" and "Blow it away now." The walls of the room were mirrored. If Ashrita preferred not to stare at his reflection while squatting, he had the option of looking at various photographs that

had been posted overhead, including Nicole Bass in various poses, autographed shots of Shawn Ray, 1987 Men's National Bodybuilding Champion, and many stills from the male Schwarzenegger's early cinema masterpieces. Bob was clearly proud of this gallery of hypertrophied guys and gals. "Basically, what you're looking at is the best-built people in the world," he said. "What's different about this gym is that we don't sell time here. We sell results. We set people up and we really get 'em into shape. We have a lot of models, movie stars, and celebrities who work out here, but, hey, you won't get one name from me."

When Ashrita reached seven hundred repeats, by which point he had worked up a good sweat, he disappeared for about a minute and returned clutching a small silver-framed black-and-white photograph of Sri Chinmoy—a twenty-five-year-old passport picture, it happened. He set this on the floor next to the squat rack—"I definitely always need the photograph when I do a record-breaker, and if I get really desperate, then I stop and meditate for about thirty seconds"—and resumed squatting. After twenty-seven minutes, he had done nine hundred squats, and that meant he was ahead of the world-record pace.

"Sure he's ahead of his pace," Bob said. "You know why? I'm here,

you're here, his head's here, and he wants it. You can get anything you want if you want it bad enough."

When Ashrita had done twelve hundred repetitions, in thirty-seven and a half minutes, he announced that he intended to do only three hundred more. Eleven minutes later—after fifteen hundred and one squats—he called it quits, saying, "I'm not trying to break the record today. It wouldn't be official anyway."

He was perspiring heavily, but within a couple of minutes he had caught his breath. "Right now I feel fine," he said. "I don't feel like I had a complete workout, though. I don't feel totally fulfilled, because I haven't really pushed myself to the limit. I feel like I'm just beginning, you know. There are so many more things I can do."

One thing that Ashrita had not determined was the site for his squatting record-breaker—perhaps the Natural Physique Centre, or perhaps a television studio, during a broadcast. He had been in touch with some people he knew who booked guests for Regis Philbin's morning talk show, and he was waiting to hear back from them. Sometime later this year, he plans to run a marathon while flipping a pancake. If he does that in less than three hours and seven minutes, he will have another record.

"What thrills me is to do something when I'm not even sure it's physically possible," Ashrita said. "Six miles up and five and a half miles down Mt. Fuji—that was really tough. But somersaulting was the worst. It's just so emotionally and physically draining. It made me totally dizzy and nauseated. It's tough on everything—wrists, knees, stomach. It's pretty good for your triceps, though. Not necessarily to set a record, I'd also like to pogo-stick up the Eiffel Tower. I've talked to the right people in France, and they've expressed interest, but it hasn't been formally approved yet. I was thinking of breaking the tap-dancing endurance record, but I had to give up that idea. I trained for a month

THE ALL-SWIMSUIT ISSUE



R. Ch.

before I realized something important—I have no talent whatsoever for tap dancing.”

Genre

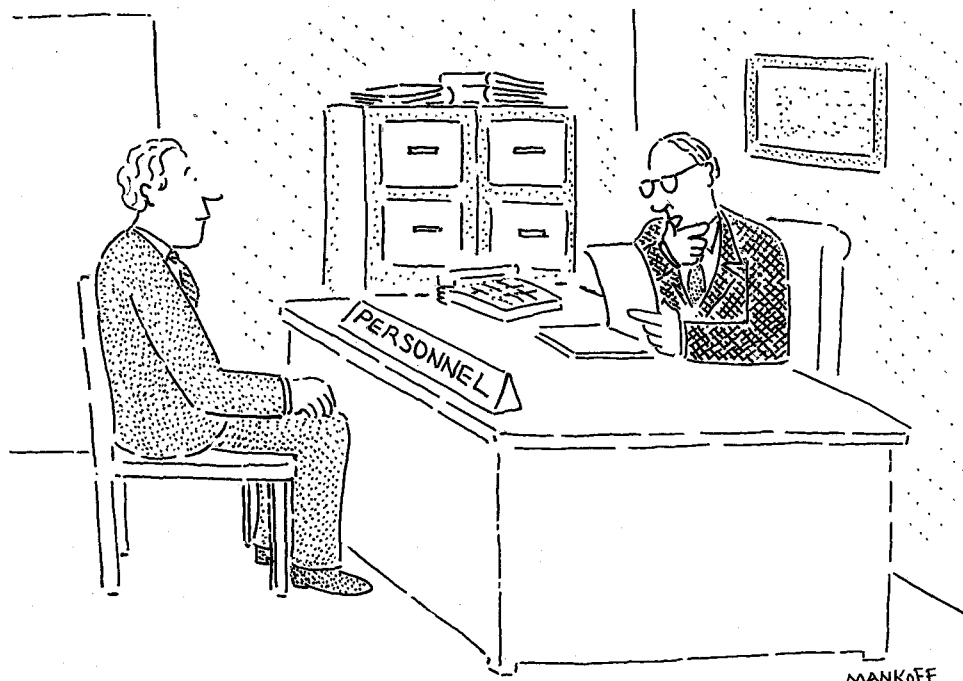
STEPHEN KING,
who writes
(and writes and writes and writes)
like ...
this!,

and Barbara Kruger,
WHO WRITES LIKE THIS,

have collaborated on a book. The book is called “My Pretty Pony,” and it is one of a series of books that the Whitney Museum is publishing in which an artist and a writer collaborate. Stephen King is officially the writer, and Barbara Kruger is officially the artist, but actually they are both writers, sort of—wordsmiths. Barbara Kruger is an artist who works with words; her imitations of tabloid typefaces and tabloid clichés are among the most widely admired and most influential of contemporary art works. She and King have similar styles, leaning heavily on the sinister one-line paragraph, and their book—what we could see of it at a party held in its honor at the Whitney the other night—is, we gather, a counterpoint between two kinds of irony: the Paperback Portentous and the Downtown Deadpan. For instance, Stephen King’s story (never before published) is called “My Pretty Pony,” but, since Stephen King is the author of “Carrie,” “Christine,” “The Dead Zone,” “Firestarter,” “Misery,” and that book about the big rabid dog which scared us silly when it was made into a movie, we feel sure that the title is ironic and that there is nothing pretty about this particular pony at all. And Barbara Kruger has taken the ironic title and laid it out like a headline in the *Post*:

M
Y
PRETTY PONY

So to the irony of a story about a pony that only *appears* to be pretty—when it is in fact about to make somebody levitate or burst into flame, or something—is added the irony of a typographical treatment that makes it plain that this story only *appears* to be a story about a pony, pretty or otherwise, when it is in fact about the way that these days all stories are in the end just pulp.



“Hmm, summa cum laude—very impressive. But what exactly is a Bachelor of Arts & Leisure?”

It takes a lot of guys working all over the country to produce a chutney of irony this thick. The text—sixty-eight pages—was set by hand and printed in twenty-four-point Century Schoolbook type at the A. Colish studio, in Mount Vernon, New York. Then somebody inserted nine lithographs in it—most of them photographs of horses blown up so big that the grain of the photograph looks like a screen door lying on top of a horse, and all of them bearing an elliptical relationship to what we could read of the text. Sixteen pages, including the title and colophon (Helvetica Bold) and a variety of Kruger graphics, were then silk-screened by Pinwheel, in New York. Then the book went to Austin, Texas, where it was bound in leather, cloth, and stainless steel. Meanwhile, Herman Hirsh, at Hi-Tech Stainless Steel Specialties, in Dallas, made an aluminum case for a Big Time digital clock, which is inset in the front cover of the book.

The book, which is being published in an edition of two hundred and eighty copies, costs twenty-two hundred dollars, or, as a cynic at the party remarked, about two hundred and twenty dollars per minute of reading time. But it looks great. The party was a pretty good party, too. Stephen King

didn’t come, but Barbara Kruger was there. This was, in its way, appropriate, since almost everybody else at the party was coming to the book from the Barbara Kruger end rather than from the Stephen King end. Stephen King’s manager was there, though, and he said, “Stephen is a genre writer, and one of the genres that interest him is the limited-edition book.”

You’re asking yourself why we don’t know *for sure* what the book is about. Well, it’s because, at that price, the only way to read the book was to line up and watch a guy wearing white cotton gloves turn the pages, and although we lined up, and had our notebook out, and were ready, just as we got to the book it occurred to us that although we had lined up to look at many works of art recently—at “A Cézanne Treasure: The Basel Sketchbooks,” “Picasso: A Retrospective”—we hadn’t actually tried to look at a work of art while *standing* in a line since they brought the Pietà to the Vatican Pavilion at the 1964 World’s Fair, and we thought about that instead of “My Pretty Pony,” and about the way we had failed to really look at the beautiful white statue, because we were so enraptured by its velvety blue background—dark blue, like the night sky, with stars in it.

POOR VISITOR

IT was my first day. I had come the night before, a gray-black and cold night before—as it was expected to be in the middle of January, though I didn't know that at the time—and I could not see anything clearly on the way in from the airport, even though there were lights everywhere. As we drove along, someone would single out to me a famous building, an important street, a park, a bridge that when built was thought to be a spectacle. In a daydream I used to have, all these places were points of happiness to me; all these places were lifeboats to my small drowning soul, for I would imagine myself entering and leaving them, and just that—entering and leaving over and over again—would see me through a bad feeling I did not have a name for. I only knew it felt a little like sadness. Now that I saw these places, they looked ordinary, dirty, worn down by so many people entering and leaving them in real life, and it occurred to me that I could not be the only person in the world for whom they were a fixture of fantasy. It was not my first bout with the disappointment of reality and it would not be my last. The undergarments that I wore were all new, bought for my journey, and as I sat in the car, twisting this way and that to get a good view of the sights before me, I was reminded of how uncomfortable the new can make you feel.

I got into an elevator, something I had never done before, and then I was in an apartment and seated at a table, eating food just taken from a refrigerator. In Antigua, where I came from, I had always lived in a house, and my house did not have a refrigerator in it. Everything I was experiencing—the ride in the elevator, being in an apartment, eating day-old food that had been stored in a refrigerator—was such a good idea that I could imagine I would grow used to it and like it very much, but at first it was all so new that I had to smile with my mouth turned down at the corners. I slept soundly that night, but it wasn't because I was happy and comfortable—quite the opposite; it was because I didn't want to take in anything else.

That morning, the morning of my first day, the morning that followed my first night, was a sunny morning. It

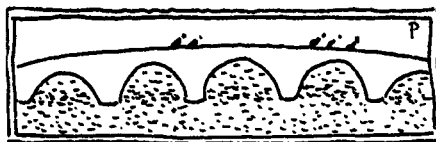
was not the sort of bright sun-yellow making everything curl at the edges, almost in fright, that I was used to, but a pale-yellow sun, as if the sun had grown weak from trying too hard to shine; but still it was sunny, and that was nice and made me miss my home less. And so, seeing the sun, I got up and put on a dress, a gay dress made out of madras cloth—the same sort of dress that I would wear if I were at home and setting out for a day in the country. It was all wrong. The sun was shining but the air was cold. It was the middle of January, after all. But I did not know that the sun could shine and the air remain cold; no one had ever told me. What a feeling that was! How can I explain? Something I had always known—the way I knew my skin was the color brown of a nut rubbed repeatedly with a soft cloth, or the way I knew my own name—something I took completely for granted, “the sun is shining, the air is warm,” was not so. I was no longer in a tropical zone, and this realization now entered my life like a flow of water dividing formerly dry and solid ground, creating two banks, one of which was my past—so familiar and predictable that even my unhappiness then made me happy now just to think of it—the other my future, a gray blank, an overcast seascape on which rain was falling and no boats were in sight. I was no longer in a tropical zone and I felt cold inside and out, the first time such a sensation had come over me.

IN books I had read—from time to time, when the plot called for it—someone would suffer from homesickness. A person would leave a not very nice situation and go somewhere else, somewhere a lot better, and then long to go back where it was not very nice. How impatient I would become with such a person, for I would feel that I was in a not very nice situation myself, and how I wanted to go somewhere else. But now I, too, felt that I wanted to be back where I came from. I understood it, I knew where I stood

there. If I had had to draw a picture of my future then, it would have been a large gray patch surrounded by black, blacker, blackest.

What a surprise this was to me, that I longed to be back in the place that I came from, that I longed to sleep in a bed I had outgrown, that I longed to be with people whose smallest, most natural gesture would call up in me such a rage that I longed to see them all dead at my feet. Oh, I had imagined that with my one swift act—leaving home and coming to this new place—I could leave behind me, as if it were an old garment never to be worn again, my sad thoughts, my sad feelings, and my discontent with life in general as it presented itself to me. In the past, the thought of being in my present situation had been a comfort, but now I did not even have this to look forward to, and so I lay down on my bed and dreamt that I was eating a bowl of pink mullet and green figs cooked in coconut milk, and it had been cooked by my grandmother, which was why the taste of it pleased me so, for she was the person I liked best in all the world and those were the things I liked best to eat also.

The room in which I lay was a small room just off the kitchen—the maid's room. I was used to a small room, but this was a different sort of small room. The ceiling was very high and the walls went all the way up to the ceiling, enclosing the room like a box—a box in which cargo travelling a long way should be shipped. But I was not cargo. I was only an unhappy young woman living in a maid's room, and I was not even the maid. I was the young girl who watches over the children and goes to school at night. How nice everyone was to me, though, saying that I should regard them as my family and make myself at home. I believed them to be sincere, for I knew that such a thing would not be said to a member of their real family. After all, aren't family the people who become the millstone around your life's neck? On the last day I spent at home, my cousin—a girl I had known all my life, an unpleasant person even before her parents forced her to become a Seventh-Day Adventist—made a farewell present to me of her own Bible, and with it she made a little speech about God and goodness and blessings. Now it sat before me on a dresser, and I remem-



bered how when we were children we would sit under my house and terrify and torment each other by reading out loud passages from the Book of Revelations, and I wondered if ever in my whole life a day would go by when these people I had left behind, my own family, would not appear before me in one way or another.

There was also a small radio on this dresser, and I had turned it on. At that moment, almost as if to sum up how I was feeling, a song came on some of the words of which were "Put yourself in my place, if only for a day; see if you can stand the awful emptiness inside." I sang these words to myself over and over, as if they were a lullaby, and I fell asleep again. This time I dreamt that I was holding in my hands one of my old cotton-flannel nightgowns, and it was printed with beautiful scenes of children playing with Christmas-tree decorations. The scenes printed on my nightgown were so real that I could actually hear the children laughing. I felt compelled to know where this nightgown came from, and I started to examine it furiously, looking for the label. I found it just where a label usually is, in the back, and it read "Made in Australia." I was awakened from this dream by the actual maid, a woman who had let me know right away, on meeting me, that she did not like me, and gave as her reason the way I talked. I thought it was because of something else, but I did not know what. As I opened my eyes, the word "Australia" stood between our faces, and I remembered then that Australia was settled as a prison for bad people, people so bad that they couldn't be put in a prison in their own country.

MY waking hours soon took on a routine. I walked four small girls to their school, and when they returned at midday I gave them a lunch of soup from a tin, and sandwiches. In the afternoon, I read to them and played with them. When they were away, I studied my books, and at night I went to school. I was unhappy. I



"And another thing. Stop calling me 'Gucci-shod'!"

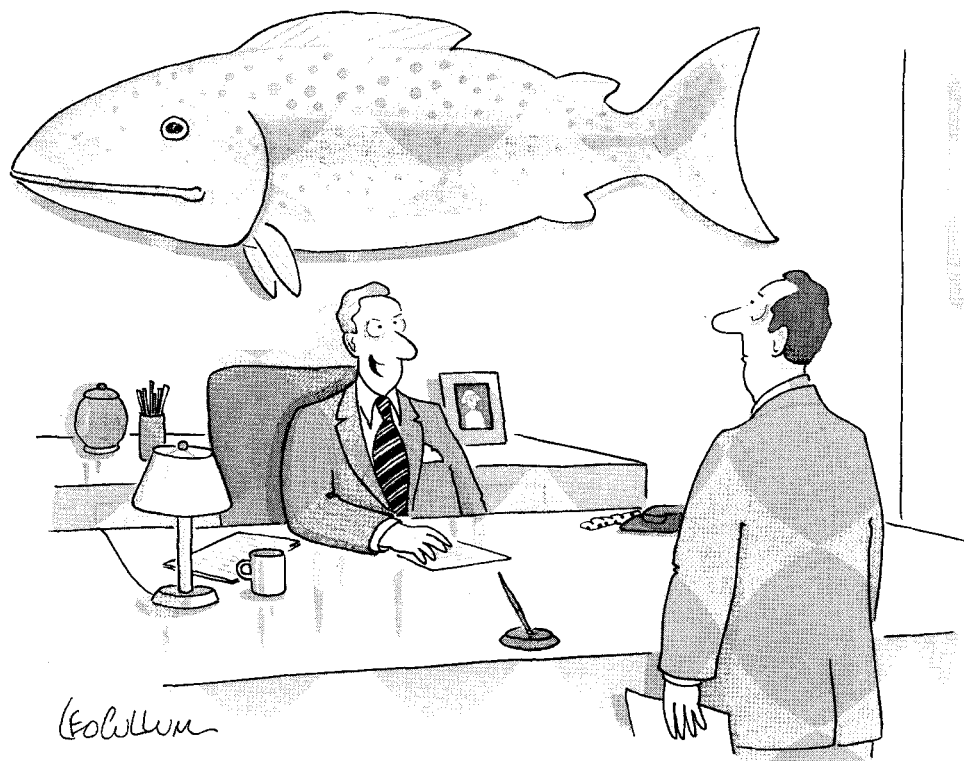
looked at a map. The Atlantic Ocean stood between me and the place I came from, but would it have made a difference if it had been a teacup of water? I could not go back.

Outside, always it was cold, and everyone said that it was the coldest winter they had ever experienced; but the way they said it made me think they said this every time winter came around. And I couldn't blame them for not really remembering each year how unpleasant, how unfriendly winter weather could be. The trees with their bare, still limbs looked dead, and as if someone had just placed them there and planned to come back and get them later; all the windows of the houses were shut tight, the way windows are shut up when a house will be empty for a long time; when people walked on the streets they did it quickly, as if they were doing something behind someone's back, as if they didn't want to draw attention to themselves, as if being out in the cold too long would cause them to dissolve. How I longed to see someone lingering on a corner, trying to draw my attention to him, trying to engage me in conversation, someone complaining to himself in a voice I could overhear about a god whose love and mercy fell on the just and the unjust.

I wrote home to say how lovely everything was, and I used flourishing

words and phrases, as if I were living life in a greeting card—the kind that has a satin ribbon on it, and quilted hearts and roses, and is expected to be so precious to the person receiving it that the manufacturer has placed a leaf of plastic on the front to protect it. Everyone I wrote to said how nice it was to hear from me, how nice it was to know that I was doing well, that I was very much missed, and that they couldn't wait until the day came when I returned.

ONE day the maid who said she did not like me because of the way I talked told me that she was sure I could not dance. She said that I spoke like a nun, I walked like one also, and that everything about me was so pious it made her feel at once sick to her stomach and sick with pity just to look at me. And so, perhaps giving way to the latter feeling, she said that we should dance, even though she was quite sure I didn't know how. There was a little portable record-player in my room, the kind that when closed up looked like a ladies' vanity case, and she put on a record she had bought earlier that day. It was a song that was very popular at the time—three girls, not older than I was, singing in harmony and in a very insincere and artificial way about love and so on. It was very beautiful all the same, and it was beautiful because it



*"I didn't catch it, Haskins—I bought it.
Which is precisely the point."*

was so insincere and artificial. She enjoyed this song, singing at the top of her voice, and she was a wonderful dancer—it amazed me to see the way in which she moved. I could not join her and I told her why: the melodies of her song were so shallow, and the words, to me, were meaningless. From her face, I could see she had only one feeling about me: how sick to her stomach I made her. And so I said that I knew songs, too, and I burst into a calypso about a girl who ran away to Port-au-Spain, Trinidad, and had a good time, with no regrets.

THE household in which I lived was made up of a husband, a wife, and the four girl children. The husband and wife looked alike and their four children looked just like them. In photographs of themselves, which they placed all over the house, their six yellow-haired heads of various sizes were bunched as if they were a bouquet of flowers tied together by an unseen string. In the pictures, they smiled out at the world, giving the impression that they found everything in it unbearably wonderful. And it was not a farce, their smiles. From wherever

they had gone, and they seemed to have been all over the world, they brought back some tiny memento, and they could each recite its history from its very beginning. Even when a little rain fell, they would admire the way it streaked through the blank air.

At dinner, when we sat down at the table—and did not have to say grace (such a relief; as if they believed in a God that did not have to be thanked every time you turned around)—they said such nice things to each other, and the children were so happy. They would spill their food, or not eat any of it at all, or make up rhymes about it that would end with the words "smelt bad." How they made me laugh, and I wondered what sort of parents I must have had, for even to think of such words in their presence I would have been scolded severely, and I vowed that if I ever had children I would make sure that the first words out of their mouths were bad ones.

IT was at dinner one night not long after I began to live with them that they began to call me the Visitor. They said I seemed not to be a part of things, as if I didn't live in their house with

them, as if they weren't like a family to me, as if I were just passing through, just saying one long Hallo!, and soon would be saying a quick Goodbye! So long! It was very nice! For look at the way I looked at them eating, Lewis said. Had I never seen anyone put a forkful of French-cut green beans in his mouth before? This made Mariah laugh, but almost everything Lewis said made Mariah happy, and so she would laugh. When I didn't laugh also, Lewis said, Poor Visitor, poor Visitor, over and over, a sympathetic tone to his voice, and then he told me a story about an uncle he had who had gone to Canada and raised monkeys, and of how after a while the uncle loved monkeys so much and was so used to being around them that he found actual human beings hard to take. He had told me this story about his uncle before, and while he was telling it to me this time I was remembering a dream I had had about them: Lewis was chasing me around the house. I wasn't wearing any clothes. The ground on which I was running was yellow, as if it had been paved with cornmeal. Lewis was chasing me around and around the house, and though he came close he could never catch up with me. Mariah stood at the open windows saying, Catch her, Lewis, catch her. Eventually I fell down a hole, at the bottom of which were some silver and blue snakes.

When Lewis finished telling his story, I told them my dream. When I finished, they both fell silent. Then they looked at me and Mariah cleared her throat, but it was obvious from the way she did it that her throat did not need clearing at all. Their two yellow heads swam toward each other and, in unison, bobbed up and down. Lewis made a clucking noise, then said, Poor, poor Visitor. And Mariah said, Dr. Freud for Visitor. Then they laughed in a soft, kind way. I had meant by telling them my dream that I had taken them in, because only people who were very important to me had ever shown up in my dreams, and I could see that they already understood that.

—JAMAICA KINCAID

JURY IN THE NORTH TRIAL WILL
CONSIST OF THE UNIFORMED
—Columbus (Ga.) Ledger-Enquirer.
Mistrial! Mistrial!

HOW SUNLIGHT FIGURES IN

NATALIE rolls up her white slacks past her knees and rolls up the sleeves of her T-shirt until her shoulders jut out. With the sun hitting her like a lotion, Natalie rubs her calves and explains how it is that throughout Republican Administrations she shaves her legs.

Her legs do shine. The skin is so smooth she must shave her legs twice a day.

"A woman does not have a choice," she tells me. She wants me to understand how it is, in the future she envisions, that a woman will have a choice, and then she may or may not shave her legs, it will be her choice.

I wish, for the sake of argument, that I didn't shave my legs. But I do. I would say it's a choice.

I shadow my eyes with my hands and look out into the weeds.

Natalie, who is my aunt, tries to forget we are related. This is an important policy matter for her. She leans back in a lawn chair in my yard and looks at me through the August heat, through glints of pollen. What she sees is my eyes, the vagueness of her sister's blue eyes, set in the bone of skull—the bone overhang of the brow at midday, a blue shadow the color of my eyes. She sees the seclusion. She sees the chin of her twin brother.

"Family," she has said to me, more than once, "is a *foul* substitute for effective government. Louie," she has said, "I want you to understand. You know this is true."

My name is Louise.

Natalie wants me to understand the insufficiency of family, I believe, because I am family. How would I know her otherwise? I would never have met her, out and about. She is a traveller. She holds political office. She has thick Mediterranean hair that she braids—one braid—off to one side or the other.

It was Aunt Natalie who called me Louie instead of Louise when I was newly born and boy-faced. She trusted appearances overmuch, even then.

"Oh, sure. A shaved leg is a pointless thing, Louie. It is spite. This is a *zero*," Natalie says. "But it all adds up. There is a weight on a person, man or woman. You carry the decade, you can't help it." She kicks one leg. She straightens her shoulders and then slouches low, to match me, in the

chair. "You can't shake these things. It's like air."

"I'm thinking of getting married," I tell her.

"Oh, my God. There. If this weren't now, if this weren't *these days*, would that be a thought? Well, who is it this time? Sam? What has he done now, planted a pretty tree?"

WHEN Natalie visits, we sit around. We sit around outside, never inside. The back yard looks out directly into a swamp, with standing water that shows up white at the base of cattails. Beyond the water, canary grass, then velvetleaf, then a slope uphill with the dryland weeds: Queen Anne's lace now, goldenrod to follow, with purple aster mixed in, and quack grass holding everything together. All of the mottled colors change daily, blooming and fading, until by Natalie's next visit, after the elections in November, the sky will have lowered and the hill will be a splatter of yellows, maroons, multitudinous browns, the

silver fluff of blown-out seed, and we will sit in our coats in the chairs and watch it blow.

NATALIE likes Sam as much as I do. He is out of place. He is out of touch. It is a subject we have explored on her other visits, although we have never decided if, in the end, his dislocation is good or bad. We debate the issue. There are pros and cons.

For my part, I like that Sam does what he does—which is little. He works in salvage. He saves whatever can be saved from condemned buildings. It is his policy that human beings must work to do as little damage as possible. He watches every step. I like that he doesn't cut his hair—it is almost to his shoulders—but then, Natalie says, he doesn't *have* to.

Natalie thinks there is no way a human being can *not* do damage. She thinks he should not isolate himself. He should watch TV. Buy cereal. Know the name of his state representative (it is Natalie). Visit the Badlands.

It is our old debate, and we end up talking about Sam and possible Sams



"I see no new taxes, followed by some new taxes."

the way people end up talking about long novels, saying yes to every character in the book: the pharmacist, mother, father, mechanic, the worn student, the bebop babysitter, the axe murderer, the terrorist-intellectual, the recluse—they all make sense. Such is the horror and solace of the imagination. Of long conversation with Natalie.

SAM first showed up around here two years ago, watching for woodcock. He told me that with the mowed path woodcock would have an excellent place to land, April to June, for their breeding display. That spring we carried lawn chairs out into the field every night and watched until dark. It was a show. When Natalie visited in May, we brought her along.

Night after night, on schedule, the male woodcock—from wherever he'd been—zeroed in on the level stretch of path, landed without a flap, and put himself through his minutes of ho-hum, preliminary beeping. And then—it was always a shock—he soared off into the last light of the sky, spiralling up until he was a fleck of dark, and then farther, and then it was all purple overhead and nothing else. In another minute, just

when you thought *gone*, he plummeted straight down, a calamitous free-fall, feathers whistling, careering the way other things career out of control. But he was homing in, and at the last moment, the whistle trailing off, he appeared like a simple pitched glove, in a dullness of landing, feet first, wings shunted back, and there he was again, unremarkable on the ground, brown and mottled gray, beeping, bland, more bland than before.

"And where is the female for this display?" Natalie wanted to know.

"Camouflaged," Sam said.

"Nobody knows," I said.

Natalie draped a blanket over her arms and kept her binoculars on the woodcock as long as there was light. After that, we sat in the dark a long while and listened. It was the whole bric-a-brac racket of swampland: peeper frogs, bullfrogs, crickets—in perpetuity—some kind of squawking in the trees, low wind in alfalfa, rattling evenhandedly.

"This scares me," Natalie said. "The high drama. Reproduction. They could walk down the path, female this way, him that way, and meet, and that would work very well. Maybe for them," she said, "all this is nothing

out of the ordinary. To *us* it's a spectacle. God, this scares me!"

Sam suggested she concentrate on plant life. He said that might ease her mind.

"TELL me about your house," I say to Natalie.

"That doesn't matter. You don't want to hear about houses, Louie."

"What do I want to hear about?"

"Well, what about the drought? What can you tell me about the drought?" Natalie sprawls her legs out and aims her face into the sun and shuts her eyes.

"It might be over. There's been rain. Weeds are growing—velvetleaf is booming. Beans are bad. Corn is very bad."

"Show me the velvetleaf," Natalie says. She likes to see the evidence.

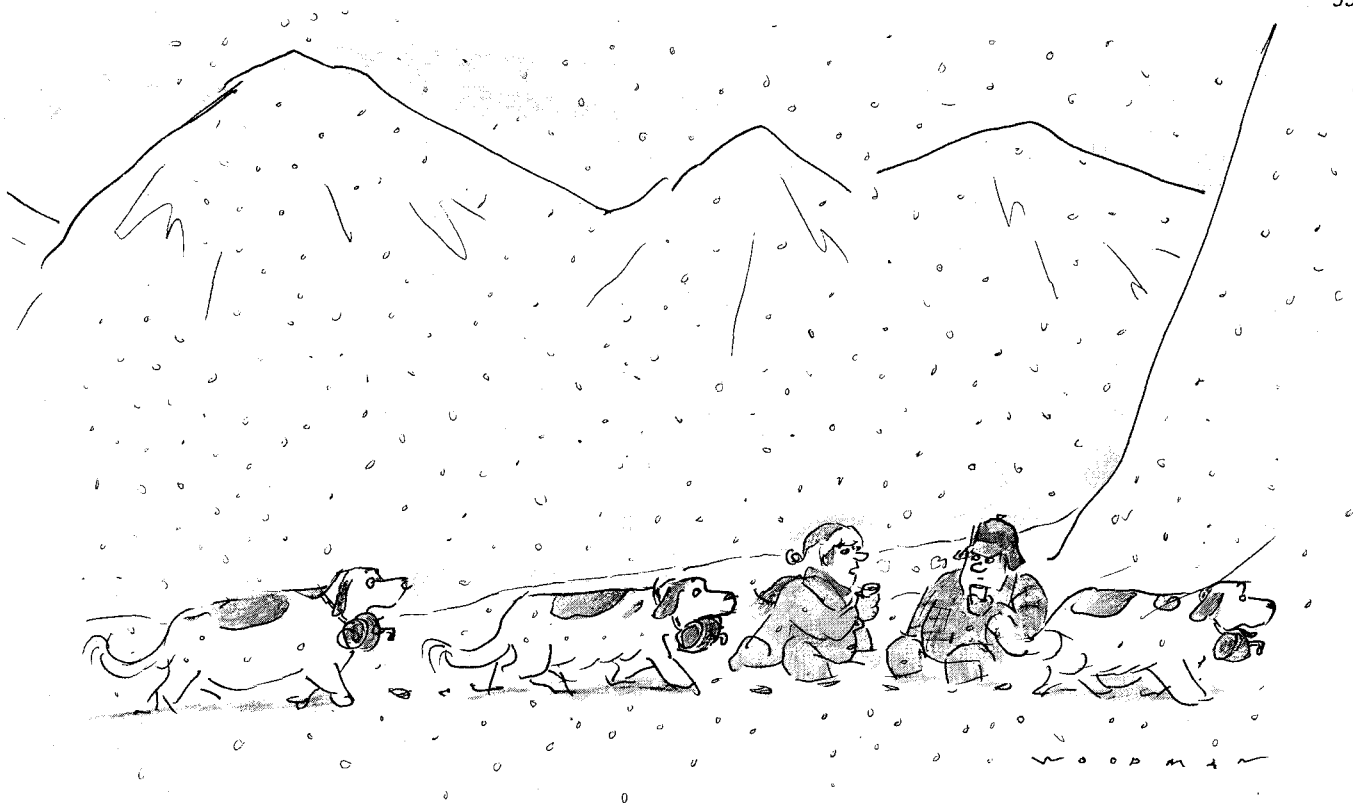
"We could chop some," I say. "It's taken over."

I tell her to stay put while I get the tractor and mower, but she stands up, kicks her legs to get them going, and follows me to the barn. In the shade of the lower barn door, and then into the dampness next to the stone foundation, it is suddenly cool. Natalie pulls her arms in and rubs her elbows as she walks. We go through the chicken room, where there are no chickens, and on into the basement, where the tractor is housed. The big sliding doors are open, and sunlight halts outside, an enormous yellow square with wavering edges.

Natalie walks ahead of me. In the shadow of the tractor tires, she picks up the PTO shaft of the flail mower. She must know there's grease on the coupling. She must know her slacks are white. But she goes ahead, jams the parts together. I climb on the tractor and start it up. From the implement box, I sort out the hitch pins, some cotter pins, and hand them back to her. Adjusting the three-point hitch, sometimes up, sometimes down, we get the mower attached, and Natalie climbs up beside me on the narrow steel step of the tractor, to



"Be careful. Alien life forms have infiltrated the populace."



"I've tasted better myself, but you've got to admit the service is good."

ride along. I shift into gear, and we drive out into the blare of light.

Natalie leans back on the fender; her slacks are smudged badly. We pull around the west side of the barn, and there Natalie looks at her skinny gold watch and says, "Drive me to town, Louie. Let's see Sam first. I haven't even been through town."

WHEN Natalie visits, it doesn't matter the season, we get around. We don't do much, but it's like a vacation abroad, even so, where you see that anything people do inside or outside a house deserves recollection, a photograph. If you weren't a foreigner, trying to blend in, you'd take some pictures. Soybean, sorghum fields, blue houses at the edge of town—they come into focus, with a blunt Moroccan sun on them. If you had a camera, you'd aim it at the tractor, head on, and at the velvetleaf, a quarter-acre patch, with its seedpods puffed like bishops' hats—a closeup of its greenery, its spires.

We drive the tractor, nine miles per hour, down Lawrence Road the three miles to town. Natalie waves to her constituents here and there—somebody at a mailbox, somebody picking up a

child's toy in a yard. When they recognize the tractor, a couple of them wave back. I keep an eye on traffic and let Natalie be the parade.

At the red light in town, Natalie hikes herself up on the fender. She rebraids her braid. The sun shines on her elbows. The sun shines on the Mobil sign. On the low sweep of the curb. It's a glittery desert sun. There is sunlight on the drinking fountain, a granite post set in the sidewalk. Water loops into sunlight out of the silver faucet.

The traffic light switches to green, Natalie grabs the fender, and two blocks on at Sam's place we pull up to the door of the warehouse and park in the gravel. A handwritten sign on the door says "Back at 3." Since it is almost three, we sit on the steps. The sun's hitting everything—every cut of every chunk of gravel.

Sam is a punctual person. We discuss that admirable trait, and then Natalie counts the storefront businesses that have come and gone in recent years: the Fabric Center, Black's Jewelry, Hall's Insurance, the European Salon. Natalie has statistics on small businesses, and this town is representative. She's used it in speeches, although I believe

it is not because of the numbers but because of the name, Cement City—a name that gives people a laugh standing out there, listening to her speech. At the same time, it's a name they find easy to believe and easy to picture: plain buildings, a cement plant, the short run of sidewalk downtown. Businesses come and go. Down from Sam's, the European Salon—hair styling for men and women—opened up when Black's Jewelry closed. The shop boomed, with Marie LeCou from France, but then Sam let his hair grow, and his whole crew, too, and women began trimming their own hair—I do. Signs of success have faded a bit at the shop, and the parking lot is back to chunks of asphalt and dirt.

Natalie keeps in touch with turns in the economy. If things get worse, she says, she'll write a letter, advising the shop employees on programs, summarizing what's available. She does her job.

Two blocks off—Natalie spots them first—Sam and three of his work crew appear at the corner. They're walking back from somewhere, maybe coffee. Sam is wearing his purple shirt. He's loping along, where the curb runs into the lots and weeds are growing back

after the drought. He bends down from time to time and snaps off some stalks—it's hard to see how he makes a selection. He picks a bunch. He falls behind the crew, and they turn off at Grove Street. I can see he's got a handful of velvetleaf—the dowel-rod stalks, those hand-size leaves. He's got chicory, too. Foxtail. Something very green, a plume of green—it's probably goldenrod, just setting buds.

Natalie waves. Sam lifts the whole bunch of weeds and waves his arm up and down. He raises the other hand in the air, a stop or a wait sign, and he ducks into the European Salon, a step to open the door, a step inside. The door doesn't shut. He's out again, empty-handed, and on his way.

Natalie calls out, "Sam!"

He walks up and kisses her cheek. He takes my hand, without thinking. He just picks it up and our palms slip together and our fingers interlock. That is how easy it is with him to say hello. There is a dark, humid complex of spaces caught in our arrangement of hands, and while Natalie and Sam go over the news I try to trace in my mind the in-and-out boundaries of that atmosphere.

BY the time we drive back through town and up Lawrence Road, past my house to the lane to mow velvetleaf, it is late afternoon. The lane takes us close enough to the windows of the house for me to see where flies have gathered again in the heat, inside instead of outside, flinging themselves against the glass panes and up and down with the noise of kazoos, day and night. Sam does not like to sleep in the house until after a hard freeze, when the flies are gone.

I tell this to Natalie, who is interested, of course. She says, "Louie, it is not a comfortable world. We don't fit in."

But she looks comfortable enough, riding along. Braced against the fender, she keeps her arms free, to point things out: the dead elms, a groundhog—who knows why?—hanging to the low branch of a mulberry tree.

"Sweet thing," she says. "Notorious pest."

Natalie can think two ways at once, and I believe that's why I like her. At the same time, she has taught herself to cast a vote, this or that. In her job, she doesn't have a choice.

I motion toward the turn of path ahead and over the noise of the tractor shout, "Woodcock!" as a reminder.

"The fuss! The female hides out! A good argument against marriage!" Natalie shouts.

That's how she gathers and recalls evidence. That's how she builds an argument. She's also trying to make me laugh. She wants it both ways.

"This is great," Natalie says, as she always says out here, pointing to the path.

She approves of the lane we are mowing to the woods—the way it winds around the swamp and back through pines—because she knows I mowed it along a deer path. And one of her arguments is that humans must stop imposing straight lines and ninety-degree angles on the surface of the planet.

It makes sense to me.

"That's why you're voted in," I tell her.

I have no quarrels with Aunt Natalie.

A CLUMP of velvetleaf stands off to one side of the path, in a bare patch around the debris of a groundhog hole. The stalks are shoulder-high. The leaves span out, hand over hand, and the seedpods rise in a crown, some doughy green and some already dried to a pinched crust. Natalie jumps down. She skims her arm like a wand though the plants and seeds fly out, pellets tapping the layers of leaves.

"Replication," she says. "It scares the life out of me. Duplication. More of the same."

I watch her tap more pods—she's planted a thousand plants—on the loose ground. She's not getting rid of anything.

"It's a weed," I tell her. "It's not family."

"Still," Natalie says. "That's how it works. Family is idiot chance. It's dumb luck. You can't vote on it. Nobody should have to count on family. Don't count on it, Louie."

"Sam won't be family," I say. "Even if I marry him."

"You may not think so," she says, "but that's how it is. That's how it is these days."

Natalie does a stomping sort of dance in the velvetleaf.

The scent of the crushed leaves rolls in the air—a musty, baked, underbelly smell, with a wave of sweetness in it.

We mow the patch down.

Riding back, I shut the mower off. It trails along, its rubber balancing wheel dragging a green stripe down the path behind us.

"All right, *get* married," Natalie finally says. "You're a woman of your times."

She's not angry. She knows me too well—since I was born.

We ride along. I do my best to explain—I mention love, and ordinary life, and how sunlight figures in. Natalie listens to everything. She shakes her head. But at one point she says, "All right, Louie, *that* makes sense," when I say how it's hard not to marry a man who carries an armload of flowering weeds to a hairdresser who no longer cuts his hair, and says, "Marie, here you are." —JANET KAUFFMAN

REDUCTIO

But once out of earshot—it's odd—
out of earshot and printshot and screenshot
how implicitly one believes
every second depends now
on a permutation of cloud
or the blowdown of the leaves
or the purple of the bergamot. Not
anymore on what Men do.

A saving thought . . . Although—
factor humanity out,
as five silent hills do now—
who's left, then, to tell it to?
Or to tell it? And anyhow
it's not true.

—PETER KANE DFAULT

A REPORTER AT LARGE

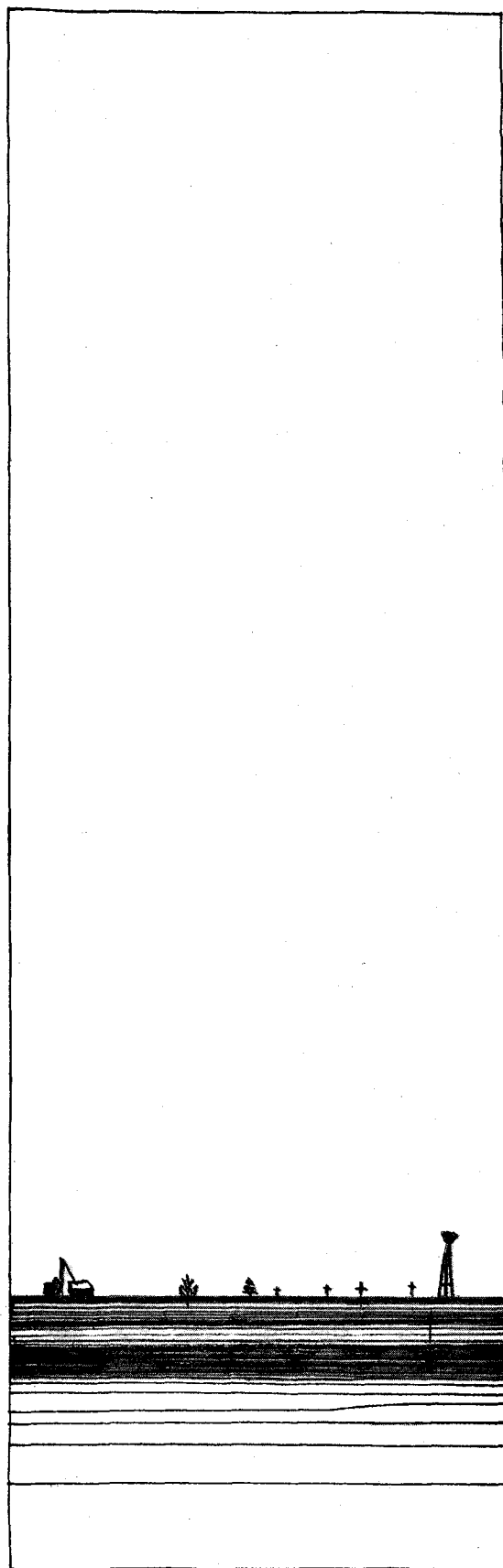
GREAT PLAINS—II

ONE day, on the street in front of my apartment building in New York (this was before I moved to Montana), I met a Sioux Indian named Le War Lance. I had just been reading a study of recent economic conditions on Sioux reservations. The authors seemed puzzled that so few Sioux were interested in raising sugar beets or working in a house-trailer factory. As I waited for the light to change, I noticed that the man standing next to me resembled many pictures of Sioux that I had seen. I said, "Are you a Sioux?" He smiled and said, "I'm an Oglala Sioux Indian from Oglala, South Dakota." He said his name and asked for mine. He had to lean over to hear me. He was more than six feet tall. He was wearing the kind of down coat that is stuffed with something other than down—knee-length, belted around the waist, in a light rescue orange polished with dirt on the creases—and bluejeans lengthened with patches of denim of a different shade from knee to cuff, cowboy boots, and a beaded-leather ponytail holder. His hair was straight and black with streaks of gray, and it hung to his waist in back. After I saw him, I never cut my hair again. In one hand he was holding a sixteen-ounce can of beer.

"Your name is Lou?" I asked. "Lou War Lance?"

"Le!" he said. He pronounced it kind of like "leh" and kind of like "lay." He said it meant "this" in Sioux. I had never met anyone before whose first name was a pronoun. Next to him was a compact woman with straight auburn hair. I had not thought they were together. "Do you know each other?" Le asked. She recoiled just perceptibly. "Oh," he said. "Noelle, this is—" I said my name.

He and I talked through several changes of the "Walk" signal. I gave them directions to Astor



Frazier

Place. Back in my apartment, I took out my Lakota-English dictionary and paced up and down. It had never occurred to me that there might be a Sioux within twenty yards of my front door. I called several friends and told them about the encounter. I paced around some more. Then I went up to the store and bought lamb chops for dinner. On the way back, at the triangle made by the intersection of Greenwich Avenue, Christopher Street, and Sixth Avenue, I saw Le again. He was just standing there, like a man waiting in line at a bank. He was still holding a sixteen-ounce can of beer. I went up and said hi.

"The girl went home," he said. "She had to go back to New Jersey."

For a few moments, we considered this. Then I said, "Le, would you mind telling me if I'm pronouncing this right? *Hehaka Sapa*."

Le's eyes saw me for the first time. "What?" he said. "You mean *Hehaka Sapa*—Black Elk? Black Elk was a great holy man. He was Oglala, like me. '*Sapa*' means black. '*Hehaka*'—elk." He said the second "h" back in his throat. The word even sounded like an elk.

"How about *Tasunke Witco*?"

"*Hoka hey!*" he said. "*Tasunke Witco*—Crazy Horse!" He took my right hand in the power handshake. Nobody had stood this close to me in weeks. "I can see that we were meant to run into each other again today," he said. "Crazy Horse was my *gran' father!*"

"Really?"

He smiled and nodded in my face. Then I started asking him questions about Crazy Horse: Before battle, did Crazy Horse streak his pony with dirt thrown up by a burrowing mole, and touch a little of the dirt to his hair, so that the

mole's blindness would make him and his horse harder to see? Did he wear a medicine bag around his neck containing the dried heart and brain of an eagle mixed with dried wild-aster seeds? Did he wear a round, flat rock on a buckskin thong, always keeping the rock between his heart and the enemy? Did he always dismount to shoot, so as to improve his aim? Did he always give his captured ponies to the needy boys of the camp? Was he always by himself? Did he have a wild coyote that followed him around like a dog? Did bullets and arrows vanish before they reached him? Did he never wear white man's clothing? Did he say that after his death his bones would turn to rock and his joints to flint? Was his bay war pony the fastest on the plains?

Le War Lance smiled and nodded. Occasionally, he exclaimed "*Hoka hey!*" or "*Crazy Horse was my gran'-father!*" When I asked where Crazy Horse's name came from, he said, "'Twas a vision!" A drizzle started to fall. I cradled the bottom of the paper bag containing my lamb chops. Taxicabs were screaming at one another.

People streamed past us on all sides. I asked if it was true that Crazy Horse never painted his face for battle. "Crazy Horse painted his face blue with white hailstones," Le War Lance said.

UNLIKE most Indians who had won names for themselves during wars with white men on the Great Plains, Crazy Horse never visited New York. In fact, of all the famous plainsmen in history Crazy Horse was the only one who neither came to the plains from somewhere else nor ever left. As a teen-ager, he once went along on a raid against a village of Omaha Indians in what is now eastern Nebraska; other than that, as far as anybody knows, he lived his entire life between the hundredth meridian and the Rocky Mountains. Crazy Horse was probably born in 1840 at the foot of Bear Butte, near where Sturgis, South Dakota, is now. He had sandy-brown hair, and his parents called him Curly. During his boyhood, bands of his tribe often camped near Fort Laramie, which was on the Oregon Trail

in present southeastern Wyoming. In August of 1854, he saw thirty soldiers kill a chief named Conquering Bear and several other peaceful Sioux with a cannon in a dispute that had begun over a lost or stolen cow belonging to a Mormon emigrant. He also saw the Indians respond by killing all the soldiers but one. When he went on the raid against the Omaha, he killed an Omaha woman, and authorities at her agency wanted him arrested. From his late teens on, he fought many battles against the Crows, the Shoshone, and the Army. After a fight with the Arapaho in which he charged the enemy alone, took two scalps, and came back wounded, his father gave him his own name, Crazy Horse. In 1866, he was one of the hundreds of Sioux and Cheyenne who besieged Fort Phil Kearny, in present north-central Wyoming, and so enraged the defenders that an officer named William Fetterman, who had bragged that with eighty men he could whip every Indian on the plains, rashly chased a few decoy warriors into an ambush where his entire party—about eighty men, as it happened—was killed. Crazy Horse was one of the decoys.

"I will tell you about one of the war stunts that Crazy Horse pulled off that I thought was great," a Sioux named Short Buffalo said to an interviewer years later. "It was in a fight with the Shoshones in which the Shoshones outnumbered the Oglala. Crazy Horse and his younger brother were guarding the rear of their war party. After a lot of fighting, Crazy Horse's pony gave out. Crazy Horse turned it loose and the younger brother, who did not want to leave him, turned his own pony loose. Two of the enemy, mounted, appeared before them for single combat. Crazy Horse said to his brother, 'Take care of yourself—I'll do the fancy stunt.' Crazy Horse got the best of the first Shoshone; the other one ran away. He got the horses of the two Shoshone and [he and his brother] caught up with their party. They had saved themselves and their party and got the two horses and the scalp of the Shoshone who was killed."

At the Battle of the Rosebud River, in June of 1876, Crazy Horse led a thousand or so warriors against a force of eleven hundred soldiers commanded by General George C. Crook, and inflicted on that distinguished Civil War



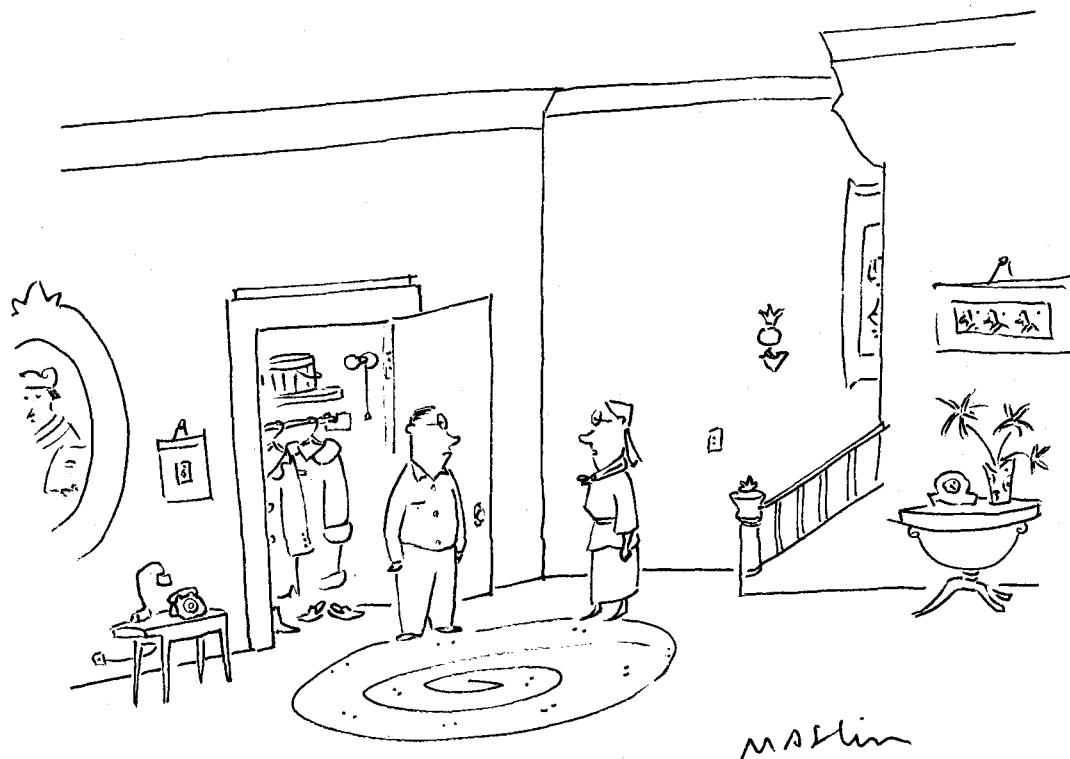
H. Metcalf

"Can't I just stay here with you and Mom? I don't like what I've seen of the real world."

veteran the most galling defeat of his career. Eight days later, at the Battle of the Little Bighorn, Crazy Horse was at the head of the attack that pinned and later wiped out Custer on the ridge of the famous Last Stand. In the intense military campaigns that followed Custer's defeat, Crazy Horse managed to stay ahead of the Army until January 8, 1877, when General Nelson Miles attacked his camp on the Tongue River. Crazy Horse and most of his band managed to escape. In the spring, relatives and friends who were already living at Indian agencies came to his camp and urged him to stop fighting and return with them. They said there would be presents and rations and no trouble. Crazy Horse was at first so opposed to the idea that he killed the ponies of those who decided to go. But

finally he gave in. The Army would certainly come after him again. Staying out would mean leaving his home territory and going to Canada, as Sitting Bull had done. Crazy Horse said he would go into the agency if that was what everybody else wanted to do. On May 6, 1877, he led eight hundred and ninety-nine people, including two hundred and seventeen warriors, with a two-mile-long train of camp equipment, to Fort Robinson, Nebraska, where they surrendered their guns and their herd of two thousand ponies to the Army.

LE WAR LANCE and I stood talking about Crazy Horse for a long time. My grocery bag started to fall apart, so I held it under my coat. Le War Lance also told me about himself: that he once took part in a march for Indian rights that began in Alcatraz, California, and ended in Washington, D.C., and he wore out many pairs of boots on the way; that he was born June 14, 1942; that he rode a horse to school for first and second grades; that he and a woman named Joni were the only ones of twenty-two in his grade-school class still alive; that he served



"Your favorite sweater isn't here. I sent it out to be cleaned and carbon-dated."

time in prison for a theft involving a lard bucket full of coins, which turned out to be a coin collection, which theft he did not commit; that his father's name was Asa Walks Out. He said, "I'm getting hungry. Come and eat with me. I'll make us some beans and ham hocks." I said I had to get home. We exchanged telephone numbers. He wrote only his first name, in script—a big loop connected to a smaller loop. I told him that I hoped someday to learn how to speak Sioux. He took my right wrist and pressed his thumb tightly against my pulse and then spoke a sentence. The sound of Sioux is soft and rippling, like something you might hear through a bead curtain. I asked him what he had said. "I said, 'If your pulse speeds up, then I will know that you are lying, and then I will have the right to kill and scalp you.'" Then he smiled a sunny smile that turned his mouth and eyes to crescents. A few minutes later, I started to leave, and he stopped me to sing me a song. He closed his eyes and chanted in a high, wavering voice. He finished one song and started another. Then he opened his eyes and looked at the Sixth Avenue

masses hurrying past with shopping bags. "Immigrants!" he shouted. He shook his head, and said, "Pasta!" Did I hear that right? Yes; in tones of exasperation, as if this was really the last straw: "Pasta!"

SO thoroughly did Crazy Horse avoid contact with white people away from the battlefield that history records the name of the first white man ever to shake his hand. Lieutenant J. Wesley Rosencrans was among the party of soldiers and Indians from Fort Robinson and the Red Cloud Indian Agency who met the Crazy Horse Indians about a day's journey from the fort with ten wagons full of presents and a hundred head of beef cattle. Apparently, Lieutenant Rosencrans' party wanted to make sure that Crazy Horse came in to Fort Robinson and did not decide to go to the Spotted Tail Agency, which was about forty miles northeast of Fort Robinson. General Crook (late of the Battle of the Rosebud) had promised, through emissaries, that Crazy Horse and his band could go on a buffalo hunt in the fall. This gave some of the Crazy Horse Indians the impression that they would

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

Then I came down and watched the fire awhile.
The marriage hymn, the star-spangled fire.

There was a flame that seemed a blue-green claw
at the end of a sawed-off length of limb
—a fingery, pointing, grabbing thing
pushing right up out of the body it charred,

all the mad reds fetched up with whites around it,
swarming, bubbling.

No longer any of the inhale-exhale you get in a fire,
long past the flash and excitement, no
desire,
just this insistent thing, much hotter, at its
apogee—hollow—quick—

just appearance turning into further appearance,
click.

I watched the claw a long time.
Tried not to see it as reaching. Tried not to see it
as pointing, as being
released.

Have you ever wanted to put your hand right in,

to open it up and push it deep in there,
to make the *other thing* begin?

Meanwhile the marquee all studded up with fear,
buzzing,

blazing,

me waiting underneath in the parked car for the
one hour

you took karate class, the girls smeared
into the one good piece of shade

at the frontier of pawnshop and incandescent ticket booth,
the red and ice-white neon strobe blinking over
the whole

truth,

making us come and go like
dice being tossed.

Now it's up—how much are we worth?
What does He want, what does He need

to win this one, old man poking the fire, making it
air up right, making the coals flame up?

He turns back to the game.

See Him?

He's got some kind of diagram.

I'm parked at x. Bill's in the storefront at y.

It's winter, so it's dark early and you can really
see them

behind the glass all lit up now and flat flat, the
rows of boys all raising one arm up
and thrusting it forward
hard with a jump,
the cry that's forced up out of their lungs
lost to the glass

so they look lacquered, gold—mouths open wide,
kicking in rows.

Do they embarrass us?

The girls are to the left of them. The classroom's
light

making gold rows on the sidewalk they can be bought
out of. Mixed with the strobe
mixed with the short in the marquee

it makes the clot of us

bubble, glitter—icy—

with whatever it is that must be given up,
exalted or spit up, frothing,

coming to boil—they turn, they turn back, one stops
to shout, a cigarette, hope, armload of

spangles, charms,

all the wattage of the marquee for a flash on
the comb

in her hair, on the chain round
her thigh. No sky.

have to stay at an agency for only a short while and then would be allowed to return to their campgrounds on the northern plains. When they were a few miles from the fort, more soldiers came out to hold council with them, and that was when the Indians realized that they were expected to surrender. The *New-York Times* (it had a hyphen then) reported, "The surrender was made as impressive as possible. As the Indians entered the broad valley of White River, near the point selected for the camp, the warriors formed in five bands, 40 in each band, and filed across the stream, chanting songs suited to the occasion." Several observers remarked that the band looked more like a victorious army than like one laying down its arms. Crazy Horse himself surrendered three good Winchester rifles. The surrendered ponies were given to Indians from the Red Cloud Agency "as a reward for their cooperation in subduing the hostile bands," the *Times* said. There was no formal written surrender agreement. Crazy Horse never signed anything. He was never officially enrolled at any agency. In one of his first meetings with the soldiers, Crazy Horse was promised that he would soon be able to choose a place for his own agency. He said he would like his agency to be on Beaver Creek, west of the Black Hills (now eastern Wyoming). For the time being, he was to stay at the Red Cloud Agency. Like

every other Indian at that agency, he was now forbidden to travel farther than three miles away or to stay overnight without special permission. He moved more than the three miles he was allowed, and pitched camp at the junction of Little Cottonwood Creek and the White River.

At that time, Indian agencies had Army posts nearby. The Red Cloud Agency was three-quarters of a mile from Fort Robinson. The Spotted Tail Agency was near Camp Sheridan. Indian agencies were under the supervision of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which was (and is) part of the Department of the Interior. The agencies were to distribute goods and promote the Indians' welfare. The Army posts

I kept the car locked.

Class took less than an hour.

Here you are now in your suit as before,

the briefcase with clothes in it, the belt of some
rank.

What can you kill?

You told me once driving home—
how frail the bones are at the neck,
how still you have to be to find them in the
wreck of

intervening flesh,
how rage must not come into

play,
how cool the gesture keeps you when precise,
how then you can see behind
yourself,
how then you can hear the other man's mind.
The edge of your hand—you held it up at a
traffic light—

was enough:

People walked by in front of the car.
The cross street hummed.
Steak signs bristled on and off.
The map of the city shined and shined.

Can you read it now, transparency?
Is this your round?

Can you see them in there now, behind the
marquee, the rows of heads
with hands attached, a sob here and there, some with
their hats still on? A hiss. See us?
Hear the slapping sound of flesh on

flesh? The bits of face lit up—eye here, a socket,
a lip? On the stage a girl
is alone on the bed,
knees bulging up, elbows,
the head up now, then down, the hand

sometimes in view then gone, a pillow I
believe, a queen-size bed, one light above—the red

getup she's wearing stretched on tight,
the rear end up, shimmering, what light there is
on it, red silk, a shout

from the dark, a soft dry shout.

When I reached for your hand in there,
when I ran my hand onto your hand,
it was to get that other sense of flesh,

where touch is the way to disappear,
the old dream of an underneath—
is it still there?

I feel the very top of your hand.
I feel the very edge of you, the souvenir.
Ruffle the skin—gently.
Look down at it. Then close my eyes. Then try again.
What if there is no other side to this anymore,

just skin, skin,
rippling, folding under, tucked tight, taking
shape, rounding the corners, lining the
singleness, opening here and there to let the
eye through—
the sound of a moan now but magnified,

the sound of a moan in the speakers—
the red velvet corridors leafing back that way,
ticket booths, concession stands—brocade, embossed
organza—

gold trimming, recessed lighting, rooms, rest rooms,
back that way, branching back, all the red foliage,
more in every direction,
starting from this plush armrest
with the reddish hand splayed out on it I can
no longer feel

out to the four edges of the only known world.

—JORIE GRAHAM

were to keep the Indians in line. The Indian agent in charge of the Red Cloud Agency was James Irwin. The Indian agent at the Spotted Tail Agency was Lieutenant Jesse M. Lee. Red Cloud, the Oglala chief who got credit for driving the Army from the northern plains in a series of engagements (including the Fetterman fight) later known as the Red Cloud War, was the most important chief at the Red Cloud Agency. At the Spotted Tail Agency, his counterpart was Spotted Tail, a Brulé Sioux chief famous as an orator and a diplomat. Spotted Tail was the most persuasive of the emissaries sent by General Crook to get the Crazy Horse band to surrender. Both Spotted Tail and Red Cloud had

signed peace treaties and moved to their agencies some years before, and neither took part in the Custer fight or the other last battles between the Sioux and the Army.

Because thousands of agency Indians did take part, Congress had recently given the Army final authority in running the agencies. The officer at Fort Robinson who superintended the Crazy Horse Indians' surrender was Lieutenant William Philo Clark; the Indians called him White Hat. Keeping an eye on Crazy Horse was Clark's special responsibility, and he often visited the Crazy Horse camp. The commanding officer at Fort Robinson was General Luther P. Bradley. His immediate superior was General George

Crook, commander of the Department of the Platte, with headquarters in Omaha. Crook's superior was General Philip Sheridan, commander of the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters in Chicago. Sheridan's superior was General William T. Sherman, General-in-Chief of the Army. Soon after Crazy Horse surrendered, Sherman wrote to Sheridan, "If some of the worst Indians could be executed I doubt not the result would be good—but that is impossible after surrender under conditions. . . . Rather remove all to a safe place and then reduce them to a helpless condition."

The first thing Crazy Horse did after arriving at Red Cloud was to re-



"What'll it be—entertainment news or entertainment?"

quest that a doctor from Fort Robinson treat his wife, Black Shawl. Assistant Surgeon Dr. Valentine T. McGillycuddy went to the Crazy Horse camp on horseback and discovered that Black Shawl had tuberculosis. Dr. McGillycuddy returned often to bring her medicines and note her progress. Eventually, he got to know Crazy Horse perhaps better than any other white man did. He thought that Crazy Horse was "the greatest leader of his people in modern times." He asked several times to take his photograph, but Crazy Horse always refused. Crazy Horse asked him, "My friend, why should you wish to shorten my life by taking from me my shadow?" D. F. Barry, a well-known photographer of Indian life, said he often tried to bribe Crazy Horse to sit for a photograph, without success. Crazy Horse's name was magic all over the plains and beyond. The *Times* referred to him simply as Crazy Horse; no further identification was needed. Red Feather, the brother of Black Shawl, told an interviewer in 1930, "All the white people came to see Crazy Horse and gave him presents and money. The other Indians at the

agency got very jealous." Not long after Crazy Horse came to Red Cloud, he took a second wife. Her name was Nellie Larrabee, and she was the eighteen-year-old part-Indian daughter of an Army scout at Fort Robinson. She may have been a present herself, engineered for Crazy Horse by Lieutenant Clark.

In June of 1877, at the solstice, the Indians from the Red Cloud Agency and the Spotted Tail Agency held the biggest Sun Dance in history at Sun Dance Creek, about halfway between the two. Twenty thousand Indians were there. On July 1st, Agent Irwin, at Red Cloud, informed his superiors that he did not have enough flour to make the week's issue, even at half rations. At the time, most of the annuities and supplies owed the Sioux by treaty were being sent not to the Red Cloud Agency but to a new agency on the Missouri River, where Congress and the Army had long wanted them to move. None of the western Sioux had lived on the Missouri for generations, and they had no desire to now. They protested the planned move in councils with Indian agents and the Army. For

many hundreds of Indians confined at Red Cloud, this was the first time they could remember being hungry in the summer. In August, the Indians met with General Crook and Agent Irwin, who renewed the promise that everyone who wanted could leave the agency for forty nights to hunt buffalo. After the council, followers of Red Cloud told Irwin that if the Crazy Horse band went to hunt buffalo they would never come back, and would use the guns and ammunition to kill whites.

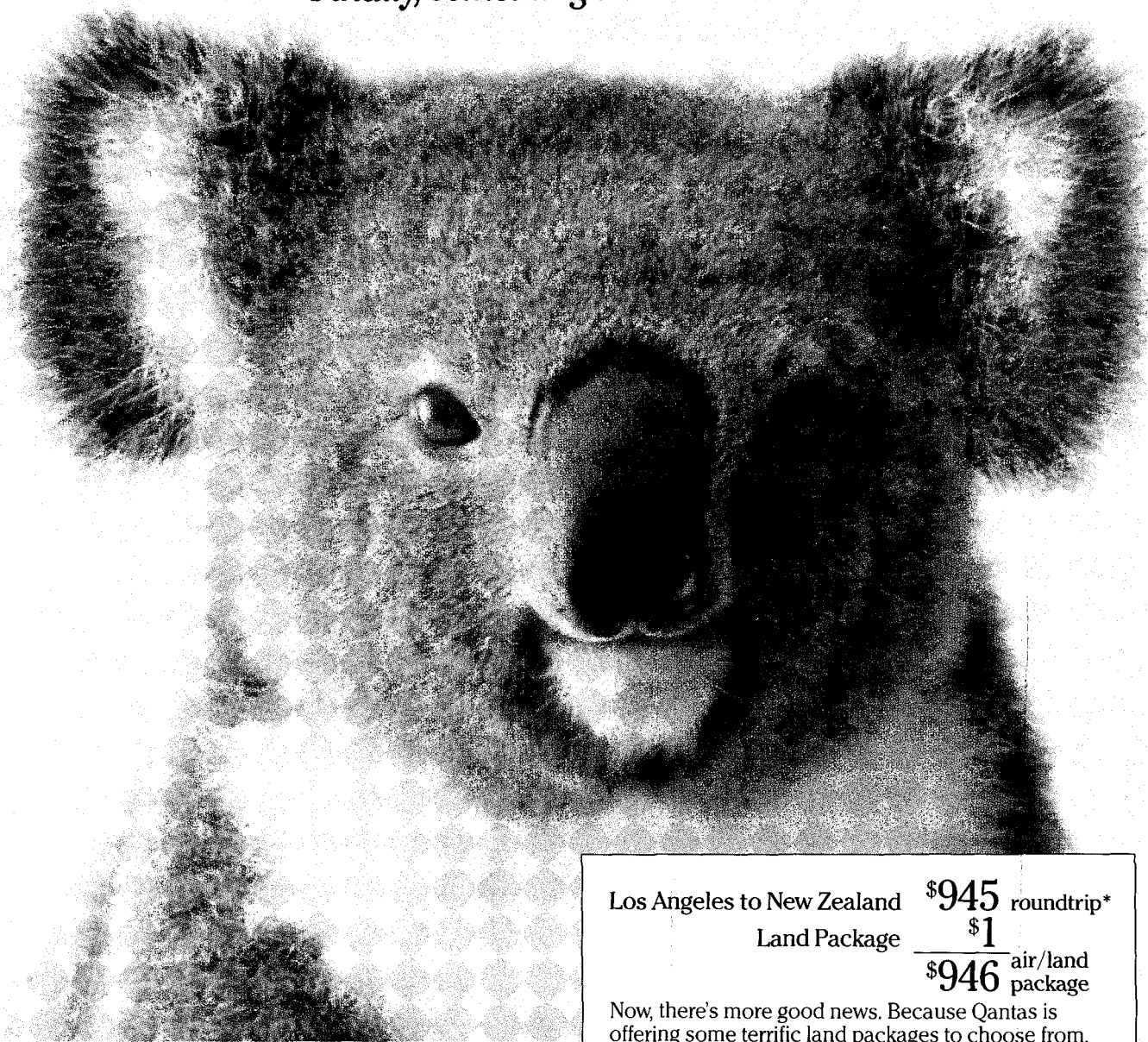
That same summer, the Nez Percé, a Rocky Mountain tribe that had never killed a white man, resisted being sent from their hunting grounds to a small reservation in Idaho, killed some settlers, lost thirty-four people in one battle

with the Army and eighty-nine in another, killed two vacationers in the newly created Yellowstone National Park, and, at the end of August, escaped onto the northern plains. Perhaps because this put them in the vicinity of the Sioux buffalo grounds, perhaps because of Red Cloud's warning, Agents Irwin and Lee withdrew permission for the hunt. The Sioux were disappointed. But right away Lieutenant Clark got the idea of taking Crazy Horse and sixty other Sioux north to fight the Nez Percé. Some of the Sioux, who were still getting used to the idea of never going to war again, found Clark's offer confusing. Touch the Clouds, a seven-foot Miniconjou Sioux from the Spotted Tail Agency and a friend to Crazy Horse, told Clark that he felt like a horse with a bit in its mouth being turned first one direction and then another. Crazy Horse said that he had come in to the agency for peace, and that he had promised not to go out on the warpath anymore, but that if the Great Father wanted him to fight the Nez Percé he would go north and fight until not a Nez Percé was left.

Clark's interpreter at this council

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was a man named Frank Grouard, one of the strange characters of the plains. No one knew for sure whether he really was a Sandwich Islander brought to America by Mormons, as he often claimed. His half sister said that he was the son of an American Fur Company employee named John Brazeau. (John Brazeau, you may remember, was the man hired by Kenneth McKenzie, bourgeois at Fort Union, to shoot a man who had threatened his life.) Grouard had lived with the Sioux. Apparently, Sitting Bull had once saved his life. To his biographer Grouard made many bizarre claims; he said that he had once owned a piece of buckskin which he got from Crazy Horse's father and which detailed the history of the Sioux nation for the past eight hundred years, and that he had also once owned a huge "scalp cape" made from the scalps of the white victims of Sitting Bull, but that both these objects had been destroyed in a fire. He also said that he and Crazy Horse were closer than brothers. ("I never had any use for Grouard," Dr. McGillicuddy said.) For some reason, Grouard mistranslated the end of Crazy Horse's speech to Clark, to the effect that Crazy Horse would go north and fight until not a *white man* was left. At this, Clark became angry, the interpreters began arguing, Grouard walked out, Crazy Horse got fed up, and the council finally fell apart. Crazy Horse did not try to learn what the trouble had been about; even before he came to the agency, he was not much for councils. The rumor that Crazy Horse was going on the warpath caused great excitement at both agencies, and Agent Lee, who managed to get the story straight after talking to Touch the Clouds and others, rode from the Spotted Tail Agency to Fort Robinson to explain to Clark. Lee later wrote that Clark "seemed POSITIVE that there was no mistake."

In the midst of these events, General Crook arrived at Fort Robinson. Clark had conveyed his fears to General Bradley, who had telegraphed General Sheridan, who ordered Crook to look into the situation. All the Indians at the Red Cloud Agency were told to move their camps to a central spot for a big council. Crazy Horse did not want to go to the council. He was afraid that there would be trouble. General Bradley and another man had that afternoon given him presents of a knife and

two cigars in a way that made him nervous. All the Indians at the Crazy Horse camp who wanted to go to the council were told to move from one side of Little Cottonwood Creek to the other. He Dog, a childhood friend of Crazy Horse who lived to be a hundred years old, told the other Crazy Horse Indians, "All who love their wife and children, let them come across the creek with me. All who want their wife and children to be killed by the soldiers, let them stay where they are." Later, in Crazy Horse's tipi, He Dog asked if moving across the creek would make him Crazy Horse's enemy. Crazy Horse laughed in his face and said, "I am no white man! They are the only people that make rules for other people, that say, 'If you stay on one side of this line, it is peace, but if you go on the other side I will kill you all.' I don't hold with deadlines. There is plenty of room; camp where you please."

Soon after, as General Crook and Lieutenant Clark were on their way to the council, a Sioux named Woman Dress came up to their interpreters and said that Crazy Horse planned to kill Crook at the council. Woman Dress told the interpreters that a man named Lone Bear had said that a man named Little Wolf had said that Crazy Horse was going to grab Crook when he shook his hand, and that sixty of his followers would then kill Crook and all the people with him. Crook asked the interpreters—William Garnett and Baptiste Pourier—if Woman Dress was reliable, and Pourier, whose wife was Woman Dress's wife's first cousin, said he was. Crook said, "I never start anyplace but what I like to get there." Clark said the Army had already lost one irreplaceable man in General Custer. Crook asked what excuse he could make. Clark said he'd take care of it.

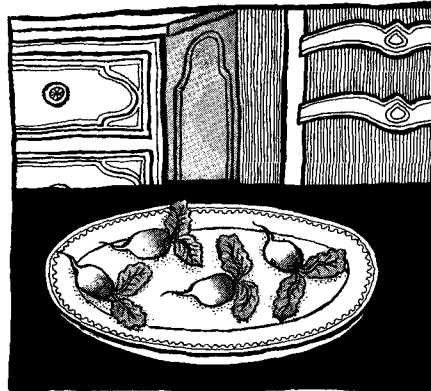
Crook turned back, and Clark sent William Garnett to the council to tell

the Indians that a message had come for Crook and he had to leave. Neither Crazy Horse nor his followers were at the council. Clark also gave Garnett a list of Indians to summon to the fort. Then, in General Bradley's apartments at the fort (Bradley himself being absent), Crook, Clark, Grouard, Pourier, Garnett, and thirteen Sioux, including the chiefs Red Cloud and American Horse, plotted to kill Crazy Horse that night in his camp. Clark offered three hundred dollars and his fast sorrel horse as a reward to the man who did it.

In the conductive atmosphere around the fort, General Bradley immediately found out about the plot. He said that he would not countenance such an attack and ordered Clark to call it off. Crook outranked Bradley, but since Crook's participation in the plot, and the plot itself, was unofficial, Clark obeyed. Crazy Horse found out almost as quickly as Bradley did. He had given his gun and gun case to Red Feather, and so awaited the attack in his camp armed only with a knife.

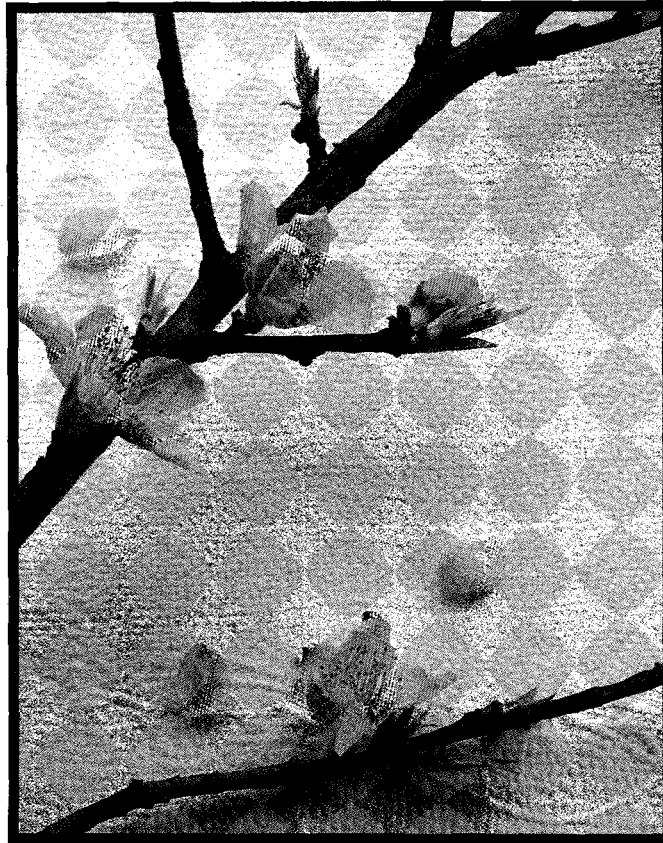
Sometime the same day, Crook gave Bradley orders to capture Crazy Horse, jail him, and send him east under guard on the railroad. Crook then left. Before sunup the next morning, eight companies of cavalry and two hundred and fifty Indian scouts—about eight hundred and fifty men in all—assembled at the fort and then rode in two columns to Crazy Horse's camp to make the arrest. When they got there, they found that Crazy Horse, Black Shawl, and others of his band had left for the Spotted Tail Agency. (Crazy Horse's second wife, the eighteen-year-old Nellie Larrabee, had stayed behind.) Clark offered a reward of two hundred dollars to the man who caught Crazy Horse, and fifteen or twenty Indian scouts rode fast in the direction of Spotted Tail. Crazy Horse and Black Shawl arrived at Spotted Tail in the afternoon, just ahead of their pursuers. The scouts finally caught up and asked Crazy Horse to return with them, and he said, "I am Crazy Horse! Don't touch me! I'm not running away!"

Agent Lee had warned Clark not to let Crazy Horse get away from the Red Cloud Agency, and Clark, who had many spies among the Indians, had said that Crazy Horse couldn't make a move without his knowing. The sudden arrival of Crazy Horse at Spotted Tail struck Agent Lee "like a clap of



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thunder." It also caused near-panic among Crazy Horse's many friends there. In the camp of the Miniconjou—most of whom, like Crazy Horse, had only recently come in to the agency—all three hundred tipis came down in an instant as the people prepared for flight. If more experienced agency Indians hadn't talked them out of it, they and Crazy Horse might have taken off across the prairie, with a new Indian war the likely result.

Instead, a force of three hundred armed Miniconjou then rode with Crazy Horse to the office of the post commander. Crazy Horse had come to the Spotted Tail Agency to get away from the danger and intrigue at Red Cloud, and he wanted permission to stay. At the post's parade ground, they were met by an equal number of armed Brulé Sioux loyal to their chief, Spotted Tail. Before this multitude, an Indian named Buffalo Chips called Crazy Horse a coward and demanded that the authorities hang him in Crazy Horse's place. The commanding officer laughed, and said, "We don't want to hang you. We don't want to hang anybody." Then Spotted Tail made a speech to Crazy Horse about how peaceful this place was and how great the power of Spotted Tail. He concluded, "If you stay here, you must listen to me! That is all!" Crazy Horse then went in the office and met with Agent Lee. "He seemed like a frightened, trembling wild animal brought to bay," Lee said later.

By messenger, Clark had asked Lee to have Crazy Horse arrested when he arrived. Saying nothing about the arrest order, Lee told Crazy Horse that he must return to Fort Robinson to talk with General Bradley. Crazy Horse was ready to agree to anything at that point. Lee told Crazy Horse to come back at nine the next morning to leave for Fort Robinson, and the post commander made Touch the Clouds responsible for his safekeeping during the night.

Black Shawl was sick with a swollen arm, and Crazy Horse left her in the care of her mother, who was camped with Spotted Tail's band. When he met Lee the next morning at nine, he said he had changed his mind about going back. He said he was "afraid something would happen." Lee said that no one would hurt him, that he owed it to his band at Red Cloud, and

that he should return peaceably. Crazy Horse finally agreed to go if Lee accompanied him on the journey. He also asked that neither of them take arms, that he be allowed to explain the interpreter's mistake to Bradley, and that he be transferred to Spotted Tail. Lee promised everything except the transfer, and they and an interpreter set out with an escort of Indians—some friends to Crazy Horse, some not. Lee asked him to ride in the ambulance (a closed wagon for carrying troops), but Crazy Horse said he preferred to ride horseback. He said riding in the ambulance made him sick. By the time they were about halfway, over forty Indian scouts from Spotted Tail had joined them. Crazy Horse may have



realized then that he was a prisoner. At one point, he suddenly galloped away over a ridge, and in the next valley met an Indian family. He stopped and talked with them, and they may have given him a knife. The Spotted Tail scouts quickly overtook him. Lee then told him to stay behind the ambulance. The rest of the way, Crazy Horse was closely watched, and seemed "nervous and bewildered," Lee said.

When they reached Fort Robinson, Lee left Crazy Horse in the adjutant's office and went to ask General Bradley that Crazy Horse be allowed to speak to him. Lee and his interpreter were afraid that when Crazy Horse was jailed the Crazy Horse Indians would kill them for bringing Crazy Horse here. On the parade ground, Lee met Dr. McGillycuddy and said, "I'm not going to be made a goat of in this affair." But General Bradley told Lee that Crazy Horse must be locked up, and that not even General Crook himself could change the order. Bradley knew, because he had wired Crook asking to have the order revoked before Crazy Horse arrived. Crazy Horse's fate had been decided by someone farther up. According to the *Times*, "it was the intention of General Sheridan to send him to the Dry Tortugas and keep him there." The Dry Tortugas are a small atoll in the Gulf of Mexico about seventy miles due west of Key West, Florida. The Army had a fort and a prison there, with cells that were holes dug in the coral with bars across the top.

Agent Lee came back and told Crazy Horse that it was too late in the day for General Bradley to talk to him. He said

that he would have a chance to talk tomorrow. Then he repeated the only order that Bradley had given: Crazy Horse was to go with the officer of the day, and "not a hair of his head should be harmed." Crazy Horse's face lighted up at this, and he warmly shook the hand of the officer of the day, Captain Kennington. Little Big Man, an old friend who had ridden next to Crazy Horse at the surrender, walked by his side. Agent Lee then went to join his wife, who was staying with friends at the post.

Frank Grouard, the interpreter who had helped create this mess, watched as Crazy Horse crossed from the adjutant's office to the jail. "I could tell by the way he walked into the guardhouse that he did not know that he was to be placed in confinement," Grouard said later. Noticing Dr. McGillycuddy, Crazy Horse half nodded. In front of the guardhouse, a sentry was marching up and down. Crazy Horse, Captain Kennington, Little Big Man, and several Indians passed the sentry and went through the door. Crazy Horse had never seen the inside of a jail before. When the Indians with him saw the bars, several shouted "It's the jail!" and came running out. From under his blanket Crazy Horse drew a knife and began slashing back and forth in an attempt to get out. As he came through the door, his friend Little Big Man pinned his arms behind him. Crazy Horse cut Little Big Man across the base of the thumb and the base of the forefinger, and tried to stab Kennington. Little Big Man began to howl, an eyewitness said, "as though he was half killed." Hundreds of Indians on horseback and on foot were now all around the outside of the jail. They were yelling. Some were trying to grab Crazy Horse. The leg irons of the white prisoners inside were clattering. Kennington was shouting, "Stab, the son of a bitch! Kill him! Kill him!" The sentry, possibly a forty-seven-year-old private from County Tyrone, Ireland, named William Gentles, unshouldered his rifle and stabbed Crazy Horse twice through the abdomen with his bayonet. A third thrust missed and stuck in the doorsill. Crazy Horse turned completely around on his left foot and fell over backward. He said, "He has killed me now."

A guard of twenty soldiers made a ring around Crazy Horse. His father was one of the first to get to him. "I felt

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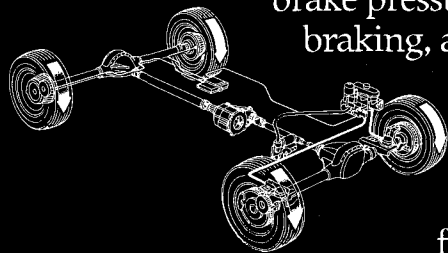
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awful sorry for the old man, for he loved that son," a member of the guard said later. On either side, pro- and anti-Crazy Horse Indians shouted and sang war chants, "bending and swaying like crouched tigers ready to spring at each other's throats," according to one eyewitness. The sound of shells being chambered and hammers being cocked was everywhere. Another member of the guard later said that it was lucky Crazy Horse was stabbed, and not shot, because a single shot would certainly have started a fight. Dr. McGillicuddy said, "I wedged my way in between the guard and found Crazy Horse on his back, grinding his teeth and frothing at the mouth, blood trickling from a bayonet wound above the hip, and the pulse weak and missing beats, and I saw that he was done for." Captain Kennington tried to lift Crazy Horse by the shoulders and return him to the guardhouse. Unanimously, the Indians stopped him.

Touch the Clouds, Crazy Horse's seven-foot Miniconjou friend, asked that Crazy Horse be allowed to die in an Indian lodge. Dr. McGillicuddy carried the request to General Bradley, adding that violence might result from putting Crazy Horse in the jail. Bradley said, "Please give my compliments to the officer of the day, and he is to carry out his original orders, and put Crazy Horse in the guardhouse." Dr. McGillicuddy relayed this to Kennington, who tried again. American Horse, who had recently conspired against Crazy Horse's life, protested that Crazy Horse was a chief and could not be put in prison. Dr. McGillicuddy returned to Bradley and told him it would be death to try a third time. Bradley finally agreed to compromise and allow Crazy Horse to be taken to the adjutant's office, a small room with a desk, a kerosene lamp, and a cot. Several Indians carried him in a blanket and set him on the floor. He refused to lie on the cot.

It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon. Dr. McGillicuddy gave him a shot of morphine. Also present in the adjutant's office were Captain Kennington, another officer, an interpreter, Touch the Clouds, and Crazy Horse's father. All other Indians were ordered to leave the fort by sunset. The only light in the adjutant's office came from the kerosene lamp, which smoked. About ten o'clock in the evening, Crazy Horse asked to see Agent

Lee. Still thinking that he might be killed, Lee looked at his wife for advice. She nodded yes. Over the protest of their friends, he went. Crazy Horse told Lee that he did not blame him. The first shot of morphine wore off, and Dr. McGillicuddy gave him another. Crazy Horse said that his people preferred hunting buffalo to living at the agencies, that they fought the soldiers because they were attacked, that he only wanted to be let alone, that he had come here just to talk. He was conscious and unconscious again. His father said, "Son, I am here." Crazy Horse said, "Father, it is no use to depend upon me. I am going to die." His father and Touch the Clouds both cried. Crazy Horse tossed back and forth. At eleven-thirty, after a final struggle, he died. Touch the Clouds went over to the body lying on the floor and pulled the blanket over his face. He pointed to the blanket and said, "That is the lodge of Crazy Horse." Then he said, "The chief has gone above."

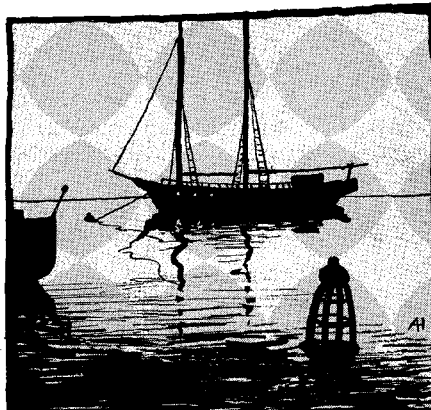
Almost instantly, news of the death spread to the Indian camps. The sleepless people at the fort, and the eight-hundred-man garrison, which had been ordered to stay on the alert all night, heard the death wail rise all at once from the darkness for miles around. Frank Grouard, William Garnett, and another interpreter went to wake Lieutenant Clark, who had asked to be told if anything happened during the night. Clark was sleeping so soundly that they had to take him by the arms and legs and swing him; Garnett suspected he had taken something to make him sleep. When Clark heard the news, he said, "You go to bed. You are all played out. You are all afraid of him." Garnett answered that the soldiers were all afraid of him. In his diary, Agent Lee wrote the next day, "My part in this transaction is to me a source of torture." He also wrote

that when he talked to General Bradley, "He did most of the talking. I felt so miserable that I could scarcely say anything. . . ." Lieutenant Clark filed an official report saying that in the opinion of the physicians Crazy Horse must have stabbed himself with his own knife—an opinion that Dr. McGillicuddy, for one, certainly did not hold. The report filed by General Bradley gave a similar impression. No one ever received the two-hundred-dollar reward offered for Crazy Horse's capture; the Army ruled that Crazy Horse had not been captured.

Later that fall, the Army started moving the Sioux east to the Missouri, and finally got them there the following spring. After a couple of months, the Sioux turned around and came back west without permission. The Spotted Tail people stopped at what is now the Rosebud Reservation, and the Red Cloud people stopped at what is now the Pine Ridge Reservation. Private William Gentles died that following year of asthma. When he was dead, the Army may have found it convenient to name him as the man who stabbed Crazy Horse, in order to draw attention from someone else. Dr. McGillicuddy became Indian agent at Pine Ridge, and began a long series of feuds with Chief Red Cloud. A man named Crow Dog shot and killed Chief Spotted Tail to advance his own political career, and served four years in jail for the crime. Nellie Larrabee was remarried, to a man named Greasing Hand, who then took the name Crazy Horse. Black Shawl never remarried, and lived until the late nineteen-twenties. Sherman turned down several chances to run for President. Lieutenant Clark died suddenly in Washington, D.C., in 1884; he was thirty-nine.

Nine or ten years after Crazy Horse was killed, the interpreter William Garnett found out that Woman Dress had lied about Crazy Horse's supposed plan to kill General Crook at the council. Baptiste Pourier found out, too, and he told Woman Dress, "You are a liar and you are the cause of a good man's death." To this accusation "Woman Dress said not a word," according to Garnett. When Garnett ran into Crook in 1889, he passed this along. "I ought to have gone to that council and I should not have listened to Clark," Crook said. "I never started anywhere but I got there."

Wailing, Crazy Horse's parents took



his body by travois from the adjutant's office all the way back to the Spotted Tail Agency, the place he had hoped to move. There they put it on a platform on a hill within sight of the post. They remained beside the grave for three days straight. Agent Lee's wife made up a basket of "good food and a bottle of hot coffee," and Lee took it up to them. He also brought a carpenter and some posts and rough planks, and built a fence to keep the wolves away. Later, Crazy Horse's body was moved. Some people say he was placed in a crevice in a bluff and buried with a rockslide. The list of his alleged burial sites is long. Because he possibly said that his bones would turn to rock and his joints to flint, Indian boys used to search the hills for his petrified remains. No one knows for sure where Crazy Horse's bones lie.

IN the Black Hills, near the town of Custer, South Dakota, sculptors are carving a statue of Crazy Horse from a six-hundred-foot-high mountain of granite. The rock, called Thunderhead Mountain, is near Mount Rushmore. The man who began the statue

was a Boston-born sculptor named Korczak Ziolkowski, and he became inspired after receiving a letter from Henry Standing Bear, a Sioux chief, in 1939. Standing Bear asked Ziolkowski if he would be interested in carving a memorial to Crazy Horse as a way of honoring heroes of the Indian people. The idea so appealed to Ziolkowski that he decided to make the largest statue in the world: Crazy Horse, on horseback, with his left arm outstretched and pointing. From Crazy Horse's shoulder to the tip of his index finger would be two hundred and sixty-three feet. A forty-four-foot stone feather would rise above his head. Ziolkowski worked on the statue from 1947 until his death, in 1982. As the project progressed, he added an Indian museum and a university and a medical school for Indians to his plans for the grounds around the statue. Since his death, his wife and children have carried on the work.

The Black Hills, long sacred to the Sioux and the Cheyenne, are now filled with T-shirt stores, reptile gardens, talking wood carvings, gravity-mystery areas ("See and feel COSMOS—the

only gravity mystery area that is family approved"). Before I went there, I thought the Crazy Horse monument would be just another attraction. But it is wonderful. Ziolkowski, in all his years of blasting, bulldozing, and chipping, removed over eight million tons of rock. You can just begin to tell. There is a rough outline of the planned sculpture on the mountain, and parts of the arm and the rider's head are beginning to emerge. The rest of the figure still waits within Thunderhead Mountain—Ziolkowski's descendants will doubtless be working away in the year 2150. This makes of the statue in its present state an unusual attraction, one that draws a million visitors annually: it is a ruin, only in reverse. Instead of looking at it and imagining what it used to be, people stand at the observation deck and say, "Boy, that's really going to be great someday." The gift shop is extensive and prosperous; buses with "Crazy Horse" in the destination window bring tourists from nearby Rapid City; Indian chants play on speakers in the Indian museum; Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, local residents, and American Indians get in free. The

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Crazy Horse monument is the one place on the plains where I saw lots of Indians smiling.

Korczak Ziolkowski is not the only person ever to feel strong emotion at the thought of Crazy Horse. Some, both Indian and non-Indian, regard him with a reverence that borders on the holy. Many others do not get the point at all. George Hyde, who has written perhaps the best books about the Western Sioux, says of the admirers of Crazy Horse, "They depict Crazy Horse as the kind of being never seen on earth: a genius in war, yet a lover of peace; a statesman, who apparently never thought of the interests of any human being outside his own camp; a dreamer, a mystic, and a kind of Sioux Christ, who was betrayed in the end by his own disciples—Little Big Man, Touch the Clouds . . . and the rest. One is inclined to ask, what is it all about?"

Personally, I love Crazy Horse because even the most basic outline of his life shows how great he was; because he remained himself from the moment of his birth to the moment he died; because he knew exactly where he wanted to live, and never left; because he may have surrendered, but he was never defeated in battle; because, although he was killed, even the Army admitted he was never captured; because he was so free that he didn't know what a jail looked like; because at the most desperate moment of his life he only cut Little Big Man on the hand; because, unlike many people all over the world, when he met white men he was not diminished by the encounter; because his dislike of the oncoming civilization was prophetic; because the idea of becoming a farmer apparently never crossed his mind; because he didn't end up in the Dry Tortugas; because he never met the President; because he never rode on a train, slept in a boarding house, ate at a table; because he never wore a medal or a top hat or any other thing that white men gave him; because he made sure that his wife was safe before going to where he expected to die; because, although Indian agents, among themselves, sometimes referred to Red Cloud as Red and Spotted Tail as Spot, they never used a diminutive for him; because, deprived of freedom, power, occupation, culture, trapped in a situation where bravery was invisible, he was still brave; because he fought in

self-defense, and took no one with him when he died; because, like the rings of Saturn, the carbon atom, and the underwater reef, he belonged to a category of phenomena that our technology had not then advanced far enough to photograph; because no photograph or painting or even sketch of him exists; because he is not the Indian on the nickel, the tobacco pouch, or the apple crate. Crazy Horse was a slim man of medium height with brown hair hanging beneath his waist and a scar above his lip. Now, in the mind of everyone who imagines him, he looks different.

I believe that when Crazy Horse was killed something more than a man's life was snuffed out. Once, America's size in the imagination was limitless. After Europeans settled and changed it, working from the coasts inland, its size in the imagination shrank. Like the center of a dying fire, the Great Plains held that original vision longest. Just as people finally came to the Great Plains and changed them, so they came to where Crazy Horse lived and killed him. Crazy Horse had the misfortune to live in a place that existed both in reality and in the dreams of people far away; he managed to leave both the real and the imaginary place unbetrayed. What I return to most often when I think of Crazy Horse is the fact that in the adjutant's office he refused to lie on the cot. Mortally wounded, frothing at the mouth, grinding his teeth in pain, he chose the floor instead. What a distance there is between that cot and the floor! On the cot, he would have been, in some sense, "ours": an object of pity, an accident victim, "the noble red man, the last of his race." But on the floor Crazy Horse was Crazy Horse still. On the floor, he began to hurt as the morphine wore off. On the floor, he remembered Agent Lee, summoned him, forgave him. On the floor, unable

to rise, he was guarded by soldiers even then. On the floor, he said goodbye to his father and Touch the Clouds, the last of the thousands who once followed him. And on the floor, still as far from white men as the limitless continent they once dreamed of, he died. Touch the Clouds pulled the blanket over his face: "That is the lodge of Crazy Horse." Lying where he chose, Crazy Horse showed the rest of us where we are standing. With his body he demonstrated that the floor of an Army office was part of the land, and that the land was still his.

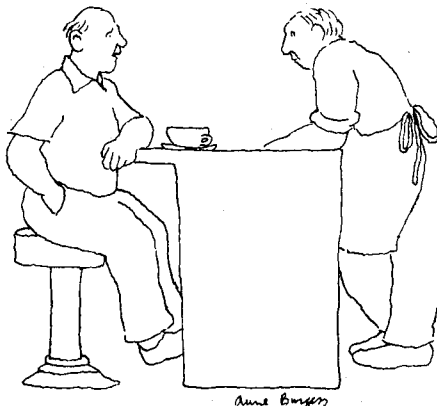
Crazy Horse was my gran'father!

NOTES from a six-thousand-mile ramble on the plains:

Stopped to fish on Blackfeet Indian Reservation. Couldn't find lake at first—drove past the turnout. Went back and saw little hand-lettered sign: "Mission Lake." Long way down dirt road. Wind at my back so strong that my dust trail was actually in front of me. My van full of dust—dust gritting between my back teeth. Parked, set up fly rod, put on waders. Whitecaps on lake. Waded in—whitecaps splashing against me. Hard to cast. Two Indians appeared on bank carrying two shopping bags. They took out Bud tallboys, opened them, took out hand line wrapped around empty beer can, started whirling the line bolo-style, casting into lake. One Indian walked over to where I was, asked, "What're you using?" I said, "Well, right now I've got on a weighted hare's ear nymph in size twelve tied with olive dubbing instead of brown and a little gold ribbing around the body. What're you using?" He said, "Leeches."

Caught nothing—no strikes. Gave up. Back on the highway, truck in front of me missed gear, stopped suddenly on incline. I hit brakes, said, "Jesus Christ!" Stopped close enough to read his bumper sticker, which said, "WE ARE ONE IN THE SPIRIT."

Stayed in the Bell Motel, in Glasgow, Montana. Ate at a restaurant called Sam's Supper Club: two cold Rainier beers in bottle, relish tray (hot peppers, celery), prime rib (fatty and excellent), potatoes in a cheddar-cheese sauce with chives, homemade maple-walnut ice cream for dessert. Wind blowing grit into the intersections in waves. Trains behind the motel at night. Horrible yellow European Bathing Gel in motel shower.



Next day, drove to Fort Union. Ranger leading tourists around the fort site. One woman tourist to another: "I had so many clothes in my closet I broke the closet rods!" Group standing around the ranger half attentive, dreamy. Girl in peach shorts and a white top raised a baby to her shoulders and held him there, white arms in a classical pose.

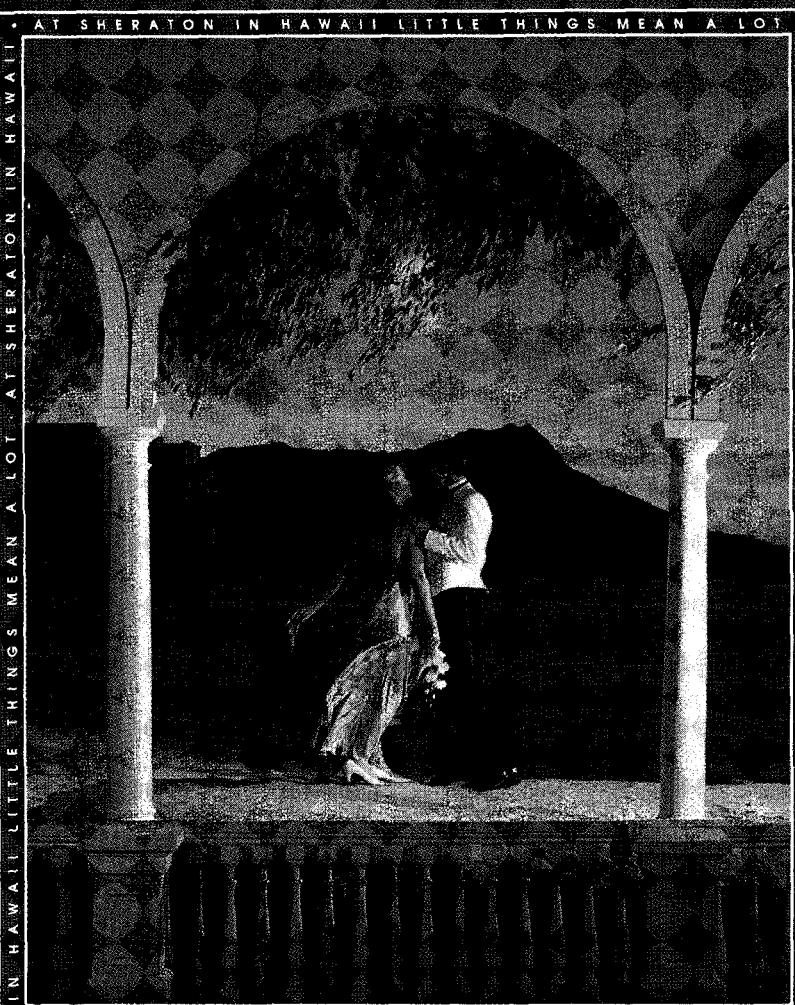
Sat in park overlooking Missouri-Yellowstone confluence a long time and thought. Wind whipping across sandbar on opposite shore, sand blowing across water. Pelicans (!) flying in a roller-coaster formation over water. Lone deer grazing across the Missouri, very red in setting sun. I clapped hands; a second later, hearing me, he looked up. Ate sandwich. Prairie dog pestering me.

Left after sunset, intending to camp in Teddy Roosevelt Park, since camping at Yellowstone-Mo. not allowed. Crossed bridge over Mo., one-lane railroad bridge with boards for cars to drive on alongside rails. Van's wheels trolleying. Buttes lit up by sun, about the height of a cruise ship, blue sky and mare's tail clouds above. Soon after bridge, came upon oil-drilling rig in full operation, nine-thirty at night. It was tall and lit with bars of fluorescent light to top. They were pulling pipe from well. Foreman had the kind of whistle that people who can really do it are born with and have been showing off since grade school. Piercing, piercing whistling rasping through teeth, could easily be heard over engine. Two, three guys would hook cable to end of pipe, foreman would whistle, cable would pull pipe up, men disconnect section, whistle, move section, whistle, section deposited with other sections in huge rack on rig. Then pull next section. Men working hard—absorbed, mobile. Clouds of diesel smoke blowing back from engine's stack over all the men in the wind.

Campsite unfindable in dark. Drove up and down same road five times. No light anywhere but my headlights. Finally pulled over, slept. Kept parking lights on. Every half hour or so, a car would go by singing like a sewing machine. Next morning, woke and saw campsite across road.

Bright sun. Cottonwoods just starting yellow in the valley of Beaver River west of Wibaux, Montana. Wibaux once greatest primary shipping point for livestock in West. Population

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now: 740. Everywhere, wheat fields. Coming over rise on dirt road near Beach, N.D.—all you'd need to paint landscape would be gold for wheat and blue for sky. Strips of summer fallow stencilled on the side of a butte all the way to the caprock. From a car, summer-fallow strips on rolling earth wave like stripes on a flag.

Badlands along Little Missouri River. Land cut vertically as many ways, in as many shapes, as erosion can cut it. North Dakota State Highway 22—a road so straight and empty I set a book on the steering wheel and read. Bear Butte State Park, South Dakota: Crazy Horse born near here. The Black Hills: winding roads, motor homes, smell of gift-shop candles. Eastern Wyoming. Grass long and mused by wind. Clear water in creeks. Horsehead oil pumps pumping. Storm clouds piling up against Black Hills to east. Searchlight beams of sun coming through holes in clouds. Above the plain, a perfect double rainbow. Sign on bridge: "BEAVER CREEK." This is where Crazy Horse wanted his agency to be.

I TALKED to:

Gas-station attendants. Whenever I stopped for gas, I always asked the name of the local high-school team. I never found a person working in a gas station, a convenience store, or a truck stop who didn't know. In Deer Lodge, Montana, the team is called the Wardens; Deer Lodge is the home of the state prison. In Havre, Montana, the team is the Havre Blue Ponies. In Newcastle, Wyoming, it's the Newcastle Dogies. In Brush, Colorado, it's the Brush Beet Diggers. Beaver, Oklahoma, has the Dusters; Oakley, Kansas, the Plainsmen; McCamey, Texas, the Badgers; Matador, Texas, the Matadors. Colby, Kansas; Eads, Colorado; Hondo, New Mexico; and Pecos, Texas, all call themselves the Eagles. Chappell, Nebraska; Rush, Colorado; and Chugwater, Wyoming, all are the Buffalos. At a gas station near an Indian reservation in Montana, a white gas-station attendant told me that Indian basketball teams are easy to beat. He said all you have to do is punch one guy and then the whole team will attack you and get kicked out of the game.

A Hunkpapa Sioux woman named Doreet. I picked her up hitchhiking

with another woman and two men. Doreet sat in the front seat and told me that her brother had recently found a stone serpent head while diving in the river, that she had a young son named Eagle on His Journey, that a medicine man had predicted that Journey (his nickname) would be born either retarded or dead, that the medicine man had been wrong. In the back, Jason, Derek, and—I didn't get the other woman's name—talked in Sioux and sometimes asked me questions like, "So, bro, what do you think of the Sioux people?" Of a nearby butte Doreet said, "That's Devil Butte. High-school kids go up there and try to arrange these white rocks to spell out their initials, but by morning the rocks always rearrange themselves into the shape of a devil's head." Doreet was big, pretty, with scars up both arms. She was wearing a Cornell T-shirt. I asked her, "Did you go to Cornell?" She said, "Where's that?" I pointed to the name on her shirt. She said, "Oh, probably—I've been all over the country."

Two young guys named John and Tom. They gave me a ride to the site of Sitting Bull's cabin in Tom's red four-wheel custom de-luxe Dodge pickup. (I had been to the site before, but I wanted to go back, to make sure the trees over the monument were actually bur oaks.) It was pouring rain. As I looked for the turnoff, my van slid off the road. John and Tom drove up, regarded me in silence, helped me get unstuck, and told me they'd take me to Sitting Bull for some money. I got in

their truck. I asked them what they were doing out here.

John: "Drinkin' and driving around."

Tom: "Nothin' else to do when it rains like this."

J.: "What do you want to go back there for, anyway? It ain't that much different from anyplace else."

T.: "We take people to Sittin' Bull all the time. People like you, come back here in their two-wheel-drives, get stuck—"

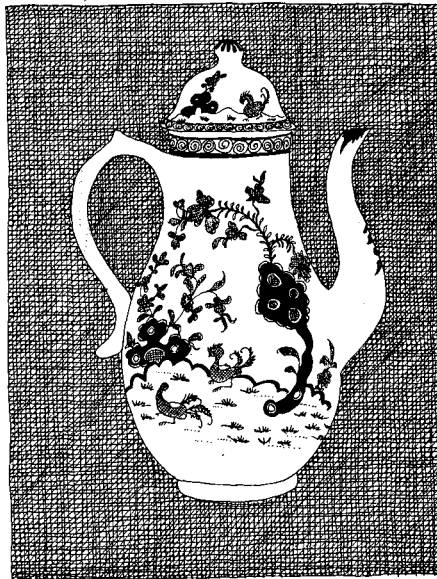
J.: "Indians down in Bullhead give 'em directions, don't say nothin' 'bout gettin' stuck."

T.: "Indians don't care about gettin' stuck. They got nothin' to do anyway. Government pays 'em just to lay around."

J.: "Last winter, some guy in a Cadillac all the way from California gave us a hundred dollars to take him to Sittin' Bull. Snowdrifts were ten feet deep. He just wanted to see it, take a picture."

T.: "We make a lot of party money takin' people out to Sittin' Bull."

The floor of the truck was shin-deep in beer cans. They finished the twelve-pack, pushed the box out the window. The truck roared and ripped down the last descent to the river valley. The front wheels threw fist-size pieces of prairie through the windows. John and Tom rolled the windows up. In some parts of the flatland along the river, water came above the wheel wells. Grasses waved in the wake the truck left. "This ain't tough—not for my pickup," Tom said. We sped right up to the Sitting Bull monument, I hopped out, walked over, plucked a leaf from the bur oak above it.



My old friend George Scott. He is a rancher who lives southwest of Casper, Wyoming. George and I became friends in college. In the riots in the spring of 1970, he and I ran from the cops together, and later went to the Red Cross first-aid station and pretended to have been teargassed, so that the beautiful hippie-girl volunteers would bathe our eyes with cool compresses. Summer, 1970, I worked as a hand on his family's fourteen-thousand-acre ranch. Today, George is married and has two children. With his older brother, Charlie, he runs a second, much larger ranch, which his family bought in 1971. George is tall,

red-haired, freckled, with deep squint lines at the outside corners of his blue eyes. He drinks six or seven Pepsis a day. All the men in his family stick their tongues out to one side and bite them when they concentrate, like boys building models in old-time illustrations.

I spent four nights sleeping in my van in George's driveway. His driveway is long, dirt, with ruts that keep redefining themselves to one side or the other. After leaving his house, it passes his brother Charlie's house, the bunkhouse, other houses, an equipment barn, a horse barn, and a long, low cow barn with a green roof. Alongside the driveway are tractors, pickups, a three-wheel motorcycle with a shovel strapped across the back, tanks of gas and diesel for ranch vehicles, bent pieces of irrigation pipe that somebody ran over by mistake, horse trailers, kids' bikes, stray hay bales, sleeping or running dogs, and an old shepherders' wagon, which looks like a mini covered wagon. Beyond George's house, the driveway crosses an irrigation ditch and heads off into fields of alfalfa and Sudan grass. Nights I spent there were quiet except when I bumped the inside of my van in my sleep and started the dogs barking.

George's wife, Milcey, made us breakfast at six, and he and I were usually off driving somewhere by seven. The ranch's homeplace is the capital of tens of thousands of acres stretching in a patchwork for more than fifty miles. We drove through pastures big enough to have their own rainfall pattern. Along a straightaway, a coyote raced the truck, his tongue flapping beside him like a tie. I saw a golden eagle the size of a building ornament sitting in a field doing nothing. Across the plain, a herd of antelope ran, and then pivoted all at once like a school of fish. A single antelope stood in the line of shadow of a telephone pole. George did a lot of work through small bird-watching binoculars. He would drive to a ridge, look for cattle, drive to another ridge, look



"I want you two to meet some people who just bought a fabulous five-story brownstone with a garden in Troy, New York."

again. Near a cabin where a hay hand named Eggleston killed himself one winter, we stopped and fished for brook trout in the Little Medicine Bow River. The spot was so ancient that I wondered what its name had been eight thousand years ago. The windowsills of the cabin were piled up to the second pane with worked pieces of stone—choppers, grinders, scrapers, points—that had been found around there. Then George drove to a place where he wanted to build a three-hundred-yard fence to keep cattle from drifting, and met with an agent of the Bureau of Land Management, who had to O.K. the fence before it was built; like a lot of rangeland, this pasture is on long-term lease from the federal government. George wanted to build a four-strand fence, but the B.L.M. would allow only a three-strand fence, because a B.L.M. biologist had ruled that this land was primary antelope habitat, and four-strand was too liable to cut antelope up. At the side of the road, leaning against their vehicles, George and the B.L.M. agent discussed this, and also maybe ten other topics. The sun rose higher and crossed their faces. George applied and reapplied chapstick to his lips. Lip cancer is something ranchers worry about.

Another day, George rounded up some yearling calves for sale. He told me he had a wild horse for me to ride at the roundup. I said, "That's just fine—I've stomped down many a bronc in my day!" Russell Brown, George's nineteen-year-old top hand, laughed. We went to the corral and caught and saddled the horses. I wasn't much help. The horses did not want to get in the trailer. Russell mounted his horse, rode off, and rode back at full gallop toward the trailer. At the last second, he jumped from the saddle and swung onto the trailer roof as the horse went in. The others followed easily after that. George's kids, Jessica and Chris, rode along in the back seat of George's crew-cab Ford pickup. Chris: "Dad, Jessie keeps repeating my words!" The truck was working hard to pull the loaded trailer up hills. Suddenly—*whomp!*—the radiator hose blew. All the coolant hit the engine block in a tumult of steam. We got out and ate our bologna sandwiches on white bread and drank our Pepsis by the side of the road while George called Milcey on the radio. The wind blew so hard the bread got stale in our hands. Then we listened to oil-rig workers placing nervous requests over the radio for Oil Sorb, a product used to soak up oil

spills. Milcey came with a new radiator hose and jugs of coolant. Soon we drove on.

George and Russell were talking about a whiteface yearling that had run off earlier in the summer. They hadn't seen him in two months, but they'd heard from a neighbor that he was in the vicinity. As we came over a rise, in the road ahead was a whiteface calf. "That can't be him," George said. He took out his binoculars and read the number of the calf's ear tag. "I don't believe it!" Russell and George opened the horse trailer, took out their horses, unlimbered their ropes. Whiteface stood in the road with a dawning sense of dread, then turned and ran. George and Russell took off like a drag race. The calf dodged, cut back; George threw his loop, missed; Russell came whipping through sagebrush, threw, stopped short, the rope twanged, the calf's hind feet flew up in the air. The roped calf was up instantly, bawling hoarsely, shaking his head. George rode over and roped him. It took two horses to move him, stiff-legged, crow-hopping, bellowing, to the trailer. Russell held him while George backed the trailer up to the side of a bank so the calf could walk in. They maneuvered the calf to the door. George undid the rope from his saddle horn, and the calf dodged around the other side of the trailer and pulled Russell's horse up against it. George grabbed the calf and Russell undid his rope. The calf bellowed, bucked, kicked the outside of the trailer. George had him by the head, then he only had him by the foot, then the calf was loose and running across the prairie, this time trailing two ropes. Russell borrowed Jessica's rope and chased him again. After another big struggle, the calf was in the trailer. He stood there panting, eyes crazed.

We reached the place for the roundup and unloaded the horses. Russell and George were instantly gliding up this hill and that, collecting little black specks of cattle into a bigger and bigger mass. Jessica, Chris, and I rode along the creek bed looking for strays. My horse did nothing I wanted. Finally, I went back to the corral and got off and left him as if he were a car. George and Russell brought the yearling herd and its cloud of dust into the corral. Later, two cattle trucks came, and the drivers put brown coveralls over their regular clothes and hazed

the yearlings into the trucks. The drivers poked with cattle prods and shouted, "*On the bus! Git on the bus!*" Then all the yearlings, including the whiteface that almost got away, were taken to Torrington, Wyoming, and sold at auction to a feedlot for sixty-five cents a pound.

Another morning, stopping the truck occasionally for me to get out and open fence gates, George said, "The cattle in this field are our best herd. We've been trying for a long time to come up with a way to select our best cows and put them in a pasture with our best bulls, and this bunch Charlie finally selected with a new computer program he wrote. We've got two computers on the ranch. I hardly do anything with them, but Charlie spent three hours every morning—he got up at five—and then he'd work two or three hours every night, and he finally came up with a program that would tell us which cows produced the best calves. Each of these cows has her own computer card. The software companies sell several different ranch programs, but none of them really do what we wanted. We think the program Charlie wrote is better than any you can buy. See, the commercial programs all rate calves in terms of weaning weight—that's the calf's weight at about six months. But we wanted a program that used weight gain per month instead. That's what's important in a calf—how fast he puts on weight, rather than how much he weighs at any one time. Our ranch is a cow-calf operation. Most cattle ranches in Wyoming are. We raise one- or two-year-old calves for sale to feedlots, which fatten them up to market weight. What's really hurt the beef-cattle industry is this recent idea that red meat is bad for you. I agree, actually, that corn-fed feedlot beef has too much fat, and I wouldn't be surprised if it caused some of that stuff

they say it does. But that's just a result of the feedlot system in this country, along with the fact that people nowadays want meat so tender you don't have to chew it. That type of meat is not what beef is, really. We eat a cow of ours about every other month, and it's not tender. Grass-fed beef is good, but it's tough. Charlie wants to start a campaign to get people to eat grass-fed beef as a health food. It's got all the protein, but the cattle haven't been eating antibiotics, and the meat isn't fat. That's the kind of project Charlie likes to work on—that, and computers, and irrigation systems, and machinery. He does that, and I work with cattle. I like beating on things and making them do what I want."

We turned down a fence line through high sagebrush. The truck drove over bushes as high as the hood, and the smell of crushed sage rose. Suddenly there was another smell, very strong. George hit the brakes. "What was that?" We got out. Right next to the fence was a dead calf. Its lip was up off its teeth, and its side was a metropolis of maggots. George bent over and noted the number of the calf's ear tag in a green notebook. Then he got back in the truck. He said, "One fact you learn in ranching is that things have a tendency to die."

OTHER people:

A guy working in a wheat-storage yard in Limon, Colorado. He was standing in the doorway of a warehouse with wheat spilling out around his ankles. Above him, wheat poured from a long pipe-on-wheels into the back of a grain truck. I watched him work for a while. Then I asked him what the pipe-on-wheels was called. He said, "A grain auger." He chinned himself on the side of the truck and looked in to see how full it was. He told me, "A grain auger is like a conveyor, only it uses a screw instead of a belt. We're moving wheat from this warehouse to that elevator. We just loaded out all the wheat in that elevator. That'n holds two hundred and eighty thousand bushels. This warehouse holds two hundred and fifty thousand. Right now, wheat is two dollars and sixty cents a bushel. So in here we got between half and three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of wheat. This is hard red No. 1 wheat. This'll go to a bakery. Some of this wheat is five years old, some is six years old, some is



eight years old. Some is even older—Russian-grain-embargo wheat that we didn't sell to Russia back when Carter was President. If you watch it carefully, wheat will keep indefinitely. The way we watch it is we have temperature sensors that go down into the wheat, and we make sure the temperature stays right at forty to fifty degrees this time of year. When it goes above that, you know you're getting rot or insects." He turned and waded back into the wheat and chopped at it with a shovel.

A table of coffee drinkers in a Colorado café. They were wearing Cenex caps, khaki work shirts, black rubber boots. One guy had a T-shirt that said "PETER MARSHALL GOLF CLASSIC." Another guy was leaning back in his chair and swatting here and there with a flyswatter.

"I just got done shingling the dog-house roof. I'm exhausted."

"Did you see here in the papers where Billy Dawson"—*thwap!*—"well, he wasn't angry, but I guess you could say he didn't like it too much that these people were goin' through his pasture and litterin' and so forth. Seems to me we never used to think a thing about people goin' through our pasture, lookin' for arrowheads or just walkin'. Jake, did you ever think you shouldn't go into somebody's pasture, or did you ever think if you didn't ask they might get mad?"

"Nooh! Why, I'd just walk in and—"

"It's these damn antelope hunters. I don't mind feeding the antelope half as much as I mind the damage those antelope hunters do."

"You know, I went to Meet the Teams at the high school last night and I really enjoyed myself. I hadn't had a chance to see the new band uniforms. My, they are nice."

"Seems to me we didn't ever have to worry about people abusin' our pastures until all these"—*thwap!*—"Texans came in here with their big hats and their belt buckles..."

"...and the suitcase farmers. They'd come in and plow up a bunch of ground, and when it didn't rain they'd pack up and leave the dust to blow on the rest of us."

"Hey, Dad? Dad? Dad!"

"Yeah?"

"My gum's pretty good."

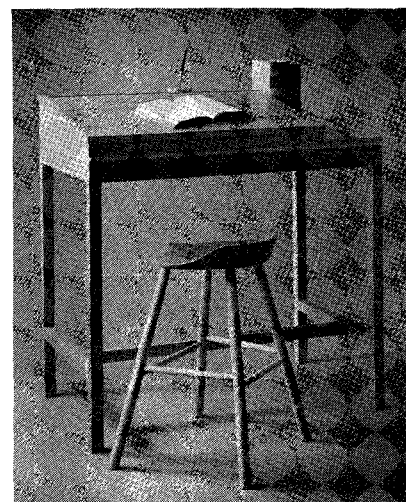
"...all these Texas farmers that

moved in here in the forties and started plowin' up the prairie and borrowin' money..."

"I was just talking to Stancil down at the bank and he said they aren't lending money for hay. Of course, right now that's what everybody needs to buy. So I suppose that means that they just aren't lending money, period."

"...these big farmers that came in from out of state and started borrowin' money—a twenty-thousand-dollar tractor, a forty-thousand-dollar combine, a hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand-dollar house—and then anytime it went a couple years without rain they'd be cryin' for the government to help, and they're still doin' it today." *Thwap!*

IN the West of the Pecos Museum, in Pecos, Texas, I met a woman named Phyllis. She showed me the bullet holes in the doorsill, the floor, and the wall of what used to be a saloon before the museum took over. She said, "Of course, there were many more shootings in here besides just the famous ones. There used to be some pretty raunchy characters come in this saloon. There was an old sheriff here named Louis Roberson, and if they got too raunchy for him—why, he shot 'em. Most people know Pecos as a cowboy town. They also know us for our cantaloupes. The sun and soil here grow the sweetest, best cantaloupes in the world. Used to be, farmers all around Pecos raised cantaloupes and shipped 'em out on the Southern Pacific to California or back East. Then about fifteen years ago everybody's wells just started to dry up. All the well water came from the Ogallala Aquifer, which is a big natural reservoir that's been there underground for millions of years. It stretches from here up through the Texas Panhandle to Kansas all the way up to South Dakota. Farmers and ranchers all over who used that water had to sell out—they couldn't afford new wells, or they couldn't afford the power to pump up from so deep. There's not nearly as many cantaloupe farms here as there used to be, and the creek beds are dry most of the year. Some people say now that the Ogallala Aquifer may be coming back up, that it's not so bad as we thought. But here in the Orient Hotel courtyard there's an artesian well that used to have enough pressure to pump



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up to the third floor. I don't believe we'll ever see that again."

In Turkey, Texas, I met a woman named Mrs. Homer Lang. Turkey is in North Texas just below the Panhandle, and it was the home town of the country-music star Bob Wills, the King of Western Swing. Turkey's schools closed in 1973, when its district consolidated with nearby Quitaque, and today a few classrooms of the empty school building hold the Bob Wills Museum. Mrs. Lang was minding the museum and knitting. She told me, "Just look all you want to. Then sign the register." I saw the original sheet music of the Bob Wills classic "Stay a Little Longer," and a photo of Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys standing next to a giant loaf of Playboy Bread, and a suit that once belonged to Bob Wills, and a photo of Bob Wills' horse, Punkin. No one had signed the register for eight days. Mrs. Lang said, "Nobody calls me Mrs. Lang except people tryin' to sell me something over the telephone. Most everybody around Turkey calls me Aint Zona. I never did know Bob Wills myself. I saw him when I was a girl. Now, Homer—my husband, he died three years ago this April—Homer knew him real well. He used to cut Homer's hair. Bob Wills went to Amarillo and took a six-week course in barbering and then he come back here and worked at Floyce Ham's barbershop in town. He was playin' dances in Turkey when he was twelve. I never did go to dances when I was a girl, and when I got old I didn't start. My mother always said you could make harm out of anything. Now, Homer did go. They used to clear out space next to the M System store and people would come from all around. The road was lined car to car plumb up to the hilltop. These days, everything in Turkey closes up on a Saturday night. My second son? He was the overseer on the roads? He always believed Turkey would come back on the map someday. Turkey used to have three hardware stores, three banks, three drugstores, three cafés, three lumberyards. Now there's houses empty with the yards all gone back to shinnery—shinnery, that's sandpiles, weeds, bushes, land not good for nothin'. I worked twenty years in a café in town. We didn't have no radio, no television. Homer went to Fort Worth to enlist for the First World War and they turned him back. They said they had already signed the

Ar-miss-tice. My kids was pretty good size before I ever got a refrigerator and they was up great big before I ever got an air-conditioner. I was raised up a Democrat, but they ain't no party now. I still vote straight Democratic ticket. Lyndon Johnson, they say he was wrong with Vietnam, and I don't know about none of that, but he was for the poor people. I took a trip back East two years ago and I went to New York—that's the dirtiest place I was ever in, but, then, I didn't go down but one street—and then I went to Washington, D.C. I seen a lot of things. I saw the machine they set down on the moon. I saw the biggest bakery in the world. I saw Reagan's apartment. I was never much for having people do for me, but they took me special through Mrs. Reagan's kitchen. It was solid chrome. I don't believe you should set down and study on yourself. I've made seventy-five quilts in the last three years. I knit lap robes like this here. I lack about a hundred and twenty-five of making fourteen thousand pies. Last night, I made apricot and apple. My daughter's mother-in-law, she's a member of Church of Christ, she told me, 'Zona, the world is comin' to an end.' That was two years ago now. She talks to my granddaughter, and my granddaughter came to me and said, 'Mawmaw was prophesying that the world is comin' to an end.' I told her, 'I don't believe so, but it don't matter if it is. You're gonna set on your own bottom before the Lord no matter what.' We don't none of us know what's comin'. We don't have no *i-dee*."

THE radio:

Maybe, when you're driving on the plains, you'll tune in Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys singing "Bring It On Down to My House (Honey)." Maybe you'll hear Roy



Acuff doing "Fireball Mail." Maybe you'll hear "Reckless Love and Bold Adventure," by Rose Maddox, or "Courtin' in the Rain," by T. Texas Tyler, or "Hang the Key on the Bunkhouse Door," by Wilf Carter, or "Cypress Grove Blues," by Doc Watson, or "All of the Monkeys Ain't in the Zoo," by Tommy Collins, or "I'm a Natural Born Gambler Man," by Merle Travis, or "You Don't Know What Lonesome Is," by the Sons of the Pioneers ("I've got all the lonesomeness that the common law allows/You don't know what lonesome is till you get to herdin' cows"). Maybe you'll hear a good bluegrass song, like "Blue-Eyed Darlin'," by Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys, that comes at you like a truckload of turkey gobblers. Or maybe a scary song, like "The Rubber Room," by Porter Wagoner, or a funny song, like "Sink the Bismarck," by Homer and Jethro, or a talking song, like "To a Sleeping Beauty," by Jimmy Dean.

More likely, though, what you'll hear is "Hold On to the Night," by McGuffey Lane, "Hold On Hold Out," by Jackson Browne, "Hold On to Your Love," by Neil Young, "Hold On to My Love," by Jimmy Ruffin, "We're Gonna Hold On," by George Jones and Tammy Wynette, "Hold On Loosely," by .38 Special, "Holdin' On to Yesterday," by Ambrosia, "Holdin' On to the Love I've Got," by Barbara Mandrell, "Hold On (Don't You Be Sad Tonight, Love Will Be There)," by Gail Davies, "Hold On," by Santana, "Hand to Hold On To," by John Cougar Mellencamp, "Baby, Hold On," by Eddie Money, "I'll Keep Holdin' On," by Jim Capaldi, "Hold On, Baby, Hold On," by Kansas, "Hold On to Your Dream," by Billy Thorpe, or "Hold On Tight to Your Dreams (*Accroche-Toi à Ton Rêve*)," by the Electric Light Orchestra.

WEATHER:

On the northern plains, a radio announcer said, "It's going to get pretty windy tonight, so if there's anything you don't want to blow away you'd better tie it down." Clouds sped across the sky, and their shadows kept up across every kind of terrain. In 1846, Francis Parkman observed that a herd of buffalo being chased by Indian riders was "like the black shadow of a cloud, passing rapidly over swell after

swell of the distant plain." Next to the road, horses grazed with their tails standing straight out in the wind, and dust devils spun across unplowed ground. Up ahead, in North Dakota, storm clouds came all the way down to the ground like an overhead garage door. Inside the storm, the ceiling was low, and the light was like the North Atlantic. Fifteen minutes of driving put me back under blue skies.

In a state park in southern Wyoming, I sat on a low sandstone ridge beside ruts made by travellers on the Oregon Trail. Next to the wide, five-foot-deep rut in the rock made by wagons and oxen is a narrow, three-foot-deep rut made by human feet. About three hundred and fifty thousand people travelled the two-thousand-mile trail from the settlements to the West Coast. About thirty-four thousand died along the way. I watched as a rainstorm moved down the Platte River valley from the northwest. When the rain passed, the limbs of the wet trees were darker and their leaves were greener. By comparing weather descriptions in the daily journal entries of thirty-four travellers on the trail in 1849, one scholar has charted the storms that crossed the plains from April to July of that year.

I drove south into Colorado during the night, and six or more thunderstorms followed me. Any direction I looked, there were flashes—like the Fourth of July in New Jersey seen from an airplane. A flash as far away as the horizon lit for an instant clouds behind clouds. Lightning in the distance straight ahead sent reflections shooting all the way up the tarry wheel tracks on the pavement.

In New Mexico and West Texas, the hard white sky is screwed onto the earth like a lid, and the wind is as hot as a gust from a blow-dryer. In Texas, the rate of evaporation makes twenty-two inches of rain there the same as fifteen inches at the Canadian border. Southward, the prairie grasses get sparser and sparser; sage, greasewood, prickly pear, and mesquite take over. Mesquite trees have eight-inch thorns, delicate leaves like a locust tree's, and roots that go down a hundred and seventy-five feet. Longhorn cattle grazed on mesquite and dropped the seeds along the way on drives to the north. Today, you can trace the old cattle trails from the air by following

the mesquite. When mesquite takes over a field, little else will grow. Around each low tree, the earth is brown and bare. I began to see oil wells here and there among the mesquite, and pipelines, and tall, narrow heater-treater tanks. On the far southern plains, the oil towns of Plainview and Midland and Odessa rise like offshore drilling rigs. In prosperous years, the push buttons of local pay telephones are smudged with oily fingerprints, and laundromats have "DO NOT WASH RIG CLOTHES HERE" signs.

In bad years, you see a lot of yard-sale signs and plywood windows. Between McCamey and Fort Stockton, Texas, I passed buttes fading up into hazy sky, land as flat as a piece of paper, buzzards jumping up off the shoulder reluctantly, a hawk raising dust with his wingbeats as he chased something around a bush, heat shimmers dancing, and a spider as big as a hand crossing the pavement. In Fort Stockton, I stopped and ate some Mexican food and stayed in a Motel 6 where they charged extra for a key to turn on the television and I saw a flea. The next morning, I got into my van and headed back to Montana.

SOMETIMES I wasn't sure whether I was on the Great Plains or not. Around the edges, it was hard to tell. In the Southwest, I figured that when the plants started looking too pointy I was heading into the desert. On U.S. Highway 64 near Cimarron, New Mexico, I passed a sign that said, "YOU ARE NOW AT THE GREAT PLAINS—ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOUNDARY. THE CIMARRON RANGE, ONE OF THE EASTERNMOST RANGES OF THE SANGRE DE CRISTO MOUNTAINS," but I kept going anyway. I wanted to see the little town of Lincoln, New Mexico, where the outlaw Billy the Kid shot some people about a hundred and ten years ago. The roads went along mountain canyons, through old Spanish and mining towns one after another. Billy the Kid worked as a cowboy, but he was more a townie than a frontiersman. He was born Henry McCarty, possibly in New York City, possibly in 1859. His mother and stepfather ran a restaurant in Santa Fe. The shootings that made him famous by the age of twenty-one had mainly to do with a feud that developed between a lawyer and the owner of one of the

general stores in Lincoln. In general, most famous Western gunmen were town people. They slept in boarding houses, not under the stars. Wyatt Earp, who served as a lawman in Dodge City and other places, owned saloons, operated gambling halls, and died in Los Angeles. After a career on various sides of the law in places like Ogallala, Nebraska, and Las Animas, Colorado, and Mobetie, Texas, the gambler and gunman Bat Masterson spent his last years in New York City

as a sports columnist for the *Morning Telegraph*, where he died at his desk of a heart attack. Western gunfights were alcohol-related, or else involved battles over gambling, prostitution, or political preferment. They were closer in spirit to drug wars

in the Bronx than to duels of honor.

The main street in Lincoln is narrow, and the little houses are close together. The town is in a valley and has no place else to go. It probably looks much the same as when Billy the Kid was here. The feud, sometimes called the Lincoln County War, was between a lawyer named McSween, who lived on one side of the street, and a former Army major named Murphy, who ran a general store on the other side. Both were also incipient cattle barons competing for government beef contracts. Billy the Kid was among the McSween faction. From minor beginnings, the feud quickly grew through several ambush killings until finally the Murphy faction had their friends from the nearby Army fort surround McSween's house with cavalry backed up by a twelve-pound cannon. The house was then set ablaze. Billy the Kid was inside along with McSween, Mrs. McSween, and a number of other McSween gunmen. He played the piano in the parlor as the flames burned closer. The attackers let Mrs. McSween escape to safety. Then the men came out shooting, except for McSween, who was unarmed. He caught nine slugs and died. Billy the Kid and a friend named Tom O'Folliard escaped unhit. A plaque in front of the site of the McSween house tells some of this story; charred beams and adobe bricks still lie beneath the grass.

At large, Billy the Kid moved beyond the confines of the feud to more general shootings and stock thefts. Pat Garrett, the Lincoln County sheriff,



eventually caught him, and he was convicted of murder and taken to Lincoln to be hanged. Because there was no jail to put him in, he was shackled and held in Garrett's office, on the second floor of the courthouse. One of the guards, Deputy Robert Ollinger, showed Billy the Kid the double-barrelled shotgun he would shoot him with if he tried to escape. According to one account, when Ollinger went across the street to the hotel for supper Billy the Kid worked free of his cuffs, grabbed a gun from a guard named J. W. Bell, shot him, and walked to the window carrying Ollinger's shotgun. Ollinger came running at the sound of the shot, and Billy the Kid called, "Hello, Bob!" Then he shot him with both barrels. He said, "Take that, you son of a bitch. You will never follow me with that gun again!" Then he filed off his leg shackles and (he must have had a musical streak) danced on the balcony. Then he jumped on a horse, rode down Main Street, yelled "Three cheers for Billy the Kid!" and galloped away.

Lincoln's main street would be a good place to yell that from. It is barely bigger than a road on a stage set, and it disappears picturesquely around a bend. The courthouse still stands. There is a marble marker on the ground at the spot where Robert Ollinger fell. The second floor still has a balcony—wooden, recently painted, with a railing. It is the only balcony in the town, which it overlooks like a pulpit. I, too, went across the street and had supper. The menu featured home-baked bread and sole; New Mexico is like the Vermont of the West. Later, I had to drive miles out of town to find a gas station. All of the town of Lincoln is a historic district, which discourages new construction. Because Billy the Kid danced on it, the courthouse balcony endures.

New Mexico has towns over three hundred years old. None of them are on the Great Plains. The little towns back in the canyons were hiding from what used to be out here: Apache, Kiowa, and Comanche, mainly. As I came out of the piñon foothills, the flat openness still seemed to suggest swarms of screaming mounted warriors. For centuries after General Francisco Vásquez de Coronado first

explored the southern plains, in 1541, the Spanish kept sending parties of soldiers and missionaries this way. Often they did not return; pieces of captured Spanish armor survived as heirlooms in Indian households long after the Spanish were gone.

Sucking on milkshake cups full of crushed ice, I drove north in the heat to Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas River. The Arkansas runs for fourteen hundred and fifty-nine miles from the Colorado Rockies across the plains to the

Mississippi. Traders from the Mississippi valley travelled up it on their way to the Spanish settlements of the Southwest. Bent's Fort, built in 1833, with adobe walls fifteen feet high and seven feet thick, was to the southern plains what Fort Union was to the northern. Its

builders, Charles and William Bent, of the mercantile firm of Bent, St. Vrain & Company, chose to trade here to avoid the power of the American Fur Company, to the north. Rather than sell the fort to the Army, William Bent blew it up in 1849; the National Park Service has since reconstructed it, including the cactus that once grew on top of the walls. The fort is not far from the present town of La Junta, Colorado. When I got there, on an afternoon in August, it was filled with men and women wearing buckskin and broadcloth and calico in styles that were common in 1850. They had come to Bent's Fort for a black-powder rendezvous.

Black powder is the gunpowder old muzzle-loading firearms used. Black-powder people, as they are sometimes called, are hobbyists with an interest in black-powder guns—specifically, guns of the period between 1800 and 1860. For most black-powder people—they prefer the term "buckskinners," or "skinners"—enthusiasm for that era extends to everything about it: clothes, tools, skills, trade goods, history, figures of speech. Some call each other "Hoss" and refer to buffalo as "buffler," because trappers in 1840 supposedly did. Buckskinners number in the tens of thousands, and they hold rendezvous all over the country (although mainly in the West). The original rendezvous, back in the eighteen-twenties, were gatherings held in some Rocky Mountain valley where fur trappers met traders recently arrived



from the settlements with pack trains of goods, and everybody traded and drank and gambled and brawled. A modern rendezvous is a family event. People sleep in tipis and purge the campsite of all signs of the twentieth century; at Bent's Fort, the cars and trailers hid in a weed-screened lot a quarter mile or so away. Debates on what one may or may not bring to a rendezvous often include reference to historical texts. Powdered lemonade mix is O.K.; it existed in 1840, when it was known as "crystallized essence" of lemon. Mosquito netting accompanied the fancier travellers of the eighteenth-forties, so it, too, is defensible. A person who prefers to sleep on an air mattress might cite this passage from "Up the Missouri with Audubon," by Edward Harris:

We struck our camp on the River shore under 6 Cotton Wood Trees growing in a clump, and after making a good fire, Michaux and one of the Hunters started after Deer, having still an hour or more of daylight. We had hardly any time to refresh ourselves with a little bread and cheese, before they brought in a fine yearling Buck. . . . It was not long before some of the choice morceaux were roasting before the fire. . . . We all agreed it was the best Venison we ever tasted, and none failed to do ample justice to the repast. Our beds were soon blown up and wrapped in our blankets with our guns by our sides, we were soon fast asleep.

Audubon and company called their air mattresses "India-rubber beds." The year was 1843.

In the shade of the fort's walls, I talked to Bill Gwaltney, a seasonal Park Service Ranger from Texas, in charge of activities at the rendezvous. Bill Gwaltney was wearing a Missouri River boatman's shirt with bloused sleeves, white cotton broadfall trousers, from an Amish clothing-supply house in Indiana, and a strand of red and blue glass beads of a design about three hundred years old. "What's so funny about being a buckskinner is the contrast between then and now," he said. "If you go into a Wendy's dressed in your rendezvous gear, people look at you like you're crazy, when in fact you're not. A black-powder rendezvous is a positive, out-of-doors experience—a family experience. It generates respect for Native Americans. The fur-trade period was fascinating for lots of reasons. The trappers who came west brought technology to the Indians, but the Indians gave the trappers spiritual and survival knowledge in return. The

fur-trade period was an opportunity for us to learn from Native Americans, and in the end we turned that opportunity down. I prefer a rendezvous without any reminders of the modern era at all, but there can be some leeway. Take yourself, for example: your canvas shirt, blue-denim trousers, leather belt, notebook, pencil. About the only thing you wouldn't've had back in 1840 would be the hard-rubber soles on your hiking boots. I am opposed to air mattresses at a rendezvous, personally. If you have to have them, cover them with a hide or a blanket. Same goes for coolers. And then there's other things that are just ridiculous—rawhide beer-can holders, for example. People say the trappers would've used them if they'd had them. That's a cute saying, but I don't buy it."

In the center plaza of the fort, vendors had set out displays of black-powder items for sale on blankets: knives made of half a sheep shears, jugs, rose-pink hand-blown glass bottles from Mexico, riding quirts, strike-a-light bags of flint and steel and tinder, little knives like the ones Indian women used to wear around their necks in order to kill their attacker or themselves if they were about to be raped, hand-carved tipi pins, animal leg bones for making knife handles, turtle shells, door knockers made of deer hooves, bunches of sweetgrass for burning, tiny powder horns with silver stoppers for fine-grained priming powder, polished stones, porcupine-quill-work barrettes, and throwing tomahawks like the one Gerard Baker and I fooled around with when I visited Fort Union.

It turned out the guy with the tomahawks knew Gerard Baker. He said, "Shoot, ol' Gerard's a park ranger at the North Unit of Teddy Roosevelt National Park now." On the plains, that happened to me often; I ran into people who knew Gerard Baker all over. They'd say, "Gerard's an old buddy of mine. He's the fella that taught me how to jerk buffalo meat," or "Gerard's the guy that got me into flint-knapping," or "Gerard and me are gonna trap an eagle this fall." If anyone nowadays could be called a genuine plainsman, it is Gerard Baker.

Men in coyote-skin hats and buckskin were walking around the plaza and hailing one another by their black-powder names: "Hey, Long Shadow, what you know good?" "White Eyes,

how you been?" "Hey, Bijou, ol' hoss, how you makin' it?" To talk, they often got down on their haunches and hunkered. A man with long gray-and-black hair hanging straight down, wire-rimmed glasses, a calico shirt, and stiff buckskin trousers was telling several listeners about a woman gunsmith of the eighteen-thirties named Anne Patrick. Then the discussion turned to the buffalo hunter Billy Dixon's famous mile-long shot at the Battle of Adobe Walls in 1874, and whether the Indian he was shooting at was killed or just had the wind knocked out of him. After a while, I butted in to add that Billy Dixon's hair was supposed to be almost nine feet long. Then the man with the wire-rimmed glasses, who gave his name as Moses McTavish, told me all kinds of things about buffalo hunters. He said they were always dying of skunk bites. With his knuckles he drew a map in the dust of the Staked Plains of Texas, a flat place with no landmarks where the hunters often got lost. He said that a lot of buffalo hunters were as dumb as a rock.

Moses McTavish asked me if I wanted to see his tipi. We went out the side gate of the fort, down a long, gentle slope, and across a grassy depression where the Arkansas River used to run before it moved. On the other side, a grove of big cottonwood trees grew far apart, in what botanists call a gallery forest. The people at the rendezvous had picked this spot for their campground. Canvas tipis as white as water-cooler cups stood among the trees. A few tipis had blue smoke coming from their tops. In front of one, a round mirror hung from an iron holder shaped like an upside-down L. Others had cooking pots hanging over fires from tripods. Beneath a canvas awning strung between two trees, several guys leaning back on their elbows were passing a small jug. Here and there, picketed horses grazed. Little kids as barefoot as any in 1840 played in the trodden-down grass.

Moses McTavish and I ducked through his tipi door and sat cross-legged on buffalo robes around the fire pit in the center. Moses McTavish reached under a deer hide, lifted the lid of a cooler, and brought us out a couple of cans of Coke—Classic, of course. Then he filled his clay pipe with Prince Albert tobacco mixed with mullein weed for his bronchitis and lit it. He



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said, "This is a Crow lodge. Some people prefer Sioux lodges, some Cheyenne, some Comanche. I like Crow because of its shape—the tipi poles of a Crow lodge extend so far above the covering that the whole thing looks almost like an hourglass. You could tell the tribe from the shape of the tipis from miles away. Cheyenne tipis kind of angled forward to the door. Sioux were like Cheyenne, but they didn't have two flaps above the door. Comanche tipis were more squat and conical. Indian women could take a tipi down in a few minutes and put it up in an hour. If my wife and I hustle, it takes us fifteen minutes just to unload it all from the trailer. It takes us two and a half hours to get everything up and where it belongs. This tipi has I forget how many square yards of canvas, sixteen poles, fifteen pegs, twenty stakes, five different ropes, a canvas liner—that's just some of it. You see those cords running along the inside of the tipi poles? Well, when it rains real hard, water will run down the poles, and when it gets to a bump or a knot on the wood it will stop there and drip on you. Those cords are so the water has something smooth to run along all the way to the ground.

"Tipis take on color from the wood you burn in your fire. Cottonwoods make poor firewood—they turn tipis a kind of smutty brown. Willow gives 'em a nice soft yellow color. The Crows liked it because they took great pride in how light their tipis were. Pine burns pitchy and turns 'em black. You don't ever go off and leave a fire burning in one of these. And you don't want wood that sparks. At a rendezvous several years ago, a tipi caught fire and burned to the ground in a minute and a half, and one rendezvous person was killed."

We finished the Cokes, and Moses McTavish put the cans away out of sight. "My real name is Lee Walsh," he said. "I used to be a food chemist for Trenton Foods. Then I made printed circuits for Gulton Industries. I've worked as an anthropologist, classifying bones. Once, I worked on a skeleton with a stone arrowhead in his lumbar vertebrae. Now I do this. I go to eleven rendezvous a year. I spend three months of every year in a lean-to. My wife's got a good job."

On my way out, I stopped at the Bent's Fort information kiosk, where a uniformed park employee with a name

tag that read "McGee" sat alone. I asked if he was going down to the rendezvous. He said, "No, I'm not. I know what it is to chop wood and haul water and shit outside, and I don't want to have a thing to do with it."

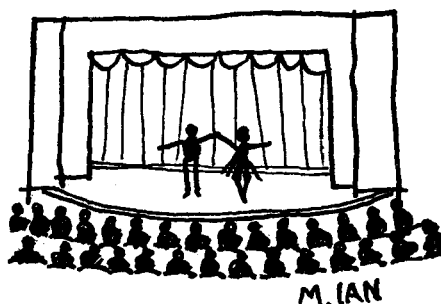
The Arkansas River used to be one of the most treacherous on the Great Plains, a multichannelled torrent of liquid sand that often drowned people and animals when it was in flood. Driving east along the Arkansas valley from Colorado into Kansas, I saw only trickles of water in two hundred miles. At Dodge City, where I stopped, cowboys sometimes spent days trying to coax their herds into the river. A Dodge City hotelkeeper called Deacon Cox owned a swimming cow, which he would lend to trail bosses with stalled herds. The cow avoided the slaughterhouse for years because of her willingness to jump in and lead the others across. Today, a swimming cow would be hamburger with a hidden talent. A person strolling through the bed of the Arkansas near Dodge City in summer might never guess at the river that had been there.

Dodge City has had at least three booms in its history. The first began in 1872, when it was the western terminus of the Santa Fe railroad and the center of trade for buffalo hunters on the middle plains. In 1872 and 1873, millions of hides and seven million pounds of buffalo tongues were shipped east from Dodge City. The second boom was a few years later, when Dodge became the destination of cattle herds heading for the railroad from Texas. Every business from barber-shops to dance halls grew on Front Street, along the railroad tracks. Doc Holliday briefly practiced dentistry there after his escape from the Fort Griffin lynch mob. In the Long Branch Saloon, Cockeyed Frank Loving shot and killed Levi Richardson; in Webster's Saloon, the cowboy Bing Choate was killed by the gambler Dave St. Clair; at the door of the Opera

House, at the corner of Front Street and First Avenue, Mysterious Dave Mather shot and killed Assistant City Marshal Tom Nixon. Women named Mollie Hart and Lizzie Palmer and Sadie Hudson and Bertha Lockwood became involved in hair-pulling battles and stabbings. Bat Masterson, who was sheriff in 1877, appears in the town census of 1880 living with a nineteen-year-old named Annie Ladue, identified by the census-taker as a "concubine." In all the years of the cattle boom, fewer people were shot or stabbed in Dodge City than die violently in New York City in three days; what gave Dodge its fame, partly, was the fact that the town had several weekly newspapers chronicling each gunfight and its aftermath in detail.

Dodge City's third boom began more recently, when the town was the fictional setting for several TV series, including "Gunsmoke," one of the most popular series ever. Fans of those shows wanted to see what the original Dodge City looked like. By then, not much of old Dodge was left—a fire destroyed the buildings on Front Street in 1885—so the town built a new museum and reconstructed some of the old saloons and businesses on a nearby site. Much of the land where the dangerous part of Dodge City once stood is now under a long parking lot for visitors and tour buses. As I pulled in, a thunderstorm hit so hard that raindrops were bouncing back up off the asphalt. In the museum's gift shop, a woman just off a tour bus undid her clear plastic scarf and said to a man, "Look, honey—figurines."

Dodge City has lots of tourist attractions, including my favorite museum combination of all time: on Fifth Avenue, just across the street from the town's old Boot Hill Cemetery, a single building houses the Kansas Teachers' Hall of Fame and the Famous Gunfighter's Wax Museum. ("Each, a separate attraction," says the brochure that they also share.) The Kansas Teachers' Hall of Fame is free, and contains portrait photos and short testimonials to honorees like Marie Harden Reynolds, a vocal-and-instrumental-music teacher from Pittsburg, Kansas, who inspired many of her former students to become music teachers, and Ward L. Kiester, a former principal of Basehor Rural High School, and Clare Kaufman, from Gridley, whose students remember her stargazing field



trips, and Alice V. Tuttle, an elementary-school teacher from Garden City ("If we could bottle her patience and sell it, we would be very wealthy," said a former student), and J. Harvey Douglass, a former industrial-arts instructor from Winfield, author of "Units in Woodworking" and "Projects in Wood Furniture." In the other half of the building, the Famous Gunfighter's Wax Museum (admission \$1.85) has life-size replicas of Wild Bill Hickock, Calamity Jane, Billy the Kid, Clay Allison ("Alcoholic New Mexico cattleman who killed 32 men and died in a fall from a wagon while drunk"), Grat Dalton ("Member of the awful Dalton gang of killers and robbers"), and, on a purple velvet pillow, the severed head of Joaquín Murrieta, a California outlaw who "tied Chinamen together by their queues, made them dance to the tune of a pistol, and shot their eyes out."

A three hours' drive north of Dodge City is the town of Oberlin, Kansas. Years ago, I stopped in Oberlin to visit the Last Indian Raid in Kansas Museum, and met the curator, Kathleen Claar, a white-haired woman with a habit of shyly touching her listener's elbow to point out exhibits she liked best. In 1978, I went back to write an article about the town's celebration of the centennial of the raid. Indian descendants of the Cheyenne who killed about forty settlers on the prairie around Oberlin were supposed to attend the celebration, but at the last minute they couldn't make it. The article I wrote appeared. Something I wanted to include in the article but didn't get a chance to was a trip Kathleen Claar and I took to the site of Hawkeye, a now vanished town where she used to live. We met at an Oberlin café called Lindy's, got in my rent-a-car, drove west on the highway, and turned off onto a gravel road. It was early fall. We passed a field of tall sunflowers with their heads all turned the same direction, like a crowd at a ballgame. The sky was an enamel blue.

"If I had a dollar for every time I've been down this road," Kathleen Claar said. "It was my husband's mail route, and I used to drive it all the time. Right over there was where his family's land started. Old Henry Claar—my father-in-law—was a ladies' man. What's the word I'm looking for? He was *overbearing*. All the Claars were



"I still don't have all the answers, but I'm beginning to ask the right questions."

like that. My daddy Pickens farmed not too far from here. He didn't homestead. He farmed the homestead that my grandfather left him, but he had itchy feet and couldn't stay in one place too long and out here he didn't stick. One time I saw my daddy kneeling down in the field with his head in his hands and tears was streaming down his face and I said, 'What's wrong, Daddy?' and he said, 'We should've never come out here. Nothing goes right for me in this state. I hate Kansas.' So, later, when I was living in Idaho and I met Lawrence Claar and he wanted me to come back here, I said no. See, I didn't want to come back to the state that made my daddy cry.

"I lived in a sod house from when I was two and a half until I was four. It was just a one-room house made of blocks of sod cut from the prairie. I remember it—bugs and snakes and mice were always dropping down from the ceiling. The ceiling was made of brush, branches from the creek, fodder. You know what fodder is—like cornstalks, weeds, anything. Mama used to hang sheets over the tables and beds so

that things wouldn't fall on them. Then we got the idea of putting a big piece of muslin across the whole ceiling. We'd keep it up there for a year or so until it got too filthy and rain-stained and then take it down, tear it into strips, wash it, dry it, sew it back together, and put it back up. To decorate the windows we used to cut up red and green wrapping paper that Mama would save through the year—heavier-quality wrapping paper than they have now. We kids used to try to come up with the prettiest design. I was the youngest of eight in the family, and even today I'm still the baby when my older sister is around.

"In the middle of that field of milo is where Claar's Roadhouse used to stand. It was like an inn and had stables and barns. It was a great big old three-story building. The people who bought the land some years ago tore down everything. Then they came to ask me where the well that old Henry had dug was at and I wouldn't tell them. I said, 'This place should have been a historic monument and you tore out all those trees that took years to

grow.' The soil around here doesn't look very much like it used to. See those draws and washes? That didn't use to be here. Didn't use to be any gullies, or not as many as there are now. What caused it? Men's greed. They wanted to plow up everything, put in wheat and other crops, and they ruined a lot of land that used to be good grazing land. During the First World War, the price of wheat went way up, and everybody thought they were going to be rich. Now a lot of the land is just wore out."

At a corner where two dirt roads met, we stopped at a little cemetery behind a fence. A flock of sparrows burst from a row of pruned juniper trees as we went through a gate under a black wrought-iron arch that said "Hawkeye Cemetery." The grass was mown and wet; someone had just watered. Beyond the fence, wheat and milo fields stretched away on every side. Kathleen Claar showed me the graves of her husband, his parents, her daughter, and her grandson. She said she had raised her grandson after her son and daughter-in-law divorced, and he was killed in a car accident in Trinidad, Colorado, while waiting to ship out for Vietnam in 1972. She said his death was the one she hadn't got used to yet. She showed me a stone marked "Unknown Dead" on the grave of an apprentice boy who stole a horse up in Nebraska and was killed by pursuers who found him hiding in a nearby barn. She showed me the grave of an uncle of hers who loved California and whose last wish was that his ashes be buried in a California prune box. Then she led me to a marker all by itself on the other side of the cemetery. She said, "Did you ever hear about the last man lynched in Kansas? Well, this was him. His name was Rick Read. He was lynched in 1932 after he raped and murdered an eight-year-old girl. The Reads lived right next door to us, and I used to see him all the time when I was driving my mail route. He had these big long arms hanging down and sometimes he used to just come out of the bushes when I was driving on the road and come toward the car, and the lust on that man's face! I used to drive away as fast as I could and not stop until I was a long way away and then get out of the car, I was shaking so bad. He was jailed in Colorado for a similar offense a long time before, when I was a schoolteacher there, and later when

they paroled him I said, 'We will all live to regret this day.' After they lynched him, I didn't want to visit his family, but we had to. They were friends—his sister still is a close friend of mine—and his poor old mother, her cheeks were so red from crying you could see the blood right through them. His dad was a member of the Odd Fellows lodge and so was he—he went through right before my husband—and his poor old dad said he wanted his son to have an Odd Fellows funeral. My husband turned pale and then another Read boy said, 'Dad, you forget how he died.' They wanted us to go in and look at him and, oh, Lord, I didn't want to, but my husband said, 'You've got to—they were good friends of your mother and father.' So my husband took me by the hand and led me in and, my goodness, I'll remember that sight as long as I live. They must've used a rope this big on him, there was a big purple groove around his neck. When they went to bury him, the people were so mad they would have dismembered the body and no preacher would preach the sermon, but at the last minute a preacher showed up who believed that every man was entitled to a Christian burial—he was a relative of mine, but I'd never liked him very much—and he preached the most beautiful sermon I ever heard. He said, 'If you had a man in your community as crippled in body as this man was in spirit, you would all have so much pity on him you'd take him into your homes and care for him.' All the women started to weep and I cried myself and some men cried, too, and you could feel all the hatred and violence just dissolve up into the air."

This time, the Last Indian Raid in Kansas Museum was closed for the day when I got to Oberlin. I called Kathleen Claar from a phone in the Pizza Hut, but she wasn't home. Being in a place I'd already written about felt strange to me, so I got back in my van

and continued north into Nebraska. Later, I sent Kathleen Claar a postcard. She sent me a Christmas card. We talked on the phone. She said that we should go back to Hawkeye, and that she had a lot more to tell. Just before Christmas, 1987, at the age of eighty-seven, Kathleen Claar died, and joined her husband and family and the last man lynched in Kansas in the old Hawkeye cemetery in the wheat fields.

I SLEPT in my van outside the town of McCook, Nebraska. The next morning, I went on, under Interstate Highway 80, across the forks of the Platte River (the first river with any water I'd seen for days), and into the west-central part of the state. I was now in one of the blankest spots on the American map—a big section showing almost no rivers or roads or towns. This is the Nebraska sandhill country, the original model for the mapmakers' Great American Desert—a land of grassy rises receding into the distance like a sea in a heavy chop. There was so little to look at that when a crow flew past in front of me and dropped something from its beak I turned around and went back to see what it was: a fetal duckling, featherless, blue, with bulging sealed eyes and tiny webbed feet.

Near Crawford, Nebraska, I stopped at the site of the old Red Cloud Indian Agency. Nothing is left of it now but a few foundations. The plain below where the buildings once stood is as empty as when Crazy Horse surrendered there. In this part of the state, the sandhills give way to John Ford-type scenery—open prairie with moving cloud shadows, lines of green winding along the creek and the river valleys, splintery buttes rising from low uplands dotted with pines. Above the buttes, the mile-high white clouds were as flat on the bottom as paperweights. Fort Robinson, where Crazy Horse died, is just the other side of the White River. The fort is a state park now. Cottonwood trees buzzing with locusts line the old parade ground. The feeling is like a small college campus. In Crazy Horse's day, the fort, just a few rows of buildings, had no trees at all.

In the library of the Fort Robinson Museum, as I was going through the Crazy Horse file, a young man with brown hair and green eyes and a white shirt with the cuffs rolled up asked me



what I was doing. I told him, and he said I should be careful to believe only eyewitnesses on the subject of Crazy Horse's death. He said his name was Ephriam Dickson III and he was working at the fort for the summer as a historian. He was a junior in college. Ephriam Dickson had read everything ever written that contained a mention of Crazy Horse. We walked over to the adjutant's office, which has been reconstructed on its original site, and talked for three hours about whether Dr. McGillicuddy's account is reliable, when, exactly, General Crook left the fort on the day before Crazy Horse was killed, whether Crazy Horse was stabbed with a regular bayonet or a trowel bayonet (regular, Ephriam Dickson said), who Frank Grouard really was, and whether Agent Lee later lobbied unsuccessfully for the Medal of Honor for bringing Crazy Horse to the fort from the Spotted Tail Agency. Ephriam Dickson agreed that he had. He also said that he was sure William Gentles was not the soldier who bayoneted Crazy Horse, and that he was going to look through more military records until he learned who did. I said that until now I had thought I might be the only Crazy Horse scholar in the world. Ephriam Dickson smiled and said, "No, you're not."

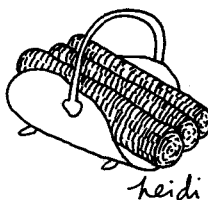
On to southeastern Wyoming, to the horse-and-cattle ranch of Alan and Lindi Kirkbride. Lindi Kirkbride is an anti-war activist who once took a trip to the Soviet Union sponsored by a group called A Run for Peace with other Western ranchers and farmers to promote reduction of nuclear weapons. I had read about her in the newspaper and wanted to meet her. She has auburn hair and freckles and a good laugh, which she showed when I asked her if many Russians wear different-color socks. The Kirkbrides work a ranch started by Alan's great-grandfather in 1889 and live in a brick house on a rise with a six-mile view from the living-room bay window. Lindi Kirkbride had given me good directions over the phone, and she met me at the door. She said, "This is our way to travel—to have you guys come here and visit us." Then she asked me to sign a guestbook, where I saw the names of reporters from the London *Sunday Times*, *People*, *The Progressive*, a Japanese newspaper, an East German film crew, and CBS News. We sat on the couch and had peanut-

butter Girl Scout cookies and tea while her four-year-old daughter, Anduin, kept us company. "Which do you think is the most white on me, my white on my dress or on my shoes?" Anduin asked.

Lindi Kirkbride told me that from the plane Moscow didn't have near as many lights as New York; that they met the head of the Soviet state farms, and lots of other bigwigs; that they were on TV many times; that an NBC News crew followed them; that she hated breakfast, because it was just some awful pieces of salami; that the Moscow subway had the longest escalators she'd ever been on in her life; and that a schoolteacher she met told her, "We have the kindergarten so well under control we're now working for a cure for the common cold." She said that the Russians had really snowed her, and that when she came back she was much too glowing. She said the trip had made her understand how really really special living in a democracy is. She said it had made her like the Russians both more and less. She said, "The people from A Run for Peace thought sending farmers and ranchers would be a good idea because of our closer relationship to the earth—yes, Anduin, you can write your name, but *not on the couch!*"

Alan Kirkbride came in from somewhere he'd been working. He is tall, blond, with black-rimmed glasses and tan arms. The name over the pocket of his cutoff Army shirt was his own. He cocked his head and looked at me. We talked for a few minutes. Then he said, "I like you." He took me on a drive around his ranch. He stopped the truck and said, "Let's take a look at these grasses. This tall one here is bluestem. This'll grow eight feet high if it gets enough water. Bluestem is what used to grow everywhere farther east, in places like Iowa. This low, skinny grass here is prairie sand reed. If cattle graze this in the summer they'll take it right out. We graze it more in the winter. This is thread-leaf sedge. It's the first thing to green up in the spring. I've seen this greenin' up the tenth of March. Once this was up, the Indian ponies had something to eat, and the Indians could travel. This is little bluestem. Cattle don't eat that so much. This is eriogonum. Technically, it's not a shrub or a grass—it's

an herb. It's green in the spring, gold in the summer, and red all winter. This is Indian rice grass. Stock loves this, but it isn't a real abundant grass. This is blue grama grass. It's a low-growing little grass, but it's nutritious. The whole plant, seeds and all, cures over the summer and makes great winter feed. Grama grasses are what the fifty million buffalo ate. That tall plant over there is soapweed. Cattle love to eat soapweed blossoms. It's a member of the yucca family. That copper-colored bush growing up in the rocks has a great name—mountain mahogany."



We got back in the truck and drove to the lip of a canyon. Sometimes it is hard to believe how many ups and downs such a flat-looking place can have. The Kirkbrides' ranch includes some of Horse Creek, a stream almost small enough to jump across, which has carved a broad canyon several stories deep in places. We drove down a coulee to the canyon floor. From a one-lane bridge I could see small trout holding in the tea-colored water. "I only do this once or twice a year," Alan Kirkbride said, "but let's take a look at the golden-eagle nest." We went along the canyon a ways and stopped within sight of an eagle nest of sticks and branches built into the rock wall. The nest had enough wood in it for a football-rally bonfire, and it extended from the rock in a sketchy half-sphere. In the middle of the nest we could just see the top of the eagle, looking out like a man in a cupola. "He stays around here all winter," Alan Kirkbride said. "Sometimes I see him when it's twenty below with a forty-mile wind, and he'll be all hunkered down on top of a phone pole, waitin' for a prairie dog or somethin'. I respect the hell out of that."

The Kirkbrides asked me to stay to dinner, but by now I was addicted to driving. I went on north until I got tired, and stopped on the banks of the North Platte River not far from Register Cliffs, a big hump of rock sticking from the prairie where travellers on the Oregon Trail sometimes wrote their names as they passed by. There are hundreds of names on the rock, some carved, some lettered in a mixture of hog fat and tar used to lubricate the wooden wagon axles. In the morning I walked around the rock reading the

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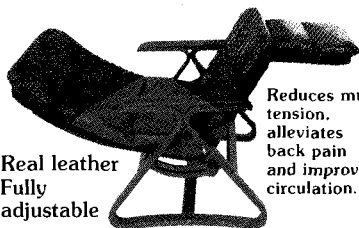


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names: "J Foreman," "I R Kennedy May 19 1850 Dubuque, Iowa," "Thyrza Hoe Pelling 1859 Wagon." Francis Parkman, who made a trip along the Trail in 1846, described the emigrants as "a crowd of broad-brimmed hats, thin visages, and staring eyes . . . tall, awkward men, in brown homespun; women, with cadaverous faces and long lank figures . . ." They "tormented" him with questions about what his name was, where he was coming from, where he was going, what he was doing. Francis Parkman was Harvard '44, of an old Boston family; one gets the feeling that people named Thyrza Hoe Pelling were not exactly his speed. Some of the hundred-and-forty-year-old printing on the rock still looks fresh. Hog fat and tar may be a medium for the ages.

From there I took some highways and then a little road running thirty-five miles across not much of anything just to see the town of Bill, Wyoming. It was a Saturday afternoon. The one café in town was closed, as was the post office. I did not see a single person in Bill, Wyoming. All along the road, mile after mile, long trains of coal cars rolled by at a steady twenty-two miles per hour. The machine that fills the coal cars does every one exactly the same, piling each load into an identical little peak. In the whole landscape, the coal train was the only moving thing.

When I crossed into Montana, I felt that I was almost home, even though I still had five hundred miles or more to go. By now, I was getting kind of burned out from driving so much. To pass the time, I was reduced to thinking about ideas like what I would do if I had a hundred million dollars. Suddenly, I entered the land of grasshoppers. They started whirring up all around like little firecrackers and ricocheting off the windshield by the dozen. All along the windshield wipers, they got wedged under with legs and wings in disarray. We have been the scourge of many Great Plains species, but we haven't made a dent in the grasshoppers. About the only condition they can't live with is damp. They like to sun themselves on pavement too hot to walk on in shoes. No car had come down the road for a while. The hoppers would wait to jump until I was right over them; then they would bounce off the bottom of the car. It

sounded like I was driving in a popcorn popper. This went on for hours.

Then there were flocks of birds—mountain plovers, mostly. They were olive and taupe-colored above, sooty white underneath. They always took off in a way that showed the white. Sometimes they rose before the car by the hundred in an endlessly opening curtain, like a scene from an African-wildlife movie. The winter-wheat harvest had begun, and two-thousand-bushel grain trucks full to the top were spilling wheat along the roads. The birds came to eat the wheat. Lots of them had been run over and rolled to parchment on the asphalt. No matter how flat they got, somehow one

wing always remained upright to flap in the draft.

From the fields on the benchland I drove down into the valley of the Missouri River, to the town of Fort Benton. Just upstream, the Great Falls of the Missouri begin; in the days when steamboats travelled the river, Fort Benton was as far up as they could go. At first, Fort Benton was a fur-trading post, and then, in the eighteen-sixties, it was the main shipping point for miners working the gold strikes in the mountains to the west. Some historians maintain that Fort Benton was the wildest town in the West. Unfortunately, unlike Dodge City, it had no newspapers during its early days, so nobody really knows. For river people all along the Missouri and Mississippi valleys, Fort Benton was the end of the line. It attracted the usual Wild West crowd; one historian says that on a Saturday night you couldn't see the wood planking of the sidewalks for the discarded playing cards. Army officers suspected that it was from Fort Benton's traders that the Sioux and Cheyenne obtained many of their bullets and rifles. Today, the sedate center of prosperous farming country, Fort Benton has about as many people as when it was a wide-open river town. Next to the levee, where no steamboat will probably ever dock again, the Missouri still slides by. Downstream, where it disappears around a bluff called Signal Point, it is still backlit with the beckoning promise of a highway. Six dams now block the river between Fort Benton and St. Louis.

In 1882, the Grand Union Hotel in Fort Benton was the biggest and classi-



est hotel between Seattle and Minneapolis. Its linen and its china patterns are on display in the local museum. The turreted three-story brick hotel building still stands. At the time I was there, investors were planning to fix it up and reopen it. I looked through the glass of the locked main door into the lobby, with its black-and-white tile floor and oak registration desk. One night when the hotel was new (according to a display in the museum), the night manager shot and killed a cowboy who tried to ride his horse up the stairs just beyond the desk. Now the scene of the shooting was filled with mattresses stood on one end, headboards, a handcart, a wooden chair taped with electrical tape, tread-worn snow tires, an oil painting of the hotel towering above the smokestacks of steamboats docked beside it, a vacuum cleaner, and a bouquet of different-length curtain rods in a green plastic wastebasket.

Up the street from the hotel was where the dance halls, hurdy-gurdies, and gambling parlors used to be—places with names like Mose Solomon's Medicine Lodge, the Occidental, the Break of Day, the Exchange, the Board of Trade, and Dena Murray's Jungle. On the site of the Cosmopolitan, run by Fort Benton's most famous madam, Madame Moustache, I found a clothing store called the Togger. I tried on several pair of pants there and listened in the dressing room as a clerk

and a customer talked about how they had decided to sell their ranches after thirty-four and thirty-five years, respectively. The store didn't have any pants I liked. I sat by the river and swatted mosquitoes for a while. Then I drove up to Signal Point Golf Club, on the plains above the town. Almost no one was playing. "All the farmers are harvesting," the girl in the pro shop said. I rented clubs, and sliced my tee shot about half a mile down the airport runway alongside the first hole. The fairways were a chalky brown, with big green circles where the sprinklers reached.

Fort Benton was my last stop, except to get gas. The closer I got to the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, the more crosses marking fatal car accidents appeared beside the road. In a convenience store on the reservation I got a fill-up and a microwave burrito. They made me pay for the gas in advance. About forty kids and teen-agers were crowding around the video games. At the pump next to me was a pickup truck with a green armchair in the back and a man asleep in the chair. Dogs were strolling around loose, and the rows of houses and trailers had board fences on one side against the wind. Past the convenience store, the road rose toward the mountains in the west until it turned up a canyon and left the Great Plains behind.

—IAN FRAZIER

(This is the second part of a three-part article.)

NEXT SUMMER

Catalogues of seeds flood him
in the churlish gray city weather.
Preposterous gardens, wildly catholic:
anemone, nasturtium, marigold;
roses (white red yellow) bud, uncoil,
loosen to enormous bloom. A trellis

thickens with Heavenly Blue morning
glories, black-hearted poppies burst
their furry stems, sweet alyssum snows
the border. Generous "to a fault"
are Hardy, Lavish, Profligate with Bloom,
Effortless. February's paradise.

Now, house gone for good, and garden with it,
he drops their gorgeous prophecies unopened
into trash. Not the first garden lost,
he tells himself. But all the thousand flowers
that thrust and widened from his fingers
have changed the earth, the air: bloom, stir,
invisible, busy—calling their trampling bees.

—JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

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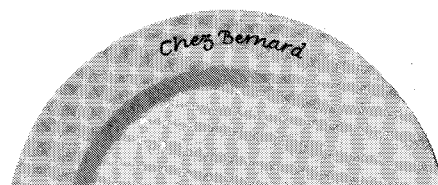
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THE THEATRE

On Her Own

"SHIRLEY VALENTINE," by Willy Russell, a British import at the Booth, introduces the English actress Pauline Collins to New York. In person, that is; we already know her from the television show "Upstairs, Downstairs," as Sarah, a maid in the Bellamy household. Here Miss Collins portrays a Liverpool matron, aged forty-two, who has lost herself, or feels she has, in the roles of wife to a dull, demanding husband, mother to a pair of not very interesting grown children, and neighbor to a nosy pain in the neck. She is the only character present. In the first act she talks to her kitchen wall and in the second to a rock somewhere in the Aegean, thus settling the most important question that arises in all theatrical solo flights: Is that woman crazy, sitting there talking to herself? Shirley Valentine, sitting at her kitchen table and sipping Riesling, is a clearheaded woman, blessed (cursed) with the ability to see through everyone, and she expresses her despair to that wall in funny anecdotes and witty, ironic comments about her next of kin.

Although, strictly speaking, a monologue in form, "Shirley Valentine" is indeed the play it claims to be; Mr. Russell has provided his heroine with a real story—beginning, middle, and (happy, satisfying) end—in which she grows and changes. Once upon a time, there lived a housewife in England who felt forever trapped in her drab,

humdrum daily routine—but, on impulse, she springs the trap herself by agreeing to fly to Greece with a friend, and there she takes the proprietor of a small taverna as a lover and decides to stay. She has come to her senses, and her heart beats again. Her apostrophes to that rock, as she stands or lies on a ledge in the bright sunlight, dressed in cotton slacks and a blouse, are alive and often triumphant.

The role is a rich one, and Miss Collins makes credible almost every word and every move, under Simon Callow's hair-trigger direction. I noticed one small slippage in believability: an anecdote about her son, as a small boy, appearing as Joseph in a school Christmas play and refusing to be turned away at the inn because he had a confirmed reservation. It's a good joke, but it would seem more at home in "Beyond the Fringe." Miss Collins, as Shirley, is delightful company for an evening; she is, for one thing, a dead-shot mimic. (She tells a tiny story about sitting alone in a hotel dining room and being invited to join a stuffed-shirt couple at their table; she gets them in an instant takeoff.) Everyone who crosses her path—husband, lover, neighbor, friend—is brought to life. That Miss Collins is also an attractive woman doesn't hurt a bit; her performance is so intimate and confiding—I'm trying to avoid the word "endearing," but it is inescapable—that one tends to for-

get that this is acting of a very high order. The stylish settings—Liverpool kitchen and Grecian ledge—were designed by Bruno Santini and lighted by Nick Chelton, as they were in London.

—EDITH OLIVER

One-Minute Eggs

"Thanks," I said and moved to the door. I wouldn't say she looked exactly wistful, but neither did she look as hard to get as a controlling interest in General Motors.

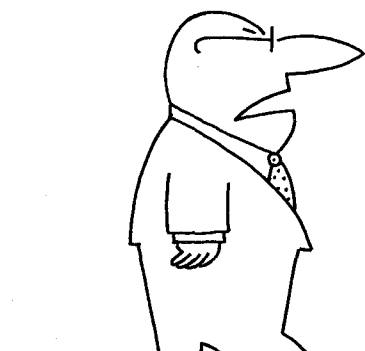
—"Playback," by Raymond Chandler.

IF you know anything at all about Raymond Chandler, it's not hard to figure that before long somebody in the company of "In a Pig's Valise" is going to call somebody else "jake," whereupon that person will say something like "Thanks. Actually, my name is . . ." "In a Pig's Valise" is a musical sendup of the Raymond Chandler school of hardboiled detective fiction, and "jake"—as in "I think you're jake"—is the sort of expression that Chandler characters use. In the event, the remark is addressed to the hero of "In a Pig's Valise," a tough-talking gumshoe, played by Nathan Lane, who has been called in by a sultry Latin beauty (Ada Maris) to investigate some shady doings at the local fleabag. The gag line, when it comes, isn't as funny as the "Don't call me Shirley" joke in "Airplane!" But then very little about "In a Pig's Valise" is as funny as the "Don't call me Shirley" joke. In fact, once you've recorded the show's setting (the Heartbreak Hotel, "at the corner of Neon and Lonely") and the name of its heroine (Dolores Con Leche) you've pretty much exhausted its store of wit.

"In a Pig's Valise," which opened last week at the Second Stage, represents a collaboration between the playwright Eric Overmyer, whose verbal agility has been compared with that of S. J. Perelman and Tom Stoppard, and the pop musician and composer August Darnell, who is better known as Kid Creole, of Kid Creole and the Coco-nuts. Naturally, it doesn't present itself as a dreadful little musical; rather, it presents itself as a hip theatrical event—so hip that it daren't even call itself a musical (the program describes it as "a hard-boiled yarn with music")—directed and choreographed by the trendy Graciela Daniele (whose "Tango Apasionado" won critical acclaim last season), with lighting by Peggy Eisen-

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BOTH?



Cravattoli

hauer (who worked with Miss Daniele on "Tango" and on the regional production of Lorca's "Blood Wedding" that she co-directed with Gerald Freedman), and with a live band—Mr. Darnell's own—sitting on the upper level of a set by Bob Shaw. But a dreadful little musical is what it is, principally because of the script. Most of the humor is on such a low level that one hesitates even to call it sophomoric. There are puerile exchanges ("I'll give you a hand; how hard could it be?" "I told you, lay off the dick jokes!"), stale gags (the Church Lady joke from "Saturday Night Live"—"That was extra, extra special!" the villain assures the hero—and the "Walk this way" joke from "Young Frankenstein"), and a lot of jokes on the conventions of pulp fiction and B-movies ("Hmm... ominous underscoring," "Turn down the ambience," "You could use a little work on your lingo noir"). And there are endless jokes on Chandler's penchant for ear-catching similes.

What makes "In a Pig's Valise" so embarrassing is partly that it never really engages the material it's parodying and partly that Overmyer's verbal agility is simply not up to that of Chandler (or his hero). Certainly Chandler could slip up in the simile department: one image at the beginning of "Farewell, My Lovely"—"he looked about as inconspicuous as a tarantula on a slice of angel food"—is perfectly awful. But some of his similes are brilliantly understated—that one about General Motors, for instance, or the comparable one about the girl who looks "almost as hard to get as a haircut." Most of Overmyer's jokes play like the tarantula image—they try too hard—and they also take too long to set up. Or else they're made possible by something that serves no other function. An exchange that goes "Don't count your dim sum before it's steamed, pal!" followed by "Don't press your duck!" might have been funny if a trigger line about Chinese food hadn't been thrown in from nowhere. The hero's name, James Taxi, seems to have been chosen for the benefit of an "I was trying to call a cab" joke, and the plot—someone is drugging the heroine and stealing her dreams while she sleeps—seems the excuse for a single ribald pun. (The hero, gazing into the heroine's eyes, talks about

looking into "this dream snatch.")

The show couldn't be better cast as far as the two principals are concerned. Miss Maris delivers each line in perfect deadpan and with a Rita Moreno accent, throwing in just the right-sized beat every time she says "my... keed seester." And Mr. Lane manages to make nearly everything he says or does seem funny—no small feat. Another good deadpan performance comes from Reg E. Cathey, as the hotel's sinister house detective, who, in one of the show's few genuinely funny moments, identifies himself with a flip of the badge as "Special Agent Lillian Hellman." But the other actors are all doing the most heavy-handed kind of Broadway shtick: Michael McCormick, as one of



the hotel's sleazy owners; Jonathan Freeman, doing a poor imitation of Sydney Greenstreet in the "fat man" role (and a worse one of Peter Sellers' Inspector Clouseau as the French night clerk); Dian Sorel and Lauren Tom, as a couple of taxi dancers. Not that they have a lot to work with. The second act consists mainly of one-liners that offer the audience a chance to play spot-the-reference (to Huey Newton and Bobby Seale, Walt Disney and Mickey Mouse), and most of them fall to Miss Maris and Mr. Lane. As for the songs, only one number plays cleverly with Chandler's form: a sequence in which the hero, instead of explaining the plot to all the assembled characters (the "You killed Eddie Mars because your junkie sister was in love with Shawn Regan" convention), leads the company in a hoe-down number called "Doin' the Dénouement." For the rest, Mr. Darnell has composed relentlessly repetitive generic music in different flavors, and each song seems to be motivated by one key idea—a gag line, usually the title or first line ("Prisoner of Genre," say, which is a joke we've heard earlier in the evening, or "Never Judge a Thriller")—that never goes anywhere.

The question remains: Why did they bother? It's not as though this material had never been parodied before. I have to assume that Kid Creole and the Coconuts have some sort of following, an audience that will come to see them whatever they do. Perhaps "In a Pig's Valise" is best seen as an excuse to get people into a theatre to listen to a tight little band. —MIMI KRAMER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Temples of Delight

THE Cleveland Orchestra, conducted by Christoph von Dohnányi, gave three concerts in Carnegie Hall last month. The first began with Delius's "Irmelin" Prelude, and the third closed with Varèse's "Amériques"; the other works played were the Tippett Triple Concerto, the Busoni Piano Concerto, Bartók's "Miraculous Mandarin" Suite, Villa-Lobos's "Bachianas Brasileiras" No. 5, and—a classic in each program—the "Eroica," Mozart's late E-flat Symphony, and Bach's Wedding Cantata. These were concerts of uncommon interest, and they were played with high distinction.

The Busoni, a big, five-movement concerto (it lasts some seventy minutes), has not suffered from over-exposure and run-of-the-mill performances. It remains what Mahler's big symphonies once were: a rare adventure, something special and exciting. The last New York performance, it seems, was in 1966, also by the Cleveland Orchestra, with George Szell conducting and Pietro Scarpini as soloist. The piece was completed in 1904. What Busoni had learned from his mastery of Liszt's piano music, from his conducting of music by Bartók, Debussy, Delius, Sibelius, from his study of Mahler and Strauss, and from his own questing into new forms, new harmonies, new systems inspired a composition at once utterly personal and encyclopedic in its survey of what contemporary music at its most exuberantly ambitious can be. The concerto begins with a warmly Brahmsian strain, *allegro, dolce e solenne*. The finale begins with an approach to a mystery and leads to music that Busoni conceived for the magic-grotto scene of Oehlenschläger's "Aladdin," that huge play in which elements from "The Magic Flute," Goethe's "Faust," and "Parsifal" are brought together. The massy rock columns all around—"pillars of the world... glittering and powerful"—break into serene, joyful song; an offstage male chorus adds its hymn to the music. Between, there have been two scherzo movements lit by the Italian sun. One



brings the haunting song "Fenesta che lucive," which used to be attributed to Bellini, but which Busoni presents over harmonies that Bellini could not have dreamed of. (Liszt had used a version of it in the "Années de Pèlerinage.") The other is a furious tarantella, interrupted—with Mahlerian shock effect—by the sudden blare of a military band. And at the heart of the concerto lies a Pezzo Serioso, enshrining the calm, noble "cathedral" melody of Busoni's early opera "Sigune." Themes reappear from movement to movement, in startling confrontations and

transformations. The concerto is a kaleidoscope, but an ordered one. For the title page of the score the composer sketched a scene of three contrasted temples—the first classical, with the sun rising over it, the second of Egyptian aspect, guarded by a sphinx, and the last hermetic, guarded by a mysterious winged being—and between them two landscapes, the first enchanted, the second Italian, with Vesuvius in the background.

The piano writing calls for prodigies of effortless virtuosity, but this is not a splashy or showy piece. Busoni was working toward a kind of concerto in which there is not antagonism between the soloist and the orchestra. Beethoven, Brahms, and Liszt, he wrote, had created "works of beauty and value" within the old framework but "could not break away from the convention of their day": the orchestra was damped when the soloist played, and the soloist remained "aggressive." Busoni's pianist is sometimes an initiator, sometimes an accompanist to a wind soloist, sometimes a musing, poetic commentator (with long, beautiful cadenzas), and most often a collaborator, ranging the keyboard to create "orchestral" effects of his own. Garrick Ohlsson was an impressive pianist, with the necessary command of style, swiftness, stamina, and, where it is called for, gentleness. Dohnányi shaped the long movements with a sure hand. The orchestra was alert, colorful, eloquent in its solos, deep-toned in the broad passages, vivacious in the dances.

The Delius was beautifully played—perhaps even a little too clear, without the soft-focus enchantment that Beecham used to bring to the score. The Tippett—with first-desk players, Daniel Majeske, Robert Vernon, and Stephen Geber, as solo violin, viola, and cello—was sensitive, sure, and excellently balanced. The "Eroica" was noble, bold, and very beautiful. In a program-book essay Dohnányi, asked what advice he would give a young conductor, says, "You shouldn't forget to lead a life. Everything you can learn about conducting becomes secondary once you actually come to conduct." Wisdom, judgment, strength of personality, and integrity of feeling mark his work. Uncommon technical accomplishment also plays its part: under Dohnányi's leadership, the Cleveland is again what it was under Szell—one of the world's great orchestras. In bloom and warmth of the full string tone it may yield to Vienna and Berlin; in feather-light yet exquisitely audible, precise pianissimo string playing it yields to none. The winds have character (oboe, clarinet, and horn solos were outstanding); the ensemble is finely tuned and finely balanced. The brasses can be fiery, but they are not strident. The orchestra and its conductor displayed strength without swagger, power (immense in the Varèse) without preening, accuracy and delicacy without exaggeration. For the "Eroica" and "Amériques" I was able to move from my usual orchestra seat to a first-tier box; there the distressing acoustical effect of the hall's 1986 renovation is less apparent.

ALSO from a box, I heard the first of the Chicago Symphony's two Carnegie concerts this month, conducted by Georg Solti. Schubert's Fifth Symphony lacked charm and naturalness (again, Beecham sets a standard), but Shostakovich's Eighth was tremendous. This hour-long symphony, a tragic successor to the heroic "Leningrad," is painful, poignant, and alarming to hear. Solti executed it with intense colors, strong rhythms, and strong emotions. The strings found blanching, stricken tone for their long lines of grieving. The English-horn lament, rising out of those shattering chords in the first movement, keening up into the highest reaches of the instrument, was eloquently played (by

Grover Schiltz). The brutality of the third movement, with its ruthless march, agonized screams, and crazy bugle calls, was unstinted. The passacaglia fourth movement was a broad, noble elegy, and the finale had the right ambiguous quality: a C major not confident but questioning, insecure, scarce daring to hope. While the Chicago Symphony played the Eighth in Carnegie, the New York Philharmonic, conducted by Leonard Slatkin, played it in Avery Fisher Hall. There was no temptation to catch a later Philharmonic performance; comparisons might have been interesting, but this is not a work on which to exercise connoisseurship, or one to hear often. Had the Solti performance been inadequate, I might have gone to Slatkin's. But the Solti performance was overwhelming. Instead, I spent the next day with the score, thinking about the performance, thinking about Shostakovich (the week before, the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Otto-Werner Mueller, had given a moving account of his bleak, beautiful Fourteenth Symphony: the final event in a six-concert Juilliard series devoted to music of the sixties), and noting how fine and subtle—even in the most ferocious, hate-filled passages—the musical working is. That evening, I sought refuge in fifteenth-century polyphony.

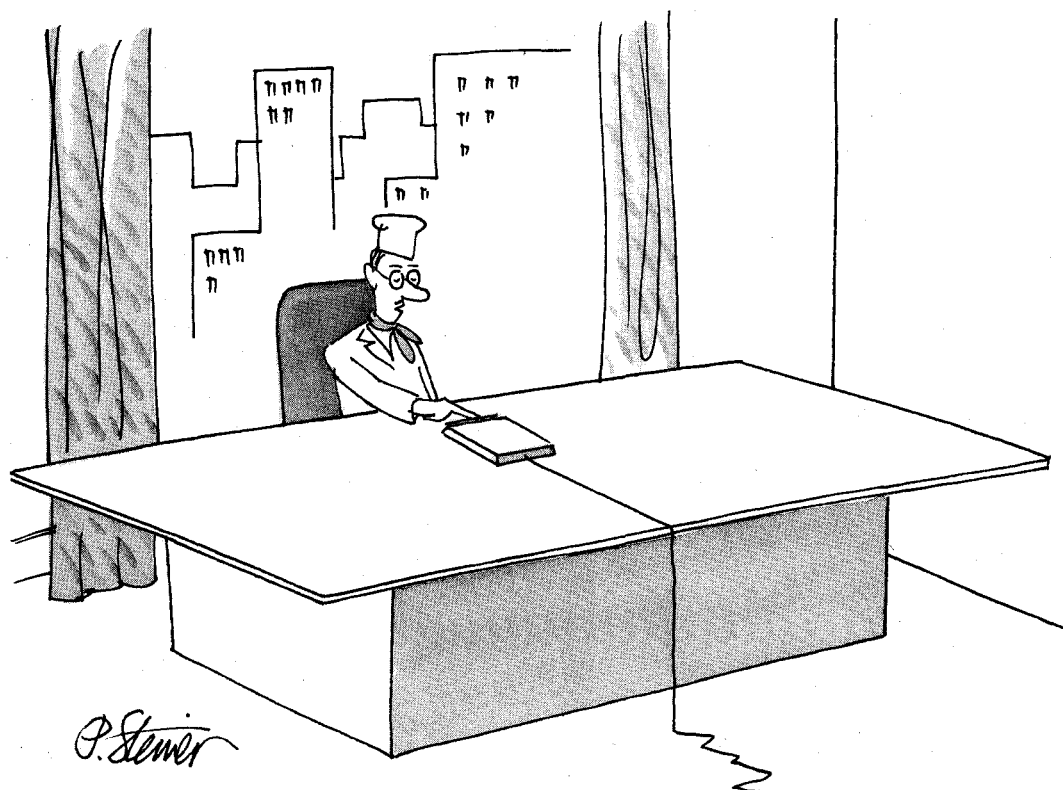
THE Sine Nomine Singers, conducted by Harry Saltzman, are celebrating their twentieth anniversary. The choir, twenty-three strong, mixed-voice, takes music of all ages as its province; Nicolas Gombert's Mass "Je suis desheritée" (1557), Handel oratorios ("Theodora," "Hercules," "Jephtha," the full, three-part "Israel in Egypt"), and a Villa-Lobos centenary celebration are among Sine Nomine programs I've enjoyed. This month's concert began with Jacob Obrecht's Mass "Salve diva parens" (published in 1503), continued with Benjamin Britten's Hymn to St. Cecilia (1942), and ended with Dallapiccola's

early (1933) madrigal settings of poems by Michelangelo's nephew.

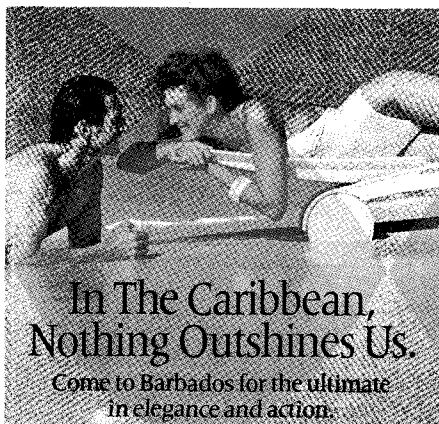
The dissolution of Richard Taruskin's Cappella Nova, followed by Mr. Taruskin's translation to Berkeley, has left the city underprovided with fifteenth-century music in performance, and so the Obrecht Mass—welcome in any event, since Obrecht performances are rare—was doubly welcome. Cappella Nova used to sing in resonant churches. Sine Nomine sings in Merkin Hall. It would be pleasing if more of the churches around Lincoln Center could be brought into the established patterns of concert-giving, so that each work could be heard in a setting appropriate to it—both acoustically and in atmosphere—which would also be an accepted stop on the concert-going "circuit." The big, basilica-like Church of St. Paul the Apostle, just south of Lincoln Center, has sometimes served as its ecclesiastical annex (the Boston Symphony did the Requiems of Berlioz and Brahms there), but not often. Holy Trinity, on Central Park West, has its Bach-cantata series. Christ and St. Stephen's, on West Sixty-ninth Street, is often used for chamber music and is an apt place for it: good sound and a friendly, village-church atmosphere. For music of high, solemn ritual, Blessed Sacrament Church, on West Seventy-first Street,

would be more appropriate. I know its acoustics only through amplified priestly chant, though an occasional concert is given there (the Manhattan Chamber Artists give one on Sunday, February 26th); they seem promising. Gustave Steinback's High Gothic architecture is dramatic and inspiring. It is a big church, holding about seven hundred people. Rutgers Presbyterian Church, on West Seventy-third Street, is smaller, and is prized as a place to record in, but last time I heard live music there it proved *too* resonant. That was an opera, however—Zandonai's "Giulietta e Romeo," belted out. A well-tuned chamber choir might set the space aglow. There are several other halls and churches close about Lincoln Center that could help to give each musical event its most fitting home, but only a visionary director, able, exigent, and indefatigable, could bring coherence to the busy scene. Moving, let's say, Philharmonic audiences for Berlioz's *Te Deum* from Fisher Hall to the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, where the music would have twice the impact, would need much persuasion and planning. Meanwhile, the established halls draw audiences more reliably and conveniently; ticket sales, subscription series, rehearsal schedules, publicity are all easier to arrange.

Back to Merkin Hall. There, in



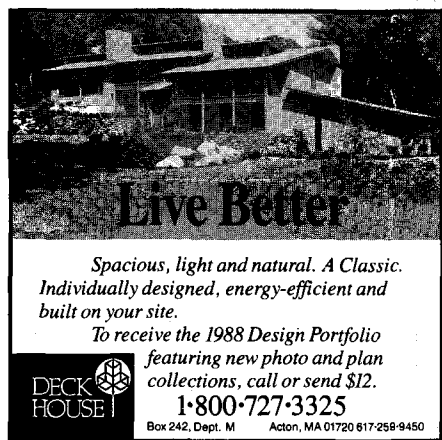
"Philippe, dice the potatoes."



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well-raked and comfortable seats (not wooden pews), the audience hears clearly and accurately. The ambience is apt for contemporary music; I have enjoyed many new works there. (For some reason, Milton Babbitt's "The Head of the Bed" comes first to mind.) But Obrecht's Mass seemed ill housed. There weren't long spaces to set sounding. I wished that the performance were being given in Blessed Sacrament Church. It was a good performance and a bold one. The chorus was accompanied by a quartet of viols; from time to time a cornett reinforced the cantus firmus; a tingling of handbells, played by choristers, signalled passages of especial ingenuity. Musica-ficta flattening applied to soften exposed tritones of Obrecht's, in the final Agnus, to perfect fourths and fifths led by its implications into the astonishing key of C flat. ("By no means... a definitive solution," the program note said, but "one possible reading of this enigmatic passage.") Obrecht was a cunning manipulator in the best sense of the word. He deployed his chosen tunes (that for "Salve diva parens" has not been identified) through wondrous mazes with extraordinary freedom and skill. His Masses are fascinating to read. To hear one of them was a delight. The Sine Nomine Singers are well tuned, and Mr. Saltzman has taught them to sing supply through the modern bar lines, in expressive phrases. The sopranos (sometimes doubled by cornett or recorder) sounded unashamedly like women and did not emulate the steady, strong, pure sound of boys. This inevitably turned the performance into something of a transcription—in the way that a Shakespeare production with a woman playing Juliet, Lady Macbeth, Cleopatra is to some extent a modern transcription—but it was an acceptable one. "Acceptable" is a weak word for what Edith Evans, Peggy Ashcroft achieved in roles written for a boy's voice and a boy's abilities, and so it is for the Sine Nomine sopranos' singing. Obrecht's music came across clearly, distinctly, directly.

The Britten Hymn, which is difficult to perform accurately, was carefully rehearsed, admirably tuned, carefully balanced. Auden's words could be heard. All that was missing, perhaps, was a certain carefree, dancing quality in some of the rhythms. I felt that Mr. Saltzman could have risked let-

ting his well-prepared singers run on an even lighter rein, twitched only if the ensemble or the balance seemed in danger.

IT is the tercentenary of the Glorious Revolution, in which the English rid themselves of a Roman Catholic monarch and invited William and Mary to the throne, at the same time establishing Parliament, not king or queen, as the supreme power in the land. Several musical celebrations have been scheduled; at the least, they provide an excuse for performing music by the great composer of the day, Henry Purcell. The Music Before 1800 concert last month, in Corpus Christi Church, given by Chicago's Newberry Consort, was titled "The Glorious Revolution." Most of the program was in fact pre-Revolutionary—Commonwealth or Restoration—but it led to a final group of songs and sonatas by Purcell, framed within an excellent song ("Loving Above Himself") by the longer-lived John Blow, Purcell's predecessor at the Abbey, and an excerpt from Blow's "Ode on the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell."

No one sings English words more beautifully than Drew Minter, who was the vocalist at this concert. He had the audience hanging on every phrase, word, syllable that he uttered. Spontaneous shouts of "Beautiful!" and "Wonderful!" rang out at the close of his songs. He took the word "charms," as elaborately set by Purcell in the alto solo of the 1692 St. Cecilia's Day ode ("At once it charms the Sense and captivates the Mind"), and played with it, colored it, timed its repetitions so that mind and sense alike were charmed and captivated. The passage recurs; the repeat, with subtle differences, was even more wonderful. Likewise his handling of the adventurous, chromatic way John Wilson set the word "Houl" (howl) in the song "Languish and Dispaire." Mr. Minter's art, often praised in these columns, seemed to reach new heights. The Newberry Consort—a "broken consort" of two violins (David Douglass and John Holloway), bass viol (Mary Springfels, who is also the director of the ensemble), and theorbo (Kevin Mason)—played music by Matthew Locke, Nicola Matteis, Purcell. It was a well-devised, cultivated, rewarding recital.

—ANDREW PORTER

IN FASHION

School of Chanel

WAITING for the show to start, the members of the audience survey each other, as if in a mirror, from their seats on both sides of the catwalk: two hundred or so women decked out in gold-buttoned suits and pearl earrings look opposite and see two hundred or so more women in more of the same suits and pearl earrings. And then the show begins. On the runway are gold-buttoned suits in colorful plaids and in pastel stripes, worn with accessories that, if there were a Chanel handbook, would follow it to the letter—pearl earrings, triple-strand chain belts that drape across the stomach, white camellias nestled in black satin bows, low-heeled two-tone shoes. At first glance, this event looks like the showing of any other Chanel collection, yet the setting isn't Paris but the Terrace Room of the Plaza Hotel, in New York. The music isn't Top Forty or classical but easy-listening arrangements of songs popular fifteen years ago. Instead of the two "C"s, back to back, that are the Chanel insignia, the gold buttons on the suits—in the audience and on the runway both—are embossed with "A"s. This isn't Chanel, it's Adolfo.

For more than twenty years now, Adolfo has been designing collections that mimic the style Gabrielle Chanel invented—even in his advertisements, in which a model in a suit is seated in front of a coromandel screen just like the ones Chanel had in her apartment. Adolfo isn't the only designer doing his own version of the Chanel style. In Europe, designers as diverse as Christian Lacroix, Yves Saint Laurent, and Franco Moschino have, each in his way, paid tribute to Chanel; even Pierre Cardin, in his spring/summer haute-couture show, tacked black bows and white camellias onto clothes that bore no resemblance whatsoever to Chanel. In New York last fall, Chanel was the nearly unanimous theme of the

collections shown for spring. Five years ago, I started keeping a file of Chanel copies—chain belts with leather woven through them and quilted handbags that were featured in mail-order catalogues, crystal necklaces for sale at the five-and-ten, knit suits by Castleberry and St. John Knits, and on and on—until there were just too many to keep track of. If imitation really is flattery, then all this is high praise for Chanel herself and for her style. If not, it's still good business. At the moment, anything that looks like Chanel sells, and her legend eclipses the reputations of her contemporaries—of Patou, of Lanvin, even of Madeleine Vionnet, whose innovative cuts did so much to further the science of the couture.

Six years ago, when the House of Chanel hired Karl Lagerfeld to design its haute-couture and ready-to-wear collections, there were nineteen Chanel boutiques in the world; at last count, there were forty-one. In January, the

Council of Fashion Designers of America gave Lagerfeld an award for his achievement—for having made the Chanel style youthful and up-to-date. Lagerfeld calls the Chanel formula "an open secret." Copied extensively during her lifetime, it is now, to all intents and purposes, in the public domain. In "Working Girl," a movie in which a Staten Island secretary is transformed into an upward-bound businesswoman, Sigourney Weaver, as her boss, quotes the following advice: "Dress shabbily, they notice the dress. Dress impeccably, and they notice the woman." Coco Chanel." If in New York a Chanel suit is the new power dressing, it's no wonder. All those shiny brass buttons, like military regalia, bestow an air of importance. Besides, the look is a package—quite safe, as fashion goes. The woman who decks herself out in Chanel, from satin hairband to two-tone shoes, is guaranteed to look well put together—which,



STEVENSON

in the business world, implies efficiency and even a certain perfectionism.

Geoffrey Beene has a theory that the preponderance of Chanel-style clothes in American fashion today has to do with women's desire to find a female equivalent for the man's suit. "It's the first time I've seen women not objecting to another woman's wearing exactly the same thing they are," he said recently. "The spirit of competition does not seem to exist in this case. So many women are wearing the Chanel style and accepting it that it is beginning to take on the aura of a uniform."

IT has often been said that Chanel was the first woman to live the life of this century, a life that now seems almost a caricature of the so-called career girl's: an outspoken, independent woman who lived among artists, intellectuals, and aristocrats and brought to her private life the same limitless ambition that she brought to her work. Over the years, she built a myth around her own survival, but underneath was a heroine emotionally dishevelled, struggling to come to terms with bitter disappointment and persistent loneliness. She was without self-pity.

At twenty-two, as the mistress of a young racehorse breeder, Chanel got a good look at the rich and how they dressed. Like many outsiders looking in, she developed a keen critical understanding. Too proud to imitate the rich, she resolved to invent for herself an image that would command their attention and respect; in fact, she led them to abandon their own ways and adopt hers as she exposed the foppiness of a style that had survived beyond its time. In a series of conversations with the French writer Paul Morand, later published in a book called "L'Allure de Chanel," she said of that era, "Eccentricity was dying. I hope to have had a part in killing it."

In 1939, Chanel closed her doors, and after the war she went to Switzerland, where she remained for eight years, watching fashion from the sidelines. In 1954, at the age of seventy, she reopened her house, on the Rue Cambon, with a collection that fell flat. One witness recalls the quaintness of the presentation: accustomed by this time to the zippy pace at Dior, where the young models emerged in quick

succession, outfitted completely with handbags, gloves, and even umbrellas, the audience at Chanel saw models enter, pose, walk slowly, pause for the editor in the front row to feel the fabric, pose again, turn slowly—all the while carrying a card bearing the number of the outfit in big black numerals. The fashion mavens couldn't find the news. Chanel seemed to have simply picked up where she left off in 1939, and, according to American *Vogue*, "the public, whipped to a frenzy of expectation by the extraordinary advance publicity, gasped in surprise at the unchanged simplicity and many of them gasped in disappointment." When, a few months later, the public came around to a new appreciation of the clothes Chanel was designing, it was the Americans who led the way. (During the decade and a half when Chanel's couture house was out of business, New York manufacturers like Davidow carried the torch in America and kept turning out copies of designs of hers that they had purchased in the thirties.) A friend who lived through Dior's postwar New Look says that after six years of cinched-in waists and clothes so elaborately constructed that they could stand up by themselves Chanel's suits came as a relief. In them, a woman looked dressed up but felt as comfortable as she would if she were wearing a sweater and skirt. Elegance, Chanel told Morand, is the freedom to move.

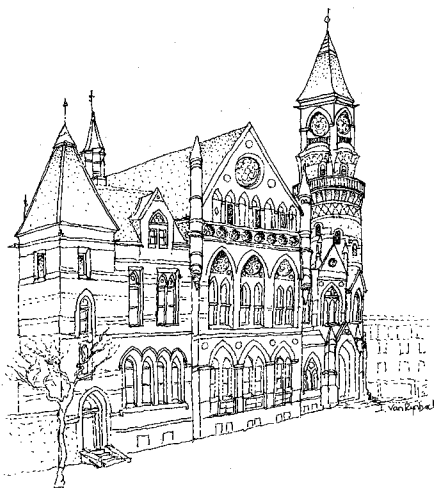
All the elements of the style we now think of as Chanel's had been there before the war, but the clothes she designed in the twenties and thirties have a certain randomness about them. They are all over the map and are often hard to distinguish from clothes by

other designers of the time, like Lanvin and Patou. I think Lagerfeld is right when he says that the Chanel formula is something Chanel arrived at relatively late in her career. After her "comeback," her collections became more consistent. The Chanel style as she exercised it in the fifties and sixties has the resonance of memory; it is her selective recollection of the clothes of the twenties and thirties—her youth, her heyday.

The criticism most commonly levelled against women designers—that they design primarily for themselves—has never applied to anyone more clearly than it applies to Chanel. In a television interview included in "Chanel, Chanel," a 1986 documentary by Eila Hershon and Roberto Guerra, she says, "Looking at a dress, I ask, 'Would I wear that myself?' If the answer is 'No, I wouldn't,' I don't do it." And yet the highly personal style she modelled on herself has turned out to be virtually universal. The proportions of the Chanel suit, worked out on her own body, are especially becoming to the average woman, who, like Chanel herself, is a good four to six inches shorter than the average fashion model. The formula she devised to suit her life as a working woman has become practical for vast numbers of women as they have gone to work, too.

She designed suit jackets with low pockets for cigarettes, and legend has it that she chose the No. 5 perfume over the others submitted for her approval because she liked the way it blended with the smell of cigarette smoke. Her skirts nearly always had pockets, too. The motifs she used for buttons and jewelry often had some private, superstitious significance: four-leaf clovers because she believed they brought good luck; lion's heads because she was born in August, a Leo. In the clothes, these idiosyncrasies became abstract, without any particular meaning. But to the initiated they were as recognizable as trademarks.

She was her own best advertisement. Thinking back on other designers and the images that fixed their styles in our memory, I would name Willy Maywald's pictures of young women strolling the quays alongside the Seine, for Christian Dior's New Look suits; or George Hoyningen-Huene's dramatically lit studio shot, for Alix's long white Grecian dress; or Cecil



Beaton's ballroom landscapes, for Charles James's evening gowns. But Chanel re-created woman in her own image, and it is the portraits of her by Horst, Cecil Beaton, Henry Clarke, and Hoyningen-Huene that have imprinted her style on our mind. They are different from fashion photographs: the set of her features, her posture, her attitude toward the camera are those of a woman who is opinionated and experienced. It is perhaps no coincidence that the Chanel ideal has emerged as the dominant one at a time when Estée Lauder has come out with a fragrance called "Knowing."

UNDER Lagerfeld, the images of Chanel herself as fashion icon have gradually given way to images of other women wearing Chanel: Inès de la Fressange, the house model, and the actress Carole Bouquet, the spokeswoman for Chanel No. 5, in the house's advertising and publicity; and women like Ivana Trump, Helen Gurley Brown, and Oprah Winfrey, whom we come across in the press, in the public eye, in our daily lives.

The current Chanel phenomenon is largely an American one. (The Japanese have an insatiable appetite for the quilted handbags and the gold-buttoned suits, but seemingly for a different reason: like Hermès scarves and Rolex watches, Chanel clothes and accessories are Western trophies of affluence.) In Paris, in Milan, in Munich, in London—in restaurants, on the street, at the theatre—there are fewer women wearing Chanel or Chanel look-alikes than there are in New York. Maybe this is because women in Europe seem not quite so eager to be accepted in the workplace. Or because in France, at least, women pride themselves on their individuality in matters of fashion, and Chanel, unless it is mixed, irreverently, with a pair of jeans or, ironically, with clothes by other designers, is thought to be a bit too prescribed. A Chanel suit is the sort of thing the French expect to find on the wife of a government minister.

Arie Kopelman, the president of Chanel in the United States, contends that the Chanel style is to this day a French look, and that the company wants to keep it that way—evidently, French fashion still has a cachet in America that American fashion lacks. But Adolfo disagrees. To his mind,

he says, the Chanel style has always been "a well-bred American look, not French," and he adds, "Yves Saint Laurent, Givenchy, Ungaro are French, but Chanel is American, I think, because it is practical and not fussy or pompous—and because it is amusing, light in spirit. French fashion to me is more serious, more precise."

The Chanel name has now passed from the particular to the general—from being the name of the woman herself to being a brand name. Under Lagerfeld's direction, Chanel clothes and accessories have become instantly—sometimes grotesquely—recognizable. These days, the runway is strewn with blouses printed with No. 5 perfume bottles, with drop earrings in the shape of tiny gold quilted pocketbooks, with gold buttons stamped with a line drawing of the two-tone shoe in profile. Lagerfeld's fascination with the details—the bag, the shoe, the perfume flacon, the jewelry—has bordered on the fetishistic. The double "C" insignia is everywhere—embossed on leather goods, woven into the satin jacquard used for a blouse. Where Chanel's motifs alluded to the world beyond fashion, the Chanel style now refers primarily to itself, reflecting its own glory. All this contributes to a growing sense that in Lagerfeld's hands the Chanel style has become not only exciting and whimsical but also solipsistic; and though solipsism may be in keeping with the spirit of our times, it's absolutely contrary to what Chanel herself stood for.

Some people (and I am among them) have accused Lagerfeld of desecrating the Chanel style with sight gags and overkill, with a tarty sex appeal and a crass sensationalism. I still think that the evening clothes are often clumsy, and that perfume bottles and handbags as earrings are more in the tradition of Elsa Schiaparelli, Chanel's rival during the nineteen-thirties, than in the tradition of Chanel herself. And I envy Chanel her standard slouchy pose, her hands deep in her skirt pockets—most of Lagerfeld's skirts are too snug to accommodate pockets. But, like it or not, Lagerfeld has made the Chanel style newsworthy again, by means of exaggeration. At their most baroque, the clothes he designs in her name are good attention-getters, raising the level of what

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Kopelman calls "Chanel awareness" to an all-time high. At their most disciplined, they look confident and quiet.

In Chanel's opinion, imitations served to make her originals all the more valuable. "Let them copy," she said. "My ideas belong to everyone." Lagerfeld says that "one of the healthy things about being copied is that it pushes us to change." When Chanel herself was designing, there was a reason to buy her version of the style rather than a copy: she was the author. But Lagerfeld has had to find a way to make the women who want to buy Chanel want to buy *his* versions of it when he is merely one of several designers now doing their own variations on her theme.

ADOLFO, a former milliner for Bergdorf Goodman, dates the Chanel-style chapter of his career to 1967, when *Harper's Bazaar* commissioned him to make a suit to be photographed on Gloria Vanderbilt. "And I liked the idea so much that I continued," he explains. "It became my inspiration." Since then, he has been "inspired" to turn out not only clothes in the style of Chanel but, in recent years, clothes in the style of Lagerfeld in the style of Chanel. His current collection features belts with three different buckles across the front—a vintage Lagerfeld idea, launched last year.

In response to Lagerfeld's contention that the Chanel look needed to be brought up-to-date, to be made younger, Adolfo says that he has always considered it ageless: "Whatever is the age of the woman wearing the clothes, that's how old she looks. They don't make you look any younger, or any older." Even so, in his own estimation Adolfo is catering to a woman "in her forties or fifties," which is probably older than the average Chanel customer by a good ten years and certainly older by far than the image that Chanel now projects. While Chanel dresses the young customer, Adolfo dresses the old. And although many of Adolfo's clients are what he calls "upper class"—women with money or "no money but a name"—he insists that his clothes are not snobbish, by which he means that they do not boast of how much it cost to buy them. While Chanel dresses the new money, Adolfo dresses the old. In an ironic reversal, he says he outfits his models to look like his clients.

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Like Lagerfeld and like Chanel before him, Adolfo has done a group of revealing cocktail dresses veiled with matching chiffon overdresses—an ingenious and elegant way for older women to look discreet and sexy at the same time. (“Nothing shows age more than the upper arms,” Chanel said. “Cover them.”) As for daywear, the chief differences between Adolfo’s suits and those Lagerfeld designs for Chanel are that Adolfo’s are nearly always made of some sort of knit—even the plaids—whereas Lagerfeld’s are usually woven, and that Adolfo’s jackets are usually unlined, which makes them lighter in weight and closer to the body, like the jersey suit Chanel first designed in 1913. Chanel followers looking for orthodoxy these days more often find it at Adolfo.

Looking at photographs of Chanel herself, wearing clothes that are as chic as anything invented since, I am reminded of Diana Vreeland’s axiom that “elegance is refusal.” Chanel refused grandiosity—clothes that call attention to themselves. She refused play-acting. She refused displays of wealth and, in revolt, subversively urged women to wear their real jewelry mixed with fakes. “The reason I first created fake jewelry is that I found it without arrogance in a time of too much easy luxury,” she said. “When false jewelry is well made and very attractive—and mine is—the intention is to undermine real jewelry.” In her conversations with Morand, Chanel recalled being “enchanted” by a remark that an American once made about the clothes she designed: “To have spent so much money without it showing!” The designer took this as a great compliment. “I ask myself why I threw myself into this line of work, why I played the part of a revolutionary. It was not to create what I liked, but rather, first and foremost, to do away with all the things I didn’t like,” she said. And “I invented my life by taking for granted that everything that I did not like would have an opposite, which I would like.”

Despite the jewelry, despite the detailing on the suits, the Chanel style has an austerity—an absolute purity—that is perfectly in keeping with the modernist spirit in art, in music, in architecture. Talking with Morand, Chanel said, “Scheherazade is easy; a little black dress is very difficult. It is necessary to be suspicious of original-

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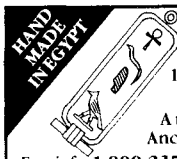
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ity. In couture, the temptation is to lapse into disguise, and in decoration, into theatre.” In a way, what the Chanel style is is less important than what it isn’t.

Last month, in Paris, Lagerfeld led off the Chanel haute-couture collection, at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, with Stravinsky’s “Rite of Spring,” which, when it was premièred in that theatre, seventy-six years ago, prompted the audience to riot. The collection was full of fitted jackets, slightly longer than usual, worn not with a matching straight skirt but with a midcalf pleated skirt, in silk crêpe or mousseline—an ingénue look reminiscent of Gigi. The handbags were not quilted but smooth. The jewelry was mostly limited to a single strand of pearls. Though there was nothing earth-shattering about these clothes, they represented a vigorous departure from the Chanel style as Lagerfeld has been practicing it. The silhouette is still slim but is graceful now, less aggressive, and not so solid. The freedom missing from the suits of the past five years, with their tubelike skirts, is gloriously apparent in the new outfits, which, though full, are fluid and light. Just as the women who pay no attention to fashion are getting around to buying generic versions of the suits Lagerfeld has been showing, he is changing the Chanel image—not so much redrafting it as shifting the emphasis to the schoolgirlishness that was also part of Chanel’s repertoire. His timing is perfect: with this new collection, he is keeping one step and several years ahead of the crowd. More astonishing than the clothes, however, was the fact that a piece of music as groundbreaking as “The Rite of Spring” has by this time become a monument of the modern era, to be visited in passing on a tour of the twentieth century; that the ballet Vaslav Nijinsky choreographed to that music died a mere six performances after its opening night; and that, despite fashion’s ephemeral nature, a little suit invented that same year by an upstart modiste is now timelier than ever.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 16

THE first phase of George Bush's Presidency, in which he sought to legitimate himself as the new Chief Executive and build support for battles to come, ended with his address to Congress last week and was only partially successful. Having served in the shadows for eight years as Vice-President and won the Presidency through an ugly campaign, and beginning his Presidency with no particularly compelling agenda, Bush launched a second campaign, starting with the day after the election, to establish himself as a likable persona, and as someone who knows how to be President. Most new Presidents don't have to make a major effort to show that they know how to be President—they just start being President—but Bush, because of his history and his vague agenda, did. Ronald Reagan roared into town with a program. Bush is seeking to move things around a little bit (and by less than he let on). His advisers say that this is all that can be expected of an in-effect third-term President, but that doesn't completely explain it. There are two other reasons: Bush has (at least for a while) boxed himself in with his adamant vow not to raise taxes, and, perhaps more important, it has never seemed that there were things he was burning to do as President. He just wanted to be President. (A Republican strategist who has worked closely with Bush said to me last summer, explaining why Bush didn't seem to know what he wanted to do as President, "George Bush's thought process is that you go through the chairs—serve as this and that—and then run for the Presidency, and, if elected, you go out and get like-minded people and run the government.")

Bush's persona and agenda are of a piece: a decent, likable guy (if one forgets last year, as most people here, with their tendency toward amnesia, are quite willing to do) who wants to do decent things but isn't particularly bold—and may not be much of a leader. It's too soon to decide how much of a leader Bush will turn out to be, but the question is in the air—at a time when it rarely is for new Presidents. The warmth and politesse with which he was greeted here at the outset of his Administration by virtually all parties was born of various things.

First, all new Presidents are given a line of credit; we rather like starting over, and enjoy having a period, however long or short, of optimism. Second, it is not on for the opposition to start attacking a new President right away; the politic thing is to wait for an opening. The so-called honeymoon is a misnomer: the parties involved don't for a moment think they're in love; they're simply observing a ritual. During the Inaugural week, I asked a Republican congressional leader how long the new era of good feeling, bordering on euphoria, would last, and he replied, "Two weeks." In his first press conference, at the end of his first week in office, Bush said, "It's been a good, easy week, and I expect it will change dramatically in the days ahead."

Third, Bush is not Reagan—a distinction with which Bush had had to struggle for so long, but which was advantageous to him as he began his Presidency. Reagan's high popularity ratings notwithstanding (higher than

any President since the end of the Second World War), his departure from the scene was greeted with widespread, if largely unspoken, relief, including among Republicans. He had served long enough (though not by his own reckoning, as he seeks to win repeal of the two-term limit, though not for himself); his disengagement was becoming tiresome as well as worrisome; there were big problems to get on with confronting. He had left Bush with, among other things, the savings-and-loan calamity, nuclear-materials plants with a lot of (and expensive) problems, and the enormous pile of national debt. The pleasure with which Bush's many moves to show he is not Reagan, and to build his support on the basis of other qualities, were greeted was indicative of the widespread feeling that it was time for a change. Republican strategists believe that Reagan's popularity stemmed in part from the fact that by last fall he had become a nostalgic figure; by the time he left, he had in effect been gone for some time.

The various steps Bush took to es-



"I love a woman who can do her own Sheetrocking."

establish that he is not Reagan were all, of course, implicit criticisms of him. Bush's making a speech to a black audience on Martin Luther King's birthday, his early emphasis on ethics, were acts of separation. (The King Day speech stood in particular contrast to Reagan's churlish remark, in an interview on "60 Minutes" the Sunday before the Inauguration, about black leaders: "Sometimes I wonder if they really want what they say they want, because some of those leaders are doing very well leading organizations based on keeping alive the feeling that they're victims of prejudice.") The emphasis on ethics was welcome, but Bush was simply going back to the way things were supposed to have been all along. An internal Justice Department report on former Attorney General Edwin Meese was buried until the Inaugural week, when it would be moot and receive little attention. The report said that if Meese were still Attorney General "disciplinary action" should be taken; Reagan called it the work of "political enemies" of Meese in the department. Bush's pointedly establishing that he would work at the job harder than Reagan did, his actually knowing the names of members of Congress (and not having to talk to them from note cards), and his entertaining members of Congress and giving them tours of the White House family quarters (which hardly any of them saw during the Reagans' eight years there) have gone over extremely well. For all of Reagan's public image as a warm, friendly guy, the kind of man you could feel comfortable with, the private Reagan was a remote figure, with few real friends, and not much of a conversationalist; over his eight years in office, other politicians had spent quite a lot of time listening to his anecdotes and movie stories and feeling that they were talking to a wall. Reagan was a loner who led a movement; Bush is a genuinely friendly man with a large number of friends, but he heads no movement.

The fourth reason Bush was greeted warmly here was that he is not Michael Dukakis. A great many Democratic politicians had given up on Dukakis by the time of the election, and several saw their own futures as more pleasant and more powerful without him as President. Though many of them saw Bush's campaign as both dirty and mean-spirited, they

didn't and don't think that Dukakis was robbed of a victory—to the extent that they care, they think he kicked it away. Very few of them warmed to Dukakis's persona. At first (until it got to John Tower), Bush's Cabinet nominees were treated like royalty on Capitol Hill. Democratic senators who just after the election had vowed they would remind the world of James Baker's responsibility for the kind of campaign Bush had run were silent when Baker's expected nomination as Secretary of State came before them. A Democratic Senate aide explains, "People couldn't maintain their sense of bitterness, because when the dust settled their principal feeling was what a doofus Dukakis is." If there are any politicians here who would at this point prefer Dukakis to Bush as President, it is a well-guarded secret.

THOUGH they didn't say so publicly, a number of politicians felt that Bush's Inaugural address was not the speech of a leader, that he did not use the opportunity to take charge. His call for less materialism ("My friends, we are not the sum of our possessions") was a welcome note after the excesses of the Reagan years, but it was at odds with the excesses of his own Inaugural week (topping even Reagan's), and the record number of private planes parked at National Airport. The baroque language ("Freedom is like a beautiful kite that can go higher and higher with the breeze") didn't particularly fit him and seemed labored; because he doesn't have any real speaking style, the words applied by others, particularly Peggy Noonan, who had written for Reagan, didn't seem natural. (Bush's speech to Congress last week was less ornate—Noonan has not been brought into the White House—and seemed more natural; his language was spare and direct.) The homiletics in the Inaugural address had little to do with the Presidency or real issues, and with the passage of time the speech

grew thinner and thinner, to the point where there is almost nothing memorable about it at all. His saying "We have more will than wallet" was self-contradictory.

If he didn't know already, Bush found out quickly how hard it is even for a President to control the agenda. Borrowing a page from the campaign (where it didn't always work, either), his aides set out to have "theme weeks." But the first week's theme (actually, the second one's, too)—stressing the importance of ethics in government and the value of public service—got blindsided by the flap over a leaked proposal to deal with the savings-and-loan disaster by imposing a fee on deposits. (The idea was not as terrible as all the uproar suggested; the fee was to be levied in exchange for the insurance on the deposits. But Bush has made people so tax averse now, and the press so ready to pounce on anything that looks like a retreat from his no-tax pledge, that the proposal was hooted down. Bush's follow-up proposal, made at the beginning of last week, to raise the fee the banks pay for the insurance, will probably end up having the same effect on deposits. Bush's over-all program for bailing out the S.&L.s is not standing up too well, and is deemed likely to cost a good bit more than the ninety billion dollars Bush estimated when he announced it.) And Bush's own superintendent of ethics, White House Counsel Boyden Gray, seemed to have a dim understanding of the proper ethics procedures when it came to his holdings and activity in a large family-owned communications company, and has recently had to make adjustments. And then came the questions about Secretary of State James Baker's holdings.

However, one Presidential adviser says that the important thing is for the White House to think not in terms of theme weeks but of longer periods of time, of the ebbs and flows of Presidential power, of how to keep a Presidency from going into a stall. Reagan, this adviser points out, was losing altitude in late March of 1981, just before he was shot. So, to the extent possible, events will be arranged and timed to resuscitate a Bush Presidency, or change the subject. But even Reagan, the master of scene-playing and of distraction from reality, wasn't always successful at controlling what the nation paid attention to.



And the quality of the White House staff that Bush has gathered around himself is in question. John Sununu, the chief of staff, has struggled to keep his famous abrasiveness and temper in check (at least, as far as the outside world can see), but he is being watched carefully for signs as to whether he is up to the job. Serving as governor of New Hampshire—a small, essentially one-party state with a legislature that doesn't meet very often and has little power—is a very different thing from being the White House chief of staff. (Sherman Adams may have done it, for a while, but that was a different era.) The demands of dealing with Congress and the press require patience, skill, judgment, and political feel. Those who have these things (James Baker, Howard Baker) succeed at the job; those who don't (Donald Regan) flame out. And Sununu is showing some risky tendencies. He insists on being atop the White House pyramid, with all others subordinate, and on managing the whole complicated place. At the same time, he may be too fond of visibility; Bush is rarely seen in public without Sununu, who has a great many other things to do, by his side. (He may already be outstripping Donald Regan on this score.) Sununu sets great store by his very high I.Q.—which is also dangerous. (The fact that both he and Dukakis think they're smarter than almost everybody else may be one reason they despise each other.) Sununu has not gathered a particularly distinguished or experienced group around him; some people of more stature didn't want to have to deal with him at such close hand. Moreover, there do not seem to be around Bush the kind of conceptual thinkers, or creative thinkers, that can give a Presidency lift and tone, that can help a President shape history. Reagan had more strong people around him and was himself a conceptual, if simplistic, thinker. Richard Nixon had one of the most creative White House staffs on substantive matters. (It was his politicians, plus his own paranoia, that did him in.)

The prevailing view here is that Sununu and his aides committed boners in their handling of the furor over the short-lived S.&L. proposal—that they let the flap go on for days, rather than cut it off, as more experienced people might have done—and over the handling of the Tower nomination.

After the S.&L. matter, Sununu told reporters that he realized he had to tighten things up, but the problem may go beyond a matter of procedures. Both the S.&L. and the Tower episodes (even if Tower is confirmed) involved something more important than tactical misjudgments; they suggested an absence of political feel—of an ability to quickly sense the situation and deal with it effectively. Some people just seem born with it; some never acquire it. A lot of the political work for the White House will be handled by Lee Atwater, from his perch as chairman of the Republican National Committee. Atwater spends a lot of time talking to Bush, and has placed his own network of people both in the White House and throughout the Administration. Partly, he wants to repay their loyalty; partly, he wants to have them at the ready for the next campaign; and, partly, he wants to be sure that the Administration remains a tightly tuned political instrument. Bush, the first party chairman to become President, is a far more political figure than he lets on. Congressional Democrats, remembering last year, are nervously aware of Atwater's hovering presence, and of his ready ability to create newsletters and ads and to alert his political network throughout the country—to bash them for this or that action. (Atwater started to bash them in a newsletter for seeking a pay raise but had to retreat when it was pointed out to him that the President supported it.)

THE controversy over the Tower nomination has excited people here—it's the kind of uproar Washington enjoys. This one has not only suspense (Will he make it?) but the titillations of sex, drink, and maybe a little corruption. (At the White House's instigation, the F.B.I. has been investigating an allegation that apparently involves an illegal contribution to Tower, or to his aides.) It's hard to keep up with the allegations—or even know what they are, exactly—but the fact that they keep coming builds the drama. Yet the questions that have arisen over Tower are not easy ones for politicians, or others, to deal with. He would not be the first Cabinet officer (or even the first Secretary of Defense) believed to have a wandering eye, or the first one to like his drink. Senators know that as a group they themselves are not without

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sin. The difference here is that the job is that of Secretary of Defense—as Sam Nunn, the Senate Armed Services Committee chairman, points out, the second in the operational chain of command in case of a national emergency—and the question is one of degree. (What set off Nunn's concern about alcohol were reports that reached the committee of specific and apparently confirmed episodes of heavy drinking, ones that appeared to amount to alcohol abuse, in earlier years.) In other words, the real question about Tower is the largely unspoken one of whether he meets what might be termed the Gary Hart standard: Can he control himself? On the sex front, what is concerning some senators is not so much that Tower likes ladies but that he has been accused of chasing female employees around his desk. Sexual harassment in the military services is a sensitive subject (there was recently a court-martial in which a Navy officer was convicted and penalized for it), and some senators, particularly the younger ones, and including Nunn, think that the Secretary of Defense should set the right example. A number of people think there may also be something that Nunn knows that he would prefer not to discuss publicly, but he has indicated publicly that it is the alcohol question that is most troubling him, and he says he is waiting for evidence that will convince him that Tower has taken action to deal with a drinking problem.

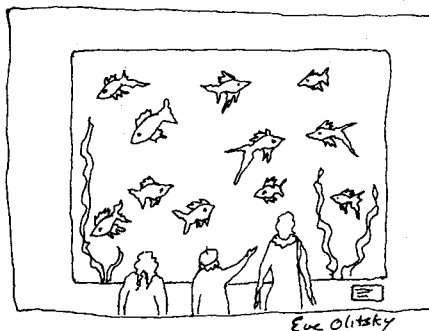
Nunn and other senators are also troubled about the nature of Tower's very close relationship with the defense industry. Everyone knows that the Pentagon's procurement practices desperately need an overhaul, and some of the many weapons systems begun in the Reagan years will have to be dropped in light of budget realities. When this question came up at the time Bush announced his nomination of Tower, Bush used that well-worn analogy "Nixon went to China." (Bush is said by an adviser to have been proud to have thought of this.) But the whole point of the Nixon-China reference is that it is to be seen as the exception, not the norm. Bush actually named Tower before the F.B.I. report on him had been completed. (On the other hand, there is a distinct lack of confidence on the part of a number of people here in the thoroughness of the F.B.I.'s investigations. Also, the particular kinds of

allegations that have been made about Tower are not always easy to check out.) Some of Bush's transition advisers opposed Tower's nomination on the ground that it was questionable whether he would be able to do the kind of job that needs to be done and that there had been too much circulating about concerning his personal life for comfort. It was not a matter of one or two stories oft repeated but of many stories over many years—which, going by the smoke-fire theory, should give pause. At least one former Reagan Administration official says he is amazed that Bush would have named Tower under these circumstances. This week, Kenneth Adelman, who was head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency during the Reagan Administration, wrote that Tower's behavior in Geneva showed a "lack of discretion" that "did raise questions about his overall judgment and probity." But Bush, apparently feeling indebted to Tower (who had been trying to become Defense Secretary for some time) for his help last year, stood by his man. We have seen him do this before.

Tower's having made more than three-quarters of a million dollars over two and a half years (just after he left his position as an arms-control negotiator in Geneva) from "consulting" with the defense industry bothers a number of senators. (The figure does not include the two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars Tower was paid by British Aerospace, Inc.; Tower told the committee that that was because the company "is not a defense contractor," but on other documents, including his registration as a lobbyist, Tower listed British Aerospace, Inc., as a "defense contractor." The company was a subcontractor on a plane for which Tower acknowledged he had lobbied senators and members of the Armed Services Committee staff.) Tower has said that he provided his

clients an "enlightened" prediction of the outcome of the arms-control negotiations. Again, it is a question of degree; others have left office and cashed in on their expertise (in fact, this is now the norm), but, as in the case of Michael Deaver, people sense when a line has been crossed. Nunn and some of his colleagues are now trying to decide where that line is. By law and by longstanding executive order, high officials are supposed to avoid conflicts of interest or the appearance of conflicts of interest. Tower's past relationship with the defense industry, making him a walking military-industrial complex, troubles not only Nunn but also some of Tower's former Republican colleagues. Senate Minority Whip Alan Simpson wondered aloud on "Meet the Press" recently—as Nunn did in Tower's confirmation hearings—whether Tower could really act as Secretary of Defense if he recused himself, as he should, from consideration of any matter involving one of his former clients.

The White House's handling of the Tower case borders on the slapstick, except it hasn't been very helpful to the President, and does not bode well. For a while, the President's aides didn't tell the Armed Services Committee what allegations were being investigated. (This prompted White House press secretary Marlin Fitzwater to say that this was a result of "confusion and incompetence" and not "conspiracy.") Then the President's aides thought they could get away with showing just the Republican members of the committee only a summary of an F.B.I. report (this had a Nixonian ring), and thus enraged Nunn. Senators set great store by their prerogatives, and Nunn is a man of considerable dignity. Moreover, Nunn is one of the most influential senators, and that he began raising questions at all about Tower was what alerted people here to the possibility that Tower could be in some real trouble. Nunn is a serious man who was obviously taking the situation seriously; he is also a very cautious man (too cautious, some think). After all, the Senate tradition is to confirm one of its own. But confirming Tower carried risks (just as the President's choosing him did), and neither Nunn nor some other senators wanted to be in the position of having blessed a former colleague only to be embarrassed later. Nunn is not considered a particularly

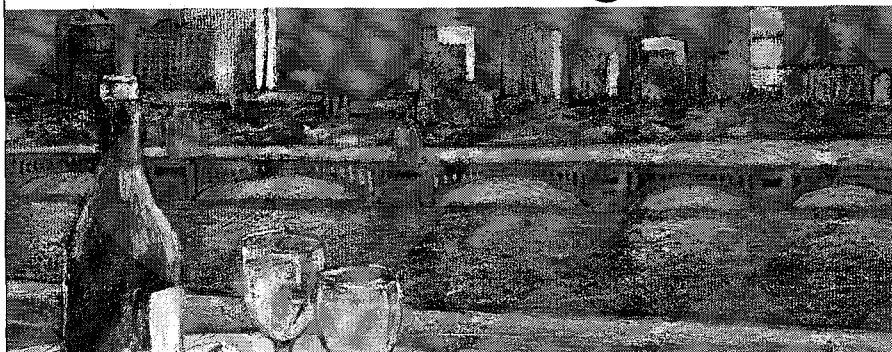


partisan figure. (One can think of any number of Democrats whose objections would not have been taken so seriously.) So it wasn't very smart of the White House to start charging that the committee was delaying things unnecessarily, at the same time that the White House itself had asked for a delay, so that the F.B.I. could check out the allegation involving finances. And it also wasn't at all smart of the President's people to start maligning Nunn, a respected figure and one who will have to be worked with on a number of important matters. (It is inconceivable that James Baker or Howard Baker or Kenneth Duberstein, Reagan's last chief of staff, would have done such a thing.) But reverting perhaps to now-familiar instincts and techniques, Sununu and other veterans of the Bush campaign began spreading the word that what the whole thing is really about is that Nunn wants to be able to control the Pentagon, and wants someone less qualified than Tower in the job. This did not go over at all well in the Senate, and is not taken here as a positive sign.

BUSH's Cabinet appointments are largely respectable and unimaginative. As the Republican strategist said, Bush turned to people he knew and felt comfortable with. Jack Kemp, Bush's choice for Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, undoubtedly didn't meet the comfortable requirement, but he did meet Bush's need to give something to the right (so far, it had only Sununu), and Kemp's strong belief that the Republican Party should reach out for blacks and other minorities could be quite helpful. (Atwater has avowed the goal of reaching out for blacks, but this will be tricky for someone who last year showed himself ready to stir up and exploit racial prejudice.) Kemp is a gamble. He has an active, creative mind, but his enthusiasms can outrun his discipline; some Bush advisers think that whether Kemp will be successful or just noisy rests on whether he gets some smart and disciplined minds around him—and whether he listens.

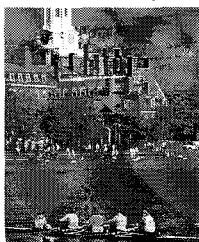
Louis Sullivan, Bush's nominee to head the Department of Health and Human Services, is in over his head, and a rescue operation is going on now, before he is actually subjected to hearings on his nomination. The poor man is at best politically naïve, and has been

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ricocheting back and forth between what the right insists that he say and what he really thinks about abortion. He has said that he does not think *Roe v. Wade* should be overturned, and that a woman has a right to an abortion, but that the government should not aid abortions. But this does not fit the new orthodoxy, to which Bush, after a few changes in his own views, now subscribes. So Sullivan now says that he supports Bush's position.

Bush's announcement that William Bennett, the new drug "czar," would not be a member of the Cabinet was met with a fair amount of criticism, but Bush is right to keep the Cabinet Room from being any more crowded than it is; the establishment, by law, last year of a Department of Veterans Affairs was silly. If Bush makes drugs a priority, it'll be a priority—though it's not clear that he or anyone else has a grip on how to deal with the drug culture, and the proposals he has made thus far won't make much of a difference in inner-city life. Bennett was not the Bush advisers' first choice for the job (they tried for someone they couldn't get); these advisers are among those who see Bennett as a bit of a blowhard, someone too enamored of publicity.

The Bush Administration seems unusually slow in getting itself staffed and going. Very few sub-Cabinet jobs have been filled. (The Reagan Administration was much further along at this point.) This is due in part to the time it takes to get F.B.I. clearances on nominees, in part to the fact that the Bush people are taking so many political factors into account (past loyalty to Bush is a prerequisite for most jobs), and in part to the fact that the Administration has been just plain slow. At the State Department, there is the odd situation of Secretary of State James Baker batting around the world (he's now visiting fifteen NATO countries in seven days, and next week will go to the Far East with the President) before he has much of a staff or a policy. Baker spent a good bit of the transition period looking after how the rest of the government was shaping up. Only a few of his subordinates are in place, mostly people who have worked closely with him before. He has told people that he held off naming others so as not to get their fates dragged into his own nomination proceedings. State Department appointments can be radioactive, mainly because of Jesse Helms' pres-

ence on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Helms can't necessarily kill nominations, but he can delay them at length and make life miserable for the nominee as well as for the Secretary of State. Helms would have less power if the Senate leaders, possibly in combination with an Administration, decided not to tolerate his bullying, but that never seems to happen. (Helms can bring along some votes in the Senate, but far from a majority.) Baker is known to have already sacrificed at least one talented person to Helms, and there may be others who have been quietly blocked. Baker is too smart to think that Helms is satiable, but he is taking precautions not to arouse him.

Baker's reputation as one of the best operators in this town is well founded, but it may have begun to nip at his heels. Anyone who has led such a charmed life, especially with the press (which he cultivates assiduously), eventually begins to arouse suspicion. Perhaps inevitably, the question has started to arise: Is he really all that great? After all, he was associated with some of the Reagan Administration's failures—the budget deficit and the continuing trade deficit, among others. His having run Bush's campaign last year may be being overlooked now, but it is not completely forgotten. A prominent Democratic senator says, "In the back of everyone's mind is the thought that that man there is a pol, as opposed to George Shultz. That has advantages and disadvantages." Baker has a quick mind, if not an especially reflective one, and he is a man of considerable ambition. Doubtless he will in time decide to make his mark by shaping some policies that his name will be associated with, as he did at the Treasury Department with tax reform (not his idea, but he glommed on to it as a useful one and got it through Congress) and international monetary agreements. But he has a great deal to master first, and a world situation that is going through profound changes. And then last week brought the surprising news, in the *Washington Post*, that as Treasury Secretary Baker held considerable stock in Chemical Bank and also in oil-and-gas ventures—at the same time that he

was arguing that banks should not be asked to write off some of their Third World loans, and that he was pushing (successfully) for retention of tax breaks for the oil-and-gas industry in the tax-reform bill Reagan proposed to Congress, and lobbying Congress (also successfully) to protect those breaks. The issue arose in the context of Baker's new role, where he will also be dealing with the question of Third World loans, and stemmed from discussions that have been going on with Boyden Gray about the disposition of Baker's stock; according to the press reports, Gray had been arguing that Baker should sell the bank stock, and Baker had been resisting. (Members of the Bush Administration seem to be leaking on each other at a very early date.) But it seemed very odd that as Treasury Secretary someone as smart as Baker would have allowed himself to be in such a situation, one which would not have been tolerated in a number of other people. This week, after the story of Baker's stock holdings seemed to be bubbling up, Baker, while in Europe, did what he prides himself on doing: he took action to get rid of a bad story, and said he would sell his publicly traded stocks.

IN order to buy time for making policy decisions, Baker was as non-committal as possible during his confirmation hearings, and the Bush Administration announced that it would undertake a reevaluation of United States policy toward the Soviet Union. The Reagan Administration had left a lot of things up in the air. It hadn't really worked through a new policy toward the Soviet Union under Gorbachev, nor had it, over eight years, made a fundamental decision about the structure of our ground-based missile system. Brent Scowcroft, the national-security adviser, had for some time been concerned about these things and also about our negotiating position in the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START). Also, Bush and Scowcroft are more skeptical about Gorbachev's motives, and his chances of remaining in power, than the Reagan Administration was (or key parts of it were). So an interagency review of Soviet policy is supposed to be going on now. But the Bush Administration is not yet in shape to conduct such a review. There is no Secretary of Defense, and important policy positions in Defense and



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State have yet to be filled. A foreign-policy official says that the review "hasn't formally begun yet. We're in the process of thrashing out the questions." Gorbachev, who has held the public-relations initiative for some time now, will not sit around waiting for the review to be completed, and European nations are responding positively to Gorbachev's diplomatic moves—more positively than the Administration might like, but it as yet has nothing with which to match him. A high official has told me he expects the study of United States-Soviet policy to be completed by May.

BUSH's speech to Congress last week was a very smart one politically—at least in the short run. It still leaves the question of his leadership, and of what his Presidency is about. He came off as seeking to do more in areas where there is great popular support for doing more—education, drugs, the environment, child care, the homeless—as a start on his pledge of "a kinder and gentler" America. (The phrase will be with us for some time.) It is to his credit that he talked about the importance of putting more resources (even if he wasn't proposing to put many) into research and development, which was a recognition of the fact that we have been falling behind, and also allowing our savings rate to drop markedly. (One reason the economy has continued to expand faster than many people expected it would is that people have increasingly been spending rather than saving. The Reagan tax cuts did not yield an increase in saving; in fact, they had the opposite effect.) In his speech, Bush managed to signal a change in direction without renouncing Reagan (but he mentioned him only once, in passing). He also managed to make it appear that he was proposing to do more in programs in the popular areas than he was actually planning to do. When one read the small print in the accompanying documents, it became clear that while Bush was proposing to spend more than Reagan had in his last budget for some of these programs, a number of them would still be cut from the year before. And while Bush, who told us last year that he wanted to be "the education President," said in his speech that he would do all sorts of good things for education, spending in the education category of Bush's budget is lower than

in Reagan's by a hundred million dollars. He was also proposing cuts in other programs beyond what Reagan had proposed—such as welfare and a program for the most needy—but this went unmentioned in his speech. And though Bush has, as expected, proposed a reduction in the increase Reagan had proposed for the Defense Department, he made it sound like more of a reduction than it is. Bush, in fact, omitted any bad news from his speech, and left it to Congress to work out what further cuts in domestic programs are to be made in order to pay for the increases he proposed.

Thus stung, the Democrats reacted angrily the next day. They had hoped to force Bush to spell out how the "flexible freeze" that he had touted in the campaign would work, and he had eluded them. They should have figured that he would. The budget was essentially the work of Richard Darman, the director of the Office of Management and Budget and one of the smartest, and cleverest, people in Washington. Darman, a Baker protégé, had been thinking for months about how to rearrange the budget—starting before it was clear that he would have a role in the Bush campaign, not to mention a place in the Bush Cabinet (which comes with his job). Bush had not been overly fond of the aggressive and sometimes abrasive Darman (who is not particularly adept at hiding his confidence in his own intelligence), but in the course of last year he came to appreciate Darman's considerable political shrewdness. (Perhaps inevitably, there are already frictions between Sununu and Darman.) Darman's budget may have been too clever, and not conducive to the kind of "bipartisanship" Bush keeps saying he seeks, but it's not clear what the Democrats can do to get the political upper hand.

In fact, with his speech, whatever its limitations, Bush has changed the political landscape. Unlike Reagan, he has explicitly recognized that there are real domestic problems, and also acknowledged that spending money on them can help. This reduces the Democrats to arguing with him over how much money is to be spent, to arguing over budgetary arcana (such as "current services baseline," and other terms and devices Darman had fiddled with to make the numbers come out better), and to having to assume responsibility, or at least to share it with the Adminis-

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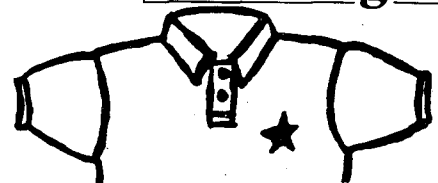
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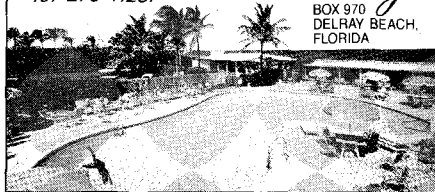
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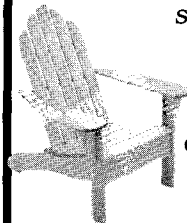
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tration, for finding the revenues to pay for expanded programs. The further the Democrats wanted to go beyond Bush in expanding them, the more revenues they would have to come up with.

This is one reason some Democrats are chary of agreeing to immediate negotiations with the Administration over the budget. They had hoped to get Bush to show more of his hand, but Darman didn't intend to oblige them. They also know, as does Darman, that immediate negotiations would weaken Congress's hand, because they would circumvent the regular processes. (They would also reduce the House's power vis-à-vis the Senate, because senators would be in on the act earlier than they would under the regular processes.) But there is some benefit to having the Administration in on the proceedings rather than, as under Reagan, having the President in a position to pull the rug out from under Congress at the end. Further, refusing to negotiate would put the Democratic Congress in an untenable political position—"They won't even negotiate with us," the President can say—and so some form of collaboration will ensue. For the moment, House Democratic leaders are saying that they will proceed by the regular processes, and if the Administration would like to have representatives present to offer their thoughts, or would like to talk to them, that would be fine. Senate leaders are more inclined to negotiate; George Mitchell, the new Senate Majority Leader, is said by colleagues to feel that there is little political margin to be gained by the Democrats from writing their own budget, and to wish to avoid any blame if Congress, insisting on going on its own, fails to meet the deadlines for the budget and appropriations bills. For now, key Democrats meeting with Darman during the Washington's Birthday recess are trying to wring more detail from him. There will be jockeying for position for some months to come.

In his budget Bush, of course, stuck to his pledge of "No new taxes," and his advisers insist he will continue to do so—for at least this year. (His proposal to restore the tax differential for capital gains is likely going nowhere, because it goes against the basic theory of the 1986 tax-reform law, would mainly benefit the wealthy, and could

lead to a reopening of the tax code, which could get very messy. Even some of the people around Bush aren't enthusiastic about this proposal, but he is fulfilling a campaign pledge. He is also seeking new tax breaks for the oil-and-gas industry.) Bush did incorporate into his budget a new Medicare tax that Reagan had proposed; Darman says with a straight face that since Reagan proposed it, it isn't a new tax. The sense is beginning to take hold here that Bush can in fact make it through the first year, meeting the Gramm-Rudman law's target of lowering the deficit to a hundred billion dollars, without raising taxes, and that Congress will go along. (The deficit is currently around a hundred and sixty billion dollars, well over the hundred and thirty-



six billion dollars it is supposed to be under the law. If the current surplus in Social Security funds were not counted, the deficit would be two hundred and ten billion dollars.) But few see how next year's target (sixty-four billion) can be met without taxes. Most key Democrats are not at all interested in sticking their necks out on taxes, while others believe that the day of reckoning shouldn't be postponed. (Interest on the debt is the third-costliest item in the budget, after defense and Social Security.) And there is a real question as to whether Congress will find taxes palatable in an election year. With last week's debacle over the pay raise fresh in his mind, one key Democrat says, "I don't think, with Lee Atwater keeping score, Democrats will want to say, 'We want a pay raise and we want to raise your taxes.'" (The pay raise fell victim to hypocrisy, demagoguery, and know-nothingism, in and out of Congress. It was a strategic blunder for the pay-raise commission, and Reagan, to propose a fifty-one-per-cent raise, but that wasn't the heart of the matter.) Senator James Sasser, of Tennessee, the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, says that if the Democrats insisted on writing their own budget, "We would have to propose revenues and give the President the pleasure of vetoing. So we're kind of stuck." House Speaker Jim Wright, a Texas populist who believes it is the given role of government to tax and spend, wants the Democrats to raise taxes, but he is fairly isolated among the leaders on this, and, because of the pay-raise

THE NEW YORKER

disaster (he was supposed to keep his finger in the dike and prevent a vote on the raise no matter what), is in a weakened position. Avoiding taxes this year will require some arithmetical collusion on the part of Congress and the Administration, which has occurred before. The Bush budget, like Reagan budgets before it, adopts highly optimistic economic assumptions, leaving Congress with the alternatives of going along or correcting the assumptions and making up for the difference somehow. Thomas Foley, the House Majority Leader, says, "There's a certain amount of entrapment here. It's very hard not to adopt assumptions that are attractive. We may nag them about the estimates, but when it comes down to it no one has a great incentive to make spending cuts deeper or the revenue required higher."

Though Bush didn't hedge his no-tax pledge in his campaign—didn't say he meant it for only one year as opposed to the duration of his Presidency—one can already sense a loosening of the bonds going on. (This will do nothing to reduce the voters' cynicism.) When Bush was asked at his first press conference how long he meant the pledge to cover, he replied, somewhat lamely, "I'd like it to be a four-year pledge." In various conversations around town, Darman has given the impression that he intends to move the President toward taxes (if he needs moving) after this year. (Reagan's advisers, including Darman, used to think they could move him, too, but Bush may be more willing.) Darman, in a written answer to a questionnaire sent to him by the Governmental Affairs Committee, tried to wriggle loose by suggesting that fees to visit national parks and excise taxes on gasoline, alcohol, and tobacco might be considered "user fees," and not taxes, and that a tax on imported oil might be a "tariff." After his response was leaked to the press, he said in his confirmation hearings that anything ordinary people see as a tax is a tax, and he offered his now-famous "duck test" ("If it looks like a duck," etc.). That would seem to cede all leadership on the tax question, but when Darman was then asked how long this would hold true, he replied, "I do not know the answer to that question. . . . As a starting position, I would say we might as well assume forever."

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A CRITIC AT LARGE

BESSO

LIKE most physicists of my generation, I first encountered Einstein's 1905 paper on the special theory of relativity—"Zur Elektrodynamik bewegter Körper" ("On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies")—in an English translation published by Dover in 1952. The title of the Dover book was "The Principle of Relativity." It was a translation of a 1913 German reprint of the early relativity papers, and it also included Einstein's paper on the general theory of relativity, published in 1916. In 1952, I was a graduate student at Harvard, and although I was nominally in the Mathematics Department my real interest was in theoretical physics. By this time, I had read a few physics papers, in the *Physical Review* and elsewhere, and I thought I had some idea of how a conventional physics paper was written. I had been instructed that when writing such a paper one included footnotes referring to work that was related to the work being presented. The Dover edition's translation of the special-relativity paper had nine such footnotes, some of which contained references to Einstein's great contemporaries H. A. Lorentz and Max Planck. References like these were just what I expected, and in that sense Einstein's paper seemed "conventional" to me. I was shortly astonished to learn from a colleague who had read the paper in the original—in Volume 17 of *Annalen der Physik*, now a collector's item—that of the nine footnotes in the Dover book only four were in Einstein's original paper. The others had been added by the distinguished German theoretical physicist Arnold Sommerfeld, who had not bothered to differentiate them from those of Einstein. None of Einstein's contained any reference to anyone; thus it was not apparent which of the contemporary papers, if any, he had read while he was creating the special theory of relativity. The paper's lone acknowledgment occurs at the end of the text, and reads, "In conclusion I wish to say that in working at the problem here dealt with I have had the loyal assistance of my friend and colleague M. Besso, and that I am

indebted to him for several valuable suggestions."

At the time I read this, I was certainly not an expert in the history of modern physics. But I had taken several courses taught by Philipp Frank, who had been Einstein's friend and colleague since soon after the publication of the special-relativity paper. The courses dealt with the history of the invention of the relativity theory and the quantum theory, and to the best of my recollection the name of Besso had never been mentioned. It was quite clear to me, as inexperienced as I was, that Besso, whoever he may have been, was not an important physicist—that is, not in a class with Planck, Lorentz, or Sommerfeld. Indeed, in the rest of the Dover volume there was not a single reference to Besso. I had read Professor Frank's biography "Einstein: His Life and Times" when it was published, in 1947, and I couldn't remember whether he had mentioned Besso in it. I looked through the book again and found only one reference, which reads:

At Bern his chief companion . . . was an Italian engineer named Besso. He was somewhat older than Einstein, and a man of critical mind and a highly nervous temperament. He was often able to offer pertinent critical remarks on Einstein's formulations, and also responded vigorously to those ideas of Einstein's which were new and astonishing. He frequently remarked about new ideas: "If they are roses, they will bloom." Around Einstein and Besso there gathered a small group of people interested in science and philosophy, who often met to discuss such questions.

That was that.

I might have asked Professor Frank more about Besso, but I didn't. My interest was less in the history and philosophy of science than in the the-

ory of elementary particles, which I was working night and day to understand. So I forgot about Besso until the early nineteen-seventies, when I was writing my own biographical study of Einstein. What attracted me then was a few fragments from letters that Besso had written to Einstein long after the early days in Bern—fragments I had seen quoted in historical studies by the physicist Gerald Holton, and particularly in his paper titled "Mach, Einstein, and the Search for Reality." The Mach in question is the Austrian polymath Ernst Mach, whose historical polemic "The Science of Mechanics," published in 1883, was devastatingly critical of Newton's notions of "absolute" space and time, and encouraged Einstein to formulate his non-Newtonian characterization of space and time. In my book I quoted from Holton's paper and noted that Besso's first name was Michelangelo—at least, that is one version of his first name. I repeat the quote here, since it gives an enticing hint that these fragments represented the tip of a very interesting iceberg. Einstein is commenting on a manuscript sent to him which propounded Machian ideas—ideas that by this time, 1917, Einstein had long abandoned. Mach was an extreme positivist—for him, direct experience was primary—whereas Einstein, after inventing the general theory of relativity, had become more and more of a Platonic idealist, convinced by his success in relativity that pure invention would suffice to make theoretical physics. Indeed, in his view theoretical invention was often a surer guide than experimental results—a position that most physicists would argue led him astray when it came to the quantum theory, which he refused to accept. The quotation from Holton goes as follows:

Einstein commented: "He rides Mach's poor horse to exhaustion." To this Besso—the loyal Machist—responds on 5 May 1917: "As to Mach's little horse, we should not insult it; did it not make possible the infernal journey through the relativities? And who knows—in the case of the nasty quanta, it may also carry Don Quixote de la Einste through it all!" Einstein's answer of 13 May 1917 is revealing: "I do not inveigh against Mach's little horse; but



you know what I think about it. It cannot give birth to anything living, it can only exterminate harmful vermin."

This was the only substantial reference I made to Besso in my book. One day a few years later, I received a letter from Freeman Dyson, with whom I have corresponded regularly over the years. In his letter Dyson asked if I had read the Einstein-Besso correspondence, which had been published in its entirety by Hermann in Paris in 1972—an edition that presented the letters in the original German, with a translation into French. He said that the letters were quite remarkable, and that, with my interest in Einstein, I should read them. By this time, I had had enough of reading about Einstein (my book had taken more than two years to write), and, besides, the fact that the letters were not translated into English was something of a disincentive. While I can read French reasonably well, I read German only with great difficulty, so I simply decided to read the letters once they were translated into English. I proceeded to forget all about Besso again, but not before noting that the Dictionary of Scientific Biography, which has an entry on almost everyone, has none on Besso.

This is where things stood until a year or so ago. At that time, I received a letter from a friend in West Orange, New Jersey—a retired physicist named Gerhard Lewin—who, apropos of something I had written about Mach, wrote to ask me if I had read the Einstein-Besso correspondence and offered to lend me his copy if I had not. Before he brought it to me, and before I got around to tackling the French—and the German, with the help of a dictionary—many months went by. I have, however, now finished reading the correspondence, and of all the Einstein letters I have read these are surely the most striking, on a purely human level. Einstein's letters to such contemporaries in physics as Max Born and Erwin Schrödinger are much more profound in terms of scientific content, but nothing compares with the intimacy of the Einstein-Besso correspondence. Einstein was not given to close friendships—"the merely personal," as he once put it—but these letters are filled with "the merely personal," even though the deep issues of physics and its philosophy are never very far away. The two men exchanged letters for



fifty-two years. The last letter in the book—one of the most memorable, which I will discuss later—was written by Einstein to Besso's family, and it is dated March 21, 1955, shortly after Besso died. Einstein died less than a month later, on April 18th.

THE collection has been wonderfully edited by Pierre Speziali, a Swiss historian of science and professor emeritus of the University of Geneva. He reports in a preface that he first met "Michele Angelo" Besso in the autumn of 1946. Besso, who was also Swiss (*pace* Professor Frank), had been living in the countryside near Geneva since 1939. He had retired there after working for much of his life as a patent examiner in the Swiss Federal Patent Office, in Bern. Einstein, too, had worked there as a patent examiner, from 1902 to 1909. The proximity of the two men during that time accounts for the lacuna in the letters from mid-March, 1903, to November, 1909—a great pity, since if we had letters from that period we might know a good deal more about the genesis of the special theory of relativity than we do. On the other hand, we can be grateful for the fact that long-distance telecommunications were so poorly developed during most of the span of these letters. With

the telephone and all the rest, one is led to wonder if correspondence like this will become a thing of the past. In any event, in 1946 Pierre Speziali had just been named an assistant to the mathematics faculty at the University of Geneva, a post whose obligations included looking after the mathematics library. Each Thursday morning, a little old man ("*un petit vieillard*") with the face of a prophet would appear in the library, no matter what the weather, and lose himself among the books. Speziali began talking to this visitor, who, needless to say, was Besso. (Speziali no longer remembers whether the discussions were in French, Italian, or German, since Besso was at least trilingual.) These discussions continued on a regular basis until Besso's death, and sometimes concerned Einstein.

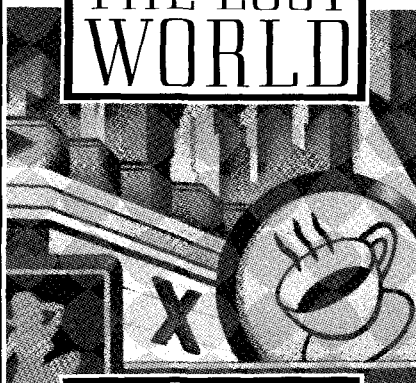
In June of 1961, Speziali learned from a colleague of the existence of the letters. Although he had no notion of their content, or even of their number, he decided to try to publish them, and, to this end, contacted Besso's son, and only child, Vero. Vero had seventeen letters—six predating 1918, and the rest from the years 1950 through 1954. All were from Einstein to Besso. Vero thought that there might be others stored in the basement of his country

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house, in one or another of fifteen boxes that had travelled with Besso on his sojourns in various parts of Europe. Professor Speziati reports that he will never forget the days, late in September of 1962, when he and Vero went through the boxes. They discovered, among thousands of letters Besso had received from other physicists in Europe, fifty-eight letters from Einstein. The letters and the rest of the contents of the boxes were beginning to suffer water damage, and showed signs of having been nibbled by rats. Further searches turned up still more letters, and by 1968 a total of a hundred and ten letters from Einstein to Besso and a hundred and nineteen from Besso to Einstein had been discovered. Vero Besso gave Speziati permission to publish his father's letters to Einstein, and the Einstein estate—thank God—gave him permission to publish Einstein's letters to Besso, whence the collection under discussion. The fact that Speziati was teaching in Geneva no doubt accounts for the translation into French—something for which I am personally grateful.

I am also grateful to Professor Speziati for an enlightening biographical sketch of Besso and his forebears, which appears in the introduction. In it we learn that Besso was born in Riesbach, near Zurich, on May 25, 1873. (Einstein, incidentally, was born on March 14, 1879, in Ulm, Germany.) The first traces of the Besso family are found in seventeenth-century Spain, and the name Besso may be a deformation of the Spanish adjective *basso*, meaning of short stature. Besso shared this characteristic with other members of his family. The family was Jewish, and, like many Jewish families of the time, migrated to whatever country appeared to demonstrate a tolerance for Jews. To judge by the family's given names, most of the migration was to Italy, but some family members are known to have settled in Turkey. Insofar as there was a family business, it was insurance, which was the occupation of Michele's father, Giuseppe. Giuseppe was born in Trieste, but in 1865 he moved to Zurich, where he met his wife, a Swiss citizen, who was from Mantua. In 1879, he moved his family back to Trieste; he had meanwhile taken out Swiss citizenship for himself and his children—Michele was the oldest of five. (It must have been relatively easy to buy Swiss citi-

zenship in those days; Einstein did so in 1901.)

Michele was, it appears, a precocious child. In a diary entry written in 1953 he recalls having "learned to read around the age of five from a book that explained physics, technology, and astronomy—almost everything one could know about these subjects, as they were ninety years ago, without the use of formulas." He was less successful in the *Gymnasium*: he and a comrade were expelled for sending a petition to the director complaining about the poor education of one of their mathe-

atics teachers. As a result of this episode, Michele was sent to Rome to live with his uncle Beniamino and finish his high-school studies. He then spent a year at the University of Rome, and a report card discovered among his papers shows, not unexpectedly, that he was an excellent student of mathematics; because of that, he decided to continue his university work at the Swiss Federal Polytechnic School, in Zurich, which he entered in 1891. Five years later, Einstein matriculated at the same institution.

The date of Einstein's first encounter with Besso is not clear, but the circumstances are. It happened because of music, as did so many things in Einstein's social life. Einstein had discovered a family in Zurich, the Hünis, with whom he could play the violin, and at one of these soirées he met Besso. The two young men hit it off immediately and began to see a good deal of each other. On one occasion, Einstein brought along to the soirée Anna Barbara Winteler, the eldest daughter of the family with whom he and his sister, Maja, had boarded before he entered the Polytechnic. Fräulein Winteler and Besso fell in love, and they were married early in 1898. (Eventually—in 1910—Maja married the youngest Winteler son, Paul, and this gave Besso still closer ties with the Einstein family.) Vero was born that November, and the next year the young family moved to Milan, where Besso took up work as a consulting engineer; he had studied engineering at the "Poly." In 1901, they moved to Trieste, and they remained there until 1904, when, on the strength of Einstein's recommendation, Besso was engaged as a patent examiner in Bern.

Another brief excursion into the Besso family history reveals a good

deal about both men. A sister of Besso's, Bice Margherita Luisa Besso, married a Florentine count by the name of Rusconi. One of the Rusconi daughters, Laura, married the writer Niccolò Tucci. In 1947, Tucci accompanied his mother-in-law on a visit to Princeton to see Einstein. He wrote an article about the visit, titled "The Great Foreigner," which appeared in this magazine. In one passage Tucci describes a conversation between Bice and Einstein:

"Herr Professor," she asked, in German (the whole conversation, in fact, was in German), "this I really meant to ask you for a long time—why hasn't Michele made some important discovery in mathematics?"

"Aber, Frau Bice," said Einstein, laughing, "this is a very good sign. Michele is a humanist, a universal spirit, too interested in too many things to become a monomaniac. Only a monomaniac gets what we commonly refer to as *results*."

When it came to physics, Einstein was certainly a "monomaniac." He could stubbornly contemplate a problem for decades. But he accepted in Besso, with great affection, what many people considered his weakness—a certain inability to focus. Besso's letters to him often dealt almost exclusively with science—much of it bizarre—and part of the fascination of reading the correspondence is watching Einstein sort his friend out. Some of the issues involved such deep matters as why there is aging if all the underlying physical processes—the submicroscopic ones—seem to be perfectly reversible in time. (This is still the subject of active research.) Besso thought that the answer might have something to do with quantum theory, while Einstein maintained (correctly, I think) that quantum theory shed no light on the matter. It has to do, rather, with the way systems with large numbers of components evolve from less likely to more likely configurations; that is, entropy increases. One interesting feature of the letters is that as Besso got older the science in his letters got increasingly befuddled, which provoked Einstein to explain himself in ever greater detail. Toward the end of their lives, Einstein was writing him long letters that are veritable tracts on science and its philosophy.

THE first letter in the collection, written by Einstein in January, 1903, and sent from Bern to Trieste, is typical of the rest: a mixture of "the

merely personal" and physics, often in the same paragraph. To a scientist, there is nothing strange about that; we all have colleagues to whom we write in this way. Einstein begins by describing his family life. He had, that month, married Mileva Marić, a fellow-student at the Polytechnic, over the strong objections of his family. (He and Mileva had had a daughter born out of wedlock, who has disappeared. Nothing in the Besso correspondence refers to this episode, and one wonders whether Besso ever knew about it.) Eventually, the marriage went very badly, and much of the later correspondence is devoted to Besso's attempts to help out, especially with Einstein's younger son, Eduard—Tete, as he was known—who was born in 1910 and had severe psychological problems. (Tete died in 1965 in a psychiatric hospital in Switzerland. The elder son, Hans Albert, was born in 1904. He had a distinguished career as a professor of engineering at Berkeley, and he died in 1973.) But the opening lines of Einstein's first letter to Besso sound like those of a just married chauvinistic male. He writes, "I am now a married man, and my wife and I lead an extremely agreeable life. She occupies herself perfectly with everything, cooks very well, and is always cheerful." That having been dispensed with, Einstein gets down to describing his latest work on the statistical mechanics of atoms. He had reinvented, without knowing it, the statistical mechanics of people like the American physicist Willard Gibbs, gaining such a sure mastery of the discipline that he was able to apply it fearlessly two years later in his paper introducing the quantum of radiation (later called the photon). The letter turns to a discussion of Maja's financial problems and then reverts to science, establishing the style that con-

tinued for the next fifty-two years.

Later in 1903, Einstein arranged for Besso to work in the patent office, and in January, 1904, Besso moved to Bern to take up his new post. There followed, by all accounts, five wonderful years, which both men recalled as perhaps the happiest of their lives. The two families were, more or less, inseparable; the wives got on very well. Each day, Einstein and Besso walked at least one way together between their homes and the patent office, using the occasion to discuss ideas in pure physics and philosophy. There has been some speculation as to how serious the job of patent examiner could have been, since while Einstein was thus employed he laid the foundation of much of twentieth-century physics single-handed. As far as I can tell—and the letters in which the two men recall those days seem to bear this out—it was a substantial, full-time job, which both Einstein and Besso took very seriously. Einstein got considerable pleasure from examining the inventions; he liked technological gadgets, and some years later he himself invented a new kind of refrigeration device.

What one would give to know what the two men discussed while Einstein was formulating the relativity theory! We do know that it was Besso who had introduced Einstein to Ernst Mach's writing, sometime earlier. Perhaps they discussed that. One can conjecture that the discussions must have concerned issues mainly to do with relativity, because neither of the two other masterpieces that Einstein produced in 1905—the paper on Brownian motion, in which the existence of atoms was, in a certain sense, established, and the paper on the photoelectric effect, in which the light quantum made its appearance—contained any acknowledgment of Besso (or, indeed, of anyone else). We also know that at this time Einstein did not have access to a proper technical library, or to any professional theoretical physicist. When it came to relativity, Besso appears to have been his only sounding board.

In 1909, Einstein accepted a job as an associate professor at the University of Zurich, and the letters begin again, with a postcard from Einstein in Zurich to Besso in Bern. In it Einstein makes a familiar academic complaint—that because of his teaching duties he has less free time than when he was examining patents for eight hours a



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day. By 1915, when—at least on a personal level—the letters take on a darker tone, Einstein had made three career moves. In March of 1911, he was called to the German University, in Prague. A year later, he went back to Zurich to become a professor at the Polytechnic. (His successor in Prague was Philipp Frank.) Finally, in 1913, he was appointed to a research professorship under the aegis of the Prussian Academy of Sciences, in Berlin. He moved there in 1914, with Mileva and their two sons, but Mileva returned to Zurich soon afterward, and their marriage was at an end. (Einstein wanted a divorce, but Mileva resisted, and they were not divorced until 1919; as part of the settlement, Einstein agreed to give her the proceeds of any Nobel Prize he might someday win. That came in 1922.)

There was also the First World War, which closed the Swiss-German frontier, cutting Einstein off from his children. Besso acted in loco parentis as best he could. Einstein suffered at this time from ill health, brought about, very likely, by the scarcity of decent food in wartime Berlin. To add to his difficulties, he had alienated most of his German colleagues by his pacifist attitude. All these things are mentioned only briefly in the letters, however, for this was the period of Einstein's greatest act of creation—that of the general theory of relativity and gravitation. The letters to Besso are bursting with enthusiasm about the new theory, which he published in March of 1916. He writes the following October that he has just returned from a visit to Leiden to see H. A. Lorentz and has found the general theory of relativity already very much alive—“*schon ganz lebendig*,” in the German original. In the interstices of the physics there are continual references to Einstein's children. Tete's mental health appears to have been steadily deteriorating, and in March, 1917, Einstein writes:

The state of my younger son causes me many worries. It is not to be hoped that someday he can become a man like others. Who knows, perhaps it would have been better if he had left this world before having known life. For the first time in my life, I feel responsible, and I reproach myself.

A year later, Einstein asks Besso to buy a book for Tete, since he cannot send it from Germany, and in ensuing letters there are a few references to

visiting the boys in Switzerland; however, by the nineteen-twenties they have all but disappeared from the correspondence. In 1919, Einstein married his widowed cousin Elsa Einstein Löwenthal, and became the stepfather of her two daughters, Ilse and Margot, who adopted his name.

One of the most fascinating letters in the collection, written by Besso to Einstein on January 17, 1928, may, Dr. Speziali remarks, never have been sent. It certainly did not provoke a response in kind from Einstein. For some reason, Besso feels a need to sum up all the things the two men owe to their longstanding friendship. It is not clear from the letter just what his intent is, but the tone is extraordinary. Besso writes that “the last two times we saw each other, you reminded me of my doctoral thesis, which in fact was never finished.” Why this should have been a concern at such a late date is unclear, although Besso had been in some trouble in his professional life and Einstein might have felt that Besso's having a Ph.D. would enhance his chances. The letter goes on:

For a long time, I have been thinking of how many other ties, of a completely different nature, bind the two of us together. I owe to you my wife and, along with her, my son and grandson; I owe to you my job, and, with that, the tranquility of a sanctuary protecting me from people, as well as the financial security for hard times. I owe to you the scientific synthesis that without such a friendship one would never have acquired—at least, not without expending all one's personal forces—and you know even better than I do what an immense sense of extrapersonal order comes with such knowledge. On my side, I was your public in the years 1904 and 1905; in helping you to edit your communications on the quanta I deprived you of a part of your glory, but, on the other hand, I made a friend for you in Planck.

The statement about the editing—a strange one, which also puzzles Speziali—seems to imply that Besso had some sort of role in Einstein's work on the light quantum. The reference to Planck is puzzling, too. Planck introduced the idea of the quantum, as a computational device, prior to Einstein, but for years he would not accept its implications about the breakdown of classical physics—a breakdown that Einstein perceived in 1905 and presented that year in his paper on the photon. He wrote a second, and less well-known, paper in 1906, in which he made clear the fact that Planck had not fully understood the implications of

his own theory. Einstein could be quite sarcastic when it came to noting the limitations of other people's work. Perhaps Besso had persuaded him to tone down an early version of the 1906 paper, which might have been caustically critical of Planck. Planck was later instrumental in getting Einstein his job in Berlin. "Furthermore," the letter continues, "it is perhaps thanks to my defense of Judaism and the Jewish family that your private life took a different turn, and that I had to take Mileva back from Berlin to Zurich." This curious statement is also unexplained. However, Mileva Marić was not Jewish, and Einstein's second wife was; one wonders if Besso was making some sort of comparison.

In none of the other letters does Besso draw up such a bill of particulars. The reference to Besso's job is also interesting. As has been noted, Einstein had procured it for him in the first place. At the end of 1908, Besso left the patent office and for the next several years earned a desultory living as a consulting engineer and university lecturer. In 1919, he was reëngaged by the patent office, and he remained there until his retirement, in 1938. But in 1926 he had nearly been fired by the director, one Heinrich Zangger. At that point, Einstein, who was by then the most famous scientist in the world, stepped in to help his friend again. He wrote a letter to Zangger. This letter is reproduced in the collection, and what I find noteworthy is its candor. Einstein does not attempt to disguise Besso's fallibility but argues that his strengths overcome it. He writes:

The great strength of Besso resides in his intelligence, which is out of the ordinary, and in his endless devotion to both his moral and professional obligations; his weakness is his truly insufficient spirit of decision. This explains why his successes in life do not match up with his brilliant aptitudes and with his extraordinary scientific and technical knowledge. It is also the reason that too few dossiers in the patent office have his name on them. Everyone at the patent office knows that one can get advice from Besso on the difficult cases; he understands with extreme rapidity both the technical and the legal aspects of each patent application, and he willingly helps his colleagues to arrive at a quick disposal of the case in question, because it is he, in a manner of speaking, who provides the illumination and the other person will power or the necessary spirit of decision. But when it is up to him to settle the matter, his lack of decisiveness is a great handicap. This has resulted in a tragic situation: one of the most precious employees of the patent office, one I would qualify

as irreplaceable, gives the impression of lacking efficacy.

I do not know whether Besso ever saw this letter, but it saved his job.

In 1933, Einstein left Europe for America and never returned. He settled in Princeton, and the first letter to Besso written from Princeton is dated February 16, 1936. There is a brief mention of Tete, followed by an analysis of the social and economic situation in the United States in that Depression year. He writes:

Here things are not getting better, despite all the natural riches. I believe, however, that the Americans will find a way that will lead the individual to economic security before it is too late. One is less held back by rigid traditions and class prejudices than one is in Europe, and people are used to the instability of property and of the situation.

By 1938, Einstein was able to write Besso that the United States genuinely pleased him. In a letter dated August 8th, he notes:

One rarely finds anyone who would prefer to return to Europe, to that more refined Europe. I know that you have an incurable weakness for your Italy, as the German Jews have for Germany. That sort of sentimental weakness is explained by our longing to settle somewhere on this unstable earth, because we are victims of the deceptive illusion that the goyim have a country and we do not. But I think that a home where a reasonable man is condemned to silence is not one. A German jurist, a goy, who is married to a Jewess and who had a lot of difficulty making ends meet here, responded, when I asked him if he ever felt homesick, "But why should I? I am not Jewish!" That man understood.

The colloquy with the jurist is one of the few flashes of humor in the correspondence. Einstein had a wonderful sense of humor and loved jokes—especially Jewish jokes—but his exchanges with Besso seemed to come out of a different part of his psyche. That year, incidentally, Besso was converted to Christianity. He informed Einstein of this in a letter, to which there does not seem to be any answer.

In the nineteen-forties, the correspondence became more one-sided. Einstein would receive several letters on various subjects from Besso before something—usually of a scientific or philosophical nature—provoked a long response. The replies having to do with the scientific method have been the subject of much study by historians of modern science, such as Holton. The ones on physics I find a little sad. During this period, Einstein was

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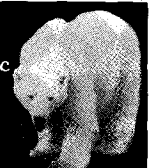
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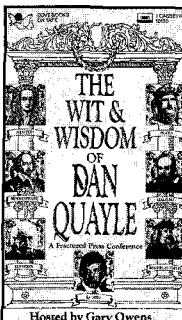
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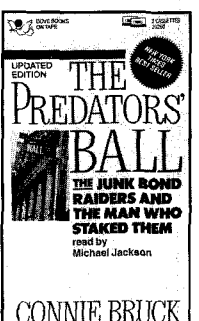


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pursuing what he called his "*violon d'Ingres*"—his unified field theory. From our perspective, it is difficult to understand what this program was really about. It looks, at least to me, like an all but random shuffling of mathematical formulas, with no physics in view. And what a time this was for physics! The so-called strange particles were just being discovered, and the quantum theory was proving ever more powerful. Einstein simply was not much interested. His position was that it was useless to try to understand this new physics until the electron was understood. We now believe that understanding the electron is such an intimate part of the new physics that the electron cannot be understood by itself. But Besso took all his old friend's attempts extremely seriously, and Einstein gave him detailed explanations of his various formal manipulations. It was a dialogue that somehow reminds me of the plays of Samuel Beckett.

BESSEO died on March 15, 1955, and Einstein's last letter in the collection, written to Vero and Bice, is one of the most moving and personal of all his writings. He reveals feelings about himself that I have never seen expressed anywhere else. Einstein writes:

DEAR VERO AND DEAR MME. BICE:

It was truly very good of you to give me, in these so painful days, so many details concerning the death of Michele. His end was in harmony with the image of his entire life and the image of the circle of people that surrounded him. The gift of leading a harmonious life is rarely joined to such a keen intelligence, especially to the degree one found in him. But what I admired most about Michele was the fact that he was able to live so many years with one woman, not only in peace but also in constant unity, something I have lamentably failed at twice.

Einstein's second wife died in 1936, and this remarkable admission is the only hint I know of that their married life was not successful. (Besso's wife died in 1944.) The letter continues:

Our friendship was born when I was a student in Zurich, where we met regularly at musical evenings. He, the older and wiser, was there to stimulate us. The circle of his interests appeared truly without boundaries. Nevertheless, it was his critical philosophical preoccupations that seemed most characteristic of him.

Later, it was the patent office that brought us together. Our conversations as we returned from the office had an incomparable charm—it was as if human contingencies did not exist at all. However, later on we had more difficulty understanding

each other when we wrote. His pen did not succeed in following his versatile mind—to such an extent that it was impossible in most cases for his correspondent to guess at what he had omitted to note.

So in quitting this strange world he has once again preceded me by a little. That doesn't mean anything. For those of us who believe in physics, this separation between past, present, and future is only an illusion, however tenacious.

In thanking you cordially, I send you my best thoughts.

Your
 A. EINSTEIN

A few weeks later, Einstein, too, had quit "this strange world."

RECENTLY, I had an opportunity to talk to Professor Speziali, who lives in active retirement in Geneva. I asked him, among other things, if any new Einstein-Besso letters had turned up since he edited this collection. He told me that from time to time new letters were offered by dealers to collectors, but that none of the new ones were very significant. He believes that most of the significant letters have been found and collected. I also asked him why there had never been an English translation of the letters. He told me that in fact one had been made, but that the late Otto Nathan, who was for almost three decades the executor of the Einstein estate, had turned down the translations, believing them to be inadequate—Nathan's native language, incidentally, was not English. The material in the estate has now passed to the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. Dr. Speziali thinks that the Einstein-Besso letters will eventually be incorporated in the multivolume Einstein project of the Princeton University Press, which is to publish Einstein's entire oeuvre. This project, too, had all sorts of difficulties with Otto Nathan and, since its inception in 1971, has managed to produce only one volume, also with no English translation. There has been some discussion of reducing the project's scope. What will happen to the Einstein-Besso letters? At best, they will be interpolated chronologically, in the original German, in a mass of material to be spread over some thirty volumes. Their collective impact, to say nothing of the valuable scholarship that Professor Speziali has brought to the collection, will be lost. What is needed is an English edition of this marvellous collection. Its contents should be available to everyone. —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

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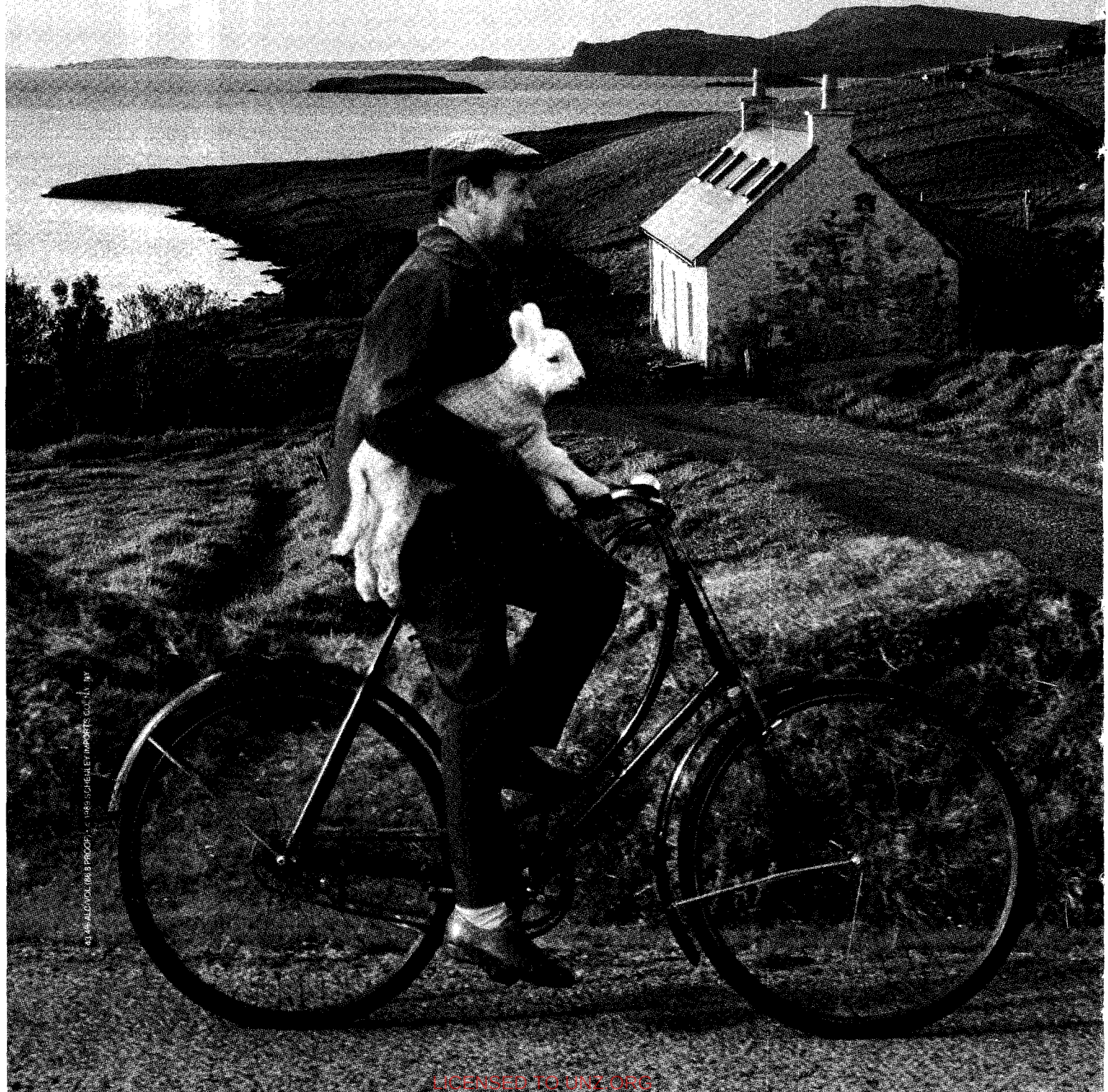
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